THE

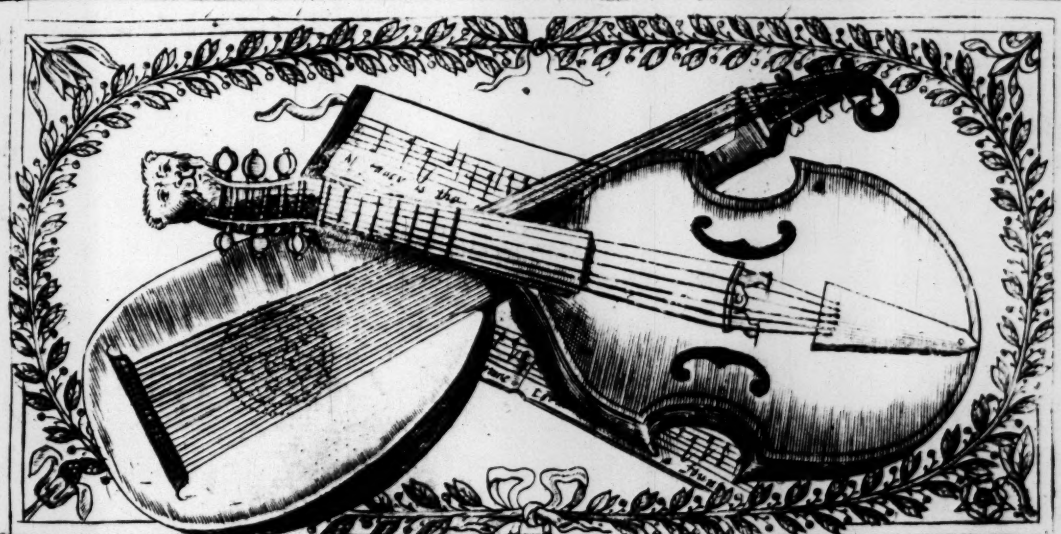
Musical Companion,

In Two BOOKS.

The First Book containing *CATCHES* and *ROUNDS* for Three Voyces.

The Second Book containing *DIALOGUES*, *GLEES*, *AYRES* and *SONGS* for *Two*, *Three* and *Four VOYCES*.

Collected and Published By JOHN PLAYFORD *Practitioner in MUSICK.*



London, Printed by *W. Godbid* for *John Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple* near the Church, 1673.

To all Ingenuous Lovers of *MUSICK.*

THE former Impreſſion of this Book finding ſo general acceptance, hath encouraged me to adventure another Edition; in which I have made it my eare not only to amend ſome defects which were in the laſt, but indeed almoſt to new Model the whole: Firſt, by ſelecting out of it only ſuch Songs as were moſt approved of, and by adding a conſiderable number which were not Printed in that Book. Secondly, by placing all for Two Voyces together; next, thoſe for Three; and laſtly, thoſe for Four. And thirdly, Printing the ſeveral Parts in ſuch a Method as all may Sing by one Book. Laſtly, the Songs for Two, Three and Four Parts are all Printed in the G ſol re ut Cliff, *for the more convenient Singing either by Boys or Men. The whole Book, as it is now Publiſh'd, I may truly ſay, the like (for ſo great variety of* Muſick*) hath not been extant in this Nation, nor any other (that I have ſeen) beyond the Seas; the ſo much cry'd up* Italian *and* French *Ayres being here Imitated, if not equalliz'd in this kind: Nor could I ever yet be convinc'd but that we have at this day as able Profeſſors of* Muſick *of our own Nation, as any Foreiners: For the* Muſick *is the ſame (abating the Language) both for* Cords, Diſcords, Paſſions, Spirit *and* Humours. *Where then is their excellency? were we not generally too apt to diſeſteem the Labours & Parts of our own (though otherwiſe elaborate & Ingenuous) Country-men. It may well be perceiv'd by the much variety herein, that my deſire is to give contentment to the Skilful and Judicious; and if theſe my endeavours for the publick good of my Countrey, prove pleaſant and delightful to them, they ſhall ſtill keep him in pains to pleaſe them; who ſubſcribes himſelf*

Their Wellwiſher,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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To his Ingenuous Friend Mr. JOHN PLAYFORD, *upon his* MUSICAL COMPANION.

TReasurer of *Musick*, how much we
Do Owe unto thy Industrie!
Th' unhappy Science ne're did sound
In a full *Chord*, 'till thou had'st bound
Up in one Book, the whole Consent
Of scatter'd *Musick's* Ornament.
The Choice Composers of our Age
Did each one in a private Page
Whisper unto his Muse, till now
They're made a Publick Quire by you;
Where, like to joyful Birds by th' Spring
Call'd to a pleasant Grove, they Sing
Not more their own Felicitie,
And Notes, than just Applause to thee.
Dispers'd *Absyrtus's* useless Parts
Might be reduc'd with half the Arts
That thou hast exercis'd upon
Thy *Musical Companion:*
A Piece so choice, so trim, so dress't,
Who would not Covet such a Guest?
Nor let vain *Momus* Carp and Crie
This Work speaks thee a *Plagiarie*,
For don't we know thy depth, and skill
In *Musick?* Thou dost change, or fill,
What pleaseth not, or where it wants,
And regulate the false Descants.
Thou art as ready to Translate,
As to Transcribe, thy Book can say't.
Thy Competition too doth raise
Equal advantage to thy praise:
And though thy Bashful Muse holds forth
Too small a Tast of her own Worth,
It shews enough what thou canst do,
And to thy Commendation too,
That in a thing so rare thou art
Content thy Friends should share a part:
When some like *Cæsar* so high flown,
Resolve t' have all or none their own.
If pity'd *Ign'rance* yet should cast
Spite at thy Name, Oh! let him hast
For better Knowledge and Instruction
To *Playford's* famed *Introduction.*
If Nimble Wits begin to play,
Thou'rt full of *Catches* too, as they;
And more than they can prove, or Sing,
Thy Notes give Life to what they bring.
Th' Ingenuous Lover when he looks
For Am'rous pastime in thy Books,
He'll Court thy *Ayres* with all Respect,
Thou contenanc'st none, but are *Select.*
And when the *Virtuosi* come,
For that sage Train thou fitt'st some
Good Entertainment, then set on
Thy *Musical Companion.*
But I have done, and now do hear
(Methinks thy *Genius* drawing near
To checque my vain attempt, and tell
Thy self does only speak thee well.
I will not therefore gaul with Bayes
Thy tender Brows, nor clog with Praise
Thy fertile Merit, only here
Take leave to pay my thanks, for fear
I tempt thy Native Modestie
To flush into too deep a Dye.

Cha. Pidgeon, Soc. Gra. Esq;

To my Friend Mr. John Playford *on his new Book Entituled the* MUSICAL COMPANION.

AS *Thoughts* and *Faces* various are,
So's *Muſick*, and as unconfin'd;
Neither admit *a Character*
Call'd *Univerſal* more then *Wind*,
Or *Number*: Which, Experience here
Demonſtrates both to th' Eye and Ear.

And thou, kind Friend, whoſe *pains* and *cares* have been
To Publiſh this *Harmonious Magazine*,
Enjoy thy Labours! whil'ſt we Sing
Peace to our NATION, *Honour* to our *KING*.

MATTHEW LOCKE.
Muſick Compoſer in Ordinary to His Majeſty.

To my Induſtrious Friend Mr. *JOHN PLAYFORD* on his *MUSICAL COMPANION*.

A Muſical Companion? *Good, I vow:*
I am a Muſical Companion *too:*
'Tis merry when Companions meet, and I
Was form'd for ſuch Cromatick Company.
Muſick *and* Poetry *(beyond all doubt)*
Are Twins of Fancy, Branches of one Sprout,
Beams of one Sun; or elſe, take 'em together,
They are Canary-Birds *both of a Feather:*
Which when they ſhew their Art, with Learned Throats,
One Sings in Words, the other Speaks in Notes:
And being aptly mix'd, (as here by thee)
No Soul and Body make more Harmonie.
Thou hav'ſt in theſe well Modell'd Meaſures, ſhown
An exact MUSICAL COMPANION.
So methodiz'd in all, and every part,
As if deſign'd by Mathematick Art.
I gratefully remember, in thoſe daies
When peſtilential Purity did raiſe
Rebellion 'gainſt the Veſt of Princes, *and*
Pious Confuſion had untun'd the Land;
When by the Fury of the Good old Cauſe
Will. Lawes *was ſlain, by ſuch whoſe* Wills *were* Laws,
And paining Muſick *almoſt out of Breath,*
Thou did'ſt retrieve it's fainting powers from death;
Made the Myſterious Muſe *grow blith and* Jocal
Both in her Inſtrumental *Part and* Vocal:
By publiſhing the Paths of Introductions
Variety of Leſſons *and* Inſtructions:
The Pariſh Clerks, *who never knew before*
Any right Key, *but that of the* Church Dore,
Are now, by Thee, Inſtructed ſo, that they
Have Rules to Tune each Pſalm *in th' proper* Key.
Thou hav'ſt the Art of Muſick *ſo expreſt*
That it was never made more manifeſt.
Thy Books have made each Reader *a* Diſputor,
Thy Introduction, *is both Guide and Tutor:*
What need our new fantaſtick Gallants dote
Upon the French *Ayr, or* Italian *Note:*
Since in this Magazine, form'd for the Voice
They have a Multiplicity of Choice?
Thoſe of thy former Publication, were
Collected, *but all theſe* Selected *are*
With ſo much care, that ſuch a numerous ſtore
In ſo good Method, ne're were done before.
This Book ſhall prove (where men have Souls to Sing)
A Muſical Companion *for a* King.

THO. JORDAN, *Gent.*

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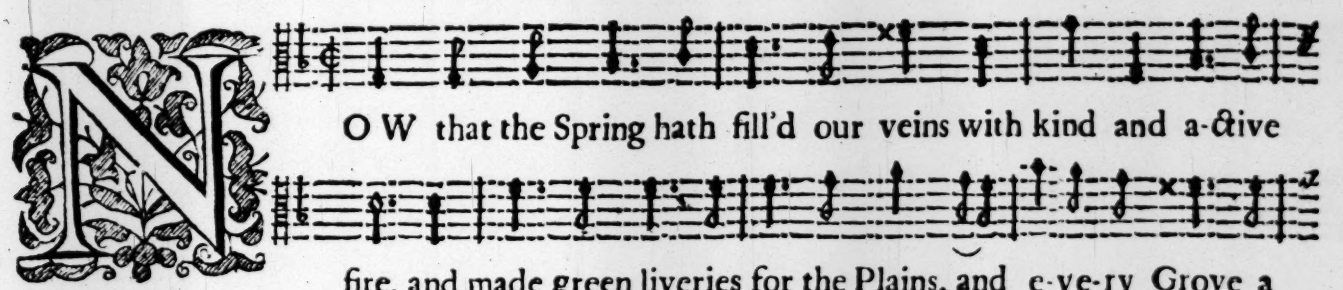
Advertisement relating to the First Book.

I Thought it necessary for Information of some Songsters who are not well acquainted with the Nature and Manner of Singing Catches, to give them these Directions: First, a Catch is a Song for three Voyces, wherein the several Parts are included in one; or, as it is usually tearmed, Three Parts in One. Secondly, The manner of Singing them is thus, The First begins and Sings the Catch forward, and when he is at that Note over which this [:S:] Mark or Signature is placed, the Second begins and Sings forward in like manner, and when he is Singing that Note over which the said Signature is, the Third begins and Sings, following the other, each Singing it round two or three times over, and so conclude.

This kind of *Musick* hath for many Years past been had in much estemation by the most Judicious and Skilful Professors of *Musick*, for the Excellency of the Composition and Pleasant Harmony; and no late *Musick* that I have met with affords so much Delightful Recreation, though some fond Ignorant Novices in *Musick* have cry'd them down, because the height of their Skill is not able to understand them. But being unwilling so much good *Musick* should be buried in oblivion, it has made me adventure them once more into the World, for the benefit of future Ages: And I am sure they will be welcome at this time to many Judicious Persons, to whom I recommend them; For this is a Catching Age, all kind of Catches and Catchers are abroad, *Catch that Catch can, Catch that Catch may, Thine Catch it, and mine Catch it*; But these harmless *Catches* my wish is, those that Catch them with delight to Learn and for Instruction, may hereby reap both Pleasure and Delight: But those that Catch at them with detraction (as that is a Catching disease) may Catch only the Fruits of their own Envy and Malice. But to conclude, Take the Commendatory Lines of my old Friend, Mr. *John Hilton*, who was Author and first Publisher of most of these Catches.

Catches *are* Catches, *be they better or worse*,
And these may prove hopeful if not spoil'd at Nurse
It's therefore desir'd if any do halt,
That the Judicious may set right the Fault:
In time by this means, they may walk without Crutches,
And merrily please you for your charge, which not much is.


NOW that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and a-ctive
fire, and made green liveries for the Plains, and e-ve-ry Grove a
Quire: Sing we this Song with mirth and mer--ry glee, and *Bac-chus* crown the
bowl; and here's to thee, and thou to me, and eve---ry thirsty soul. Share sheep that
have them, cry we still, but see that none e-scape to take off the Sher-ry that
make us so mer-ry, and plump as the lusty Grape.

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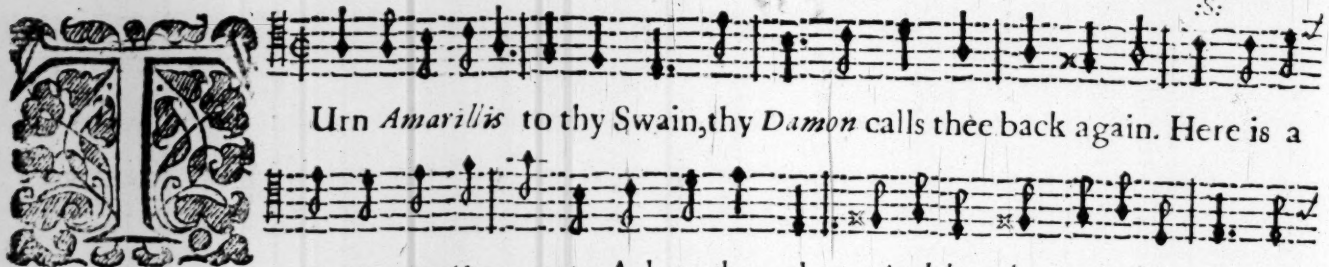
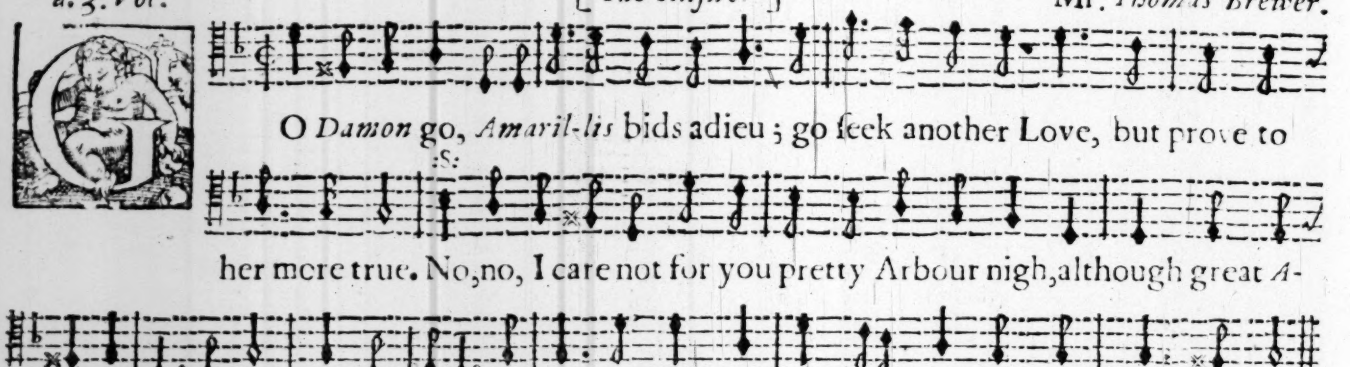
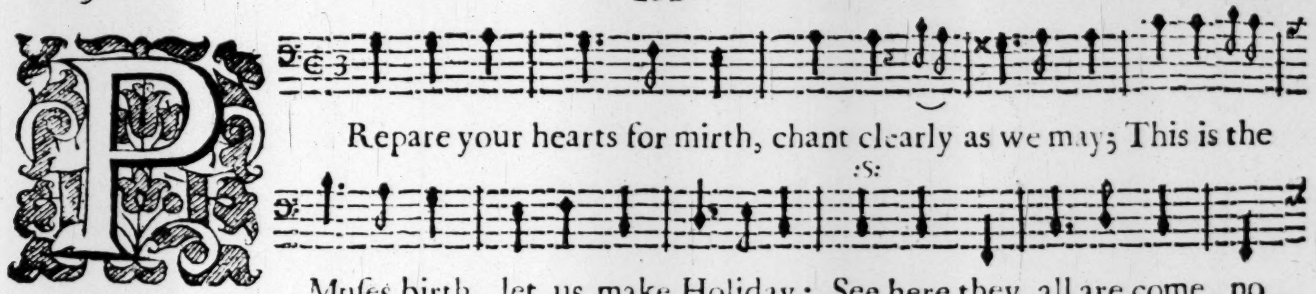
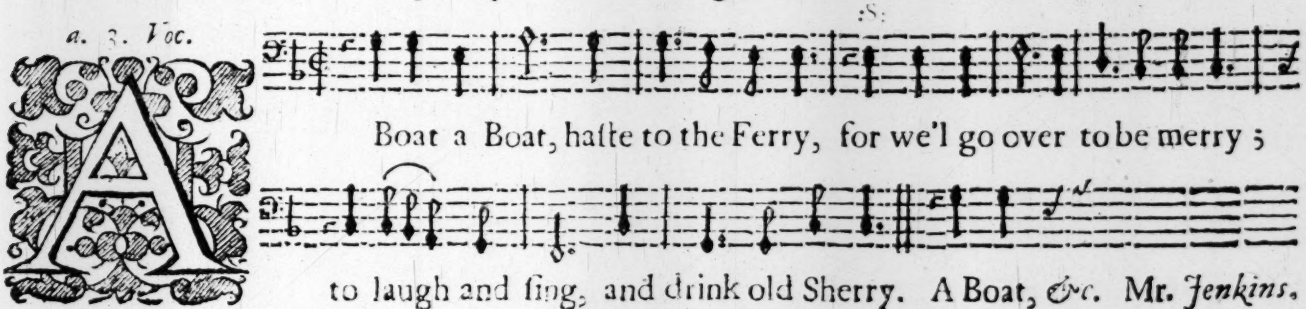


a. 3. Voc. [The Anſwer] Mr. Thomas Brewer.




Prepare your hearts for mirth, chant clearly as we may; This is the
Muſes birth, let us make Holiday: See here they all are come, no
man ſhews diſcontent, but lively fill the room with honeſt mer-ri-ment: That the ſweet
Muſes nine may know and plainly ſee, our offrings at the Shrine is Love and Harmonie.

a. 3. Voc.


A Boat a Boat, haſte to the Ferry, for we'l go over to be merry;
to laugh and ſing, and drink old Sherry. A Boat, &c. Mr. Jenkins.

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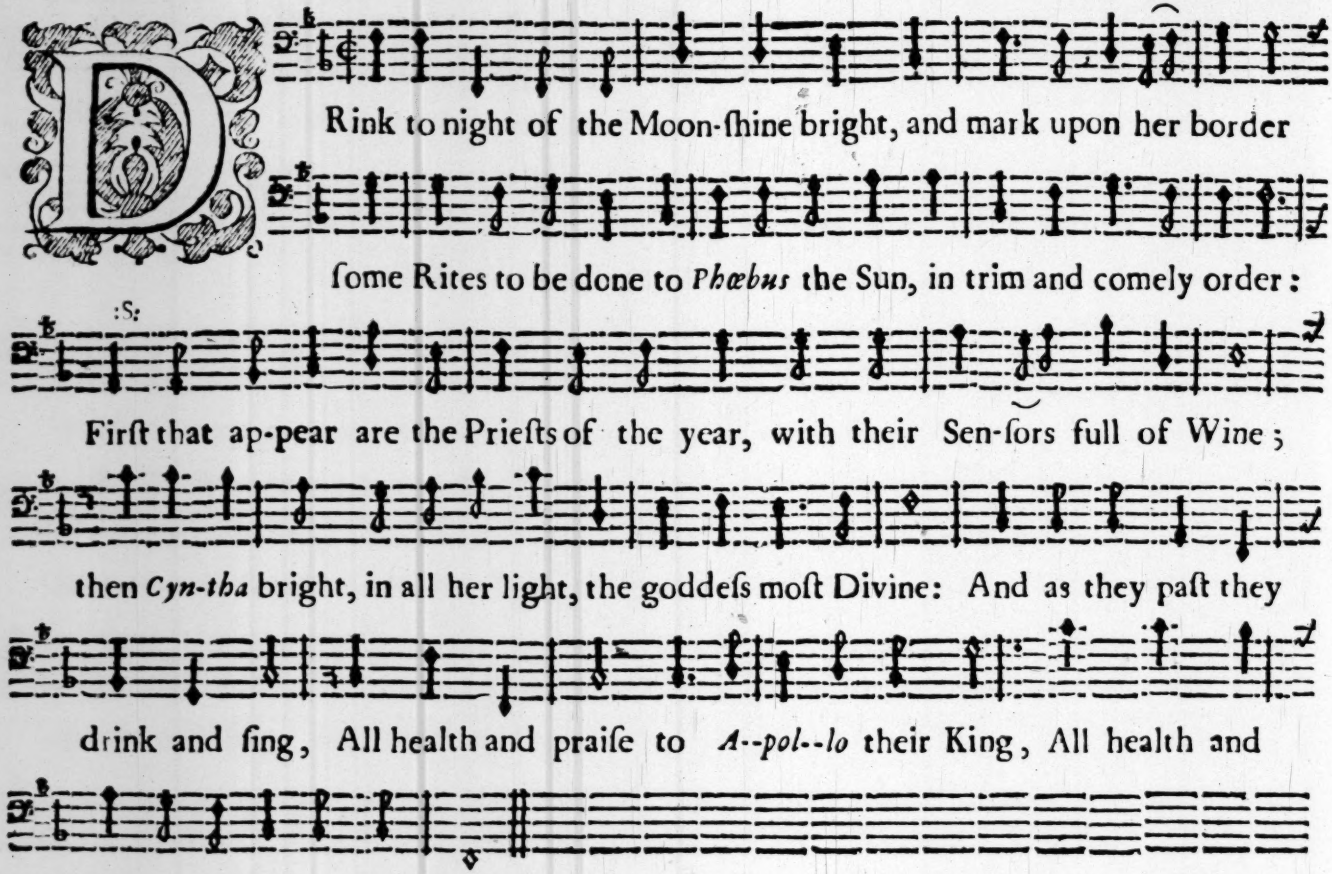
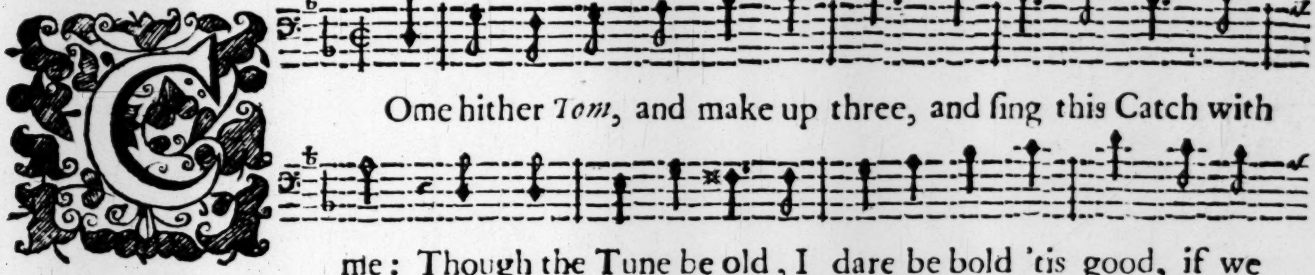

Drink to night of the Moon-ſhine bright, and mark upon her border
ſome Rites to be done to Phœbus the Sun, in trim and comely order:
:S:
Firſt that ap-pear are the Prieſts of the year, with their Sen-ſors full of Wine;
then Cyn-tha bright, in all her light, the goddeſs moſt Divine: And as they paſt they
drink and ſing, All health and praiſe to A--pol--lo their King, All health and
praiſe to A--pol--lo their King.



Come hither *Tom*, and make up three, and ſing this Catch with me: Though the Tune be old, I dare be bold 'tis good, if we all agree: So, now comes in my noble *Jack*, keep Time upon his back: If he miſs, I do ſwear, Ile pull him by the ear, un--til I do hear it crack. Now liſten to the Baſs, for he will us diſ-grace; I fear the Lout will firſt be out, he makes ſuch an ugly face.

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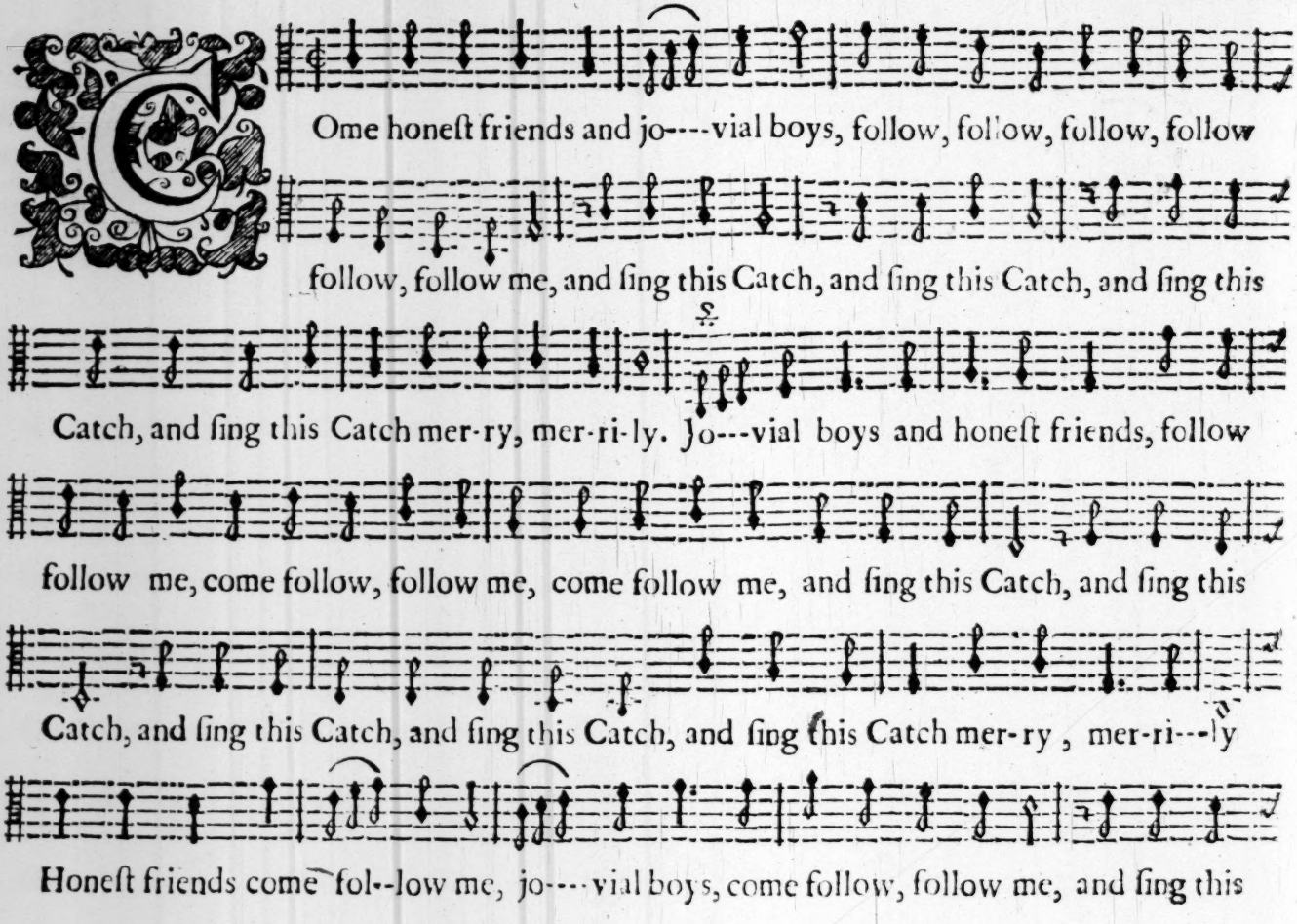
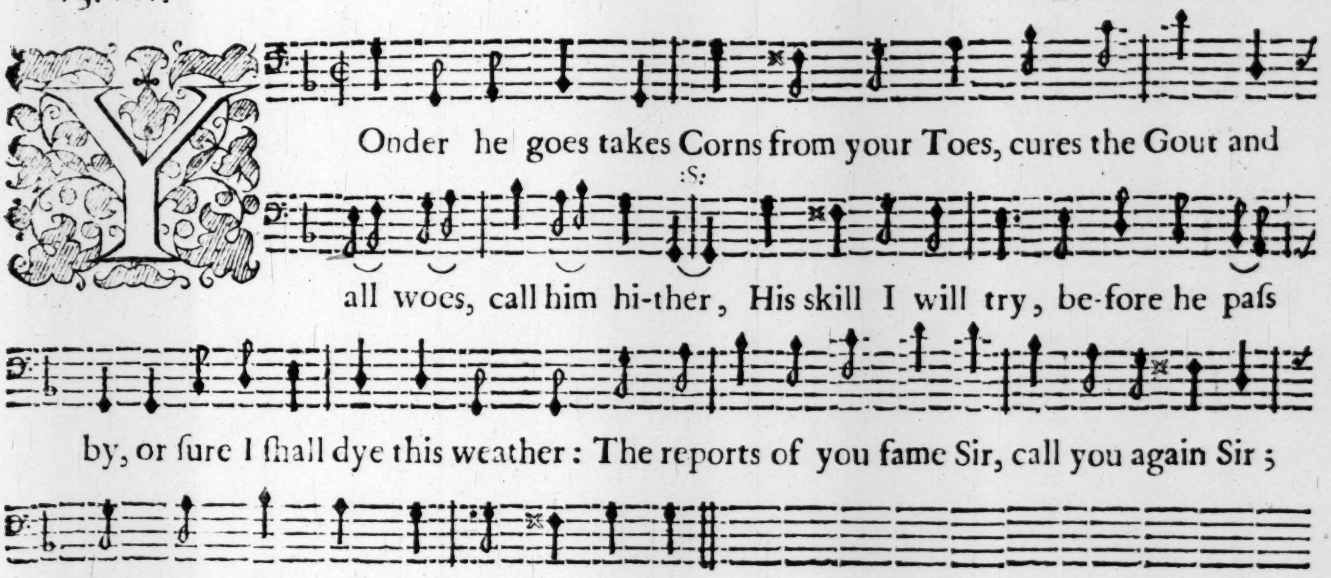
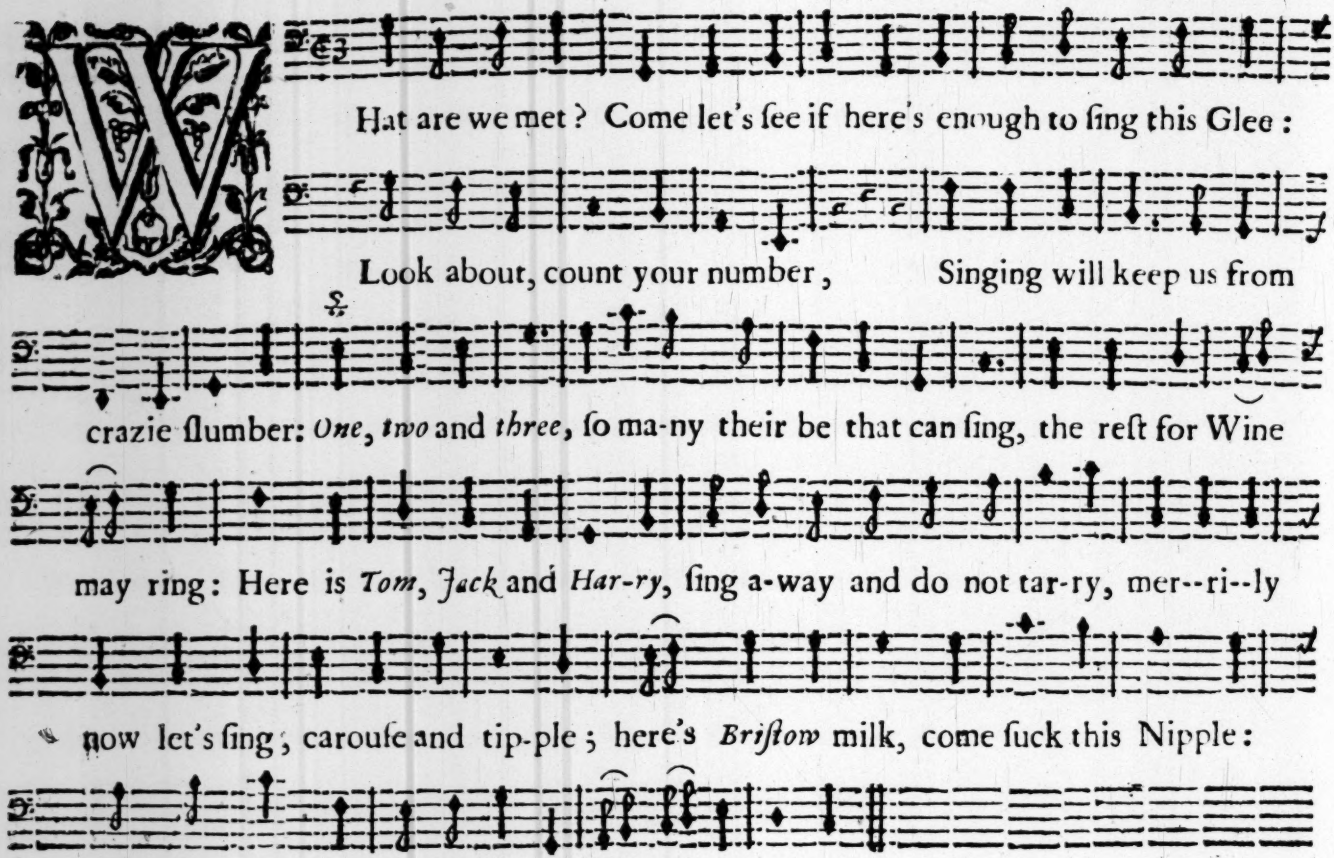

Come honeſt friends and jo----vial boys, follow, follow, follow, follow
follow, follow me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this
Catch, and ſing this Catch mer-ry, mer-ri-ly. Jo---vial boys and honeſt friends, follow
follow me, come follow, follow me, come follow me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this
Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch mer-ry, mer-ri---ly
Honeſt friends come fol--low me, jo----vial boys, come follow, follow me, and ſing this

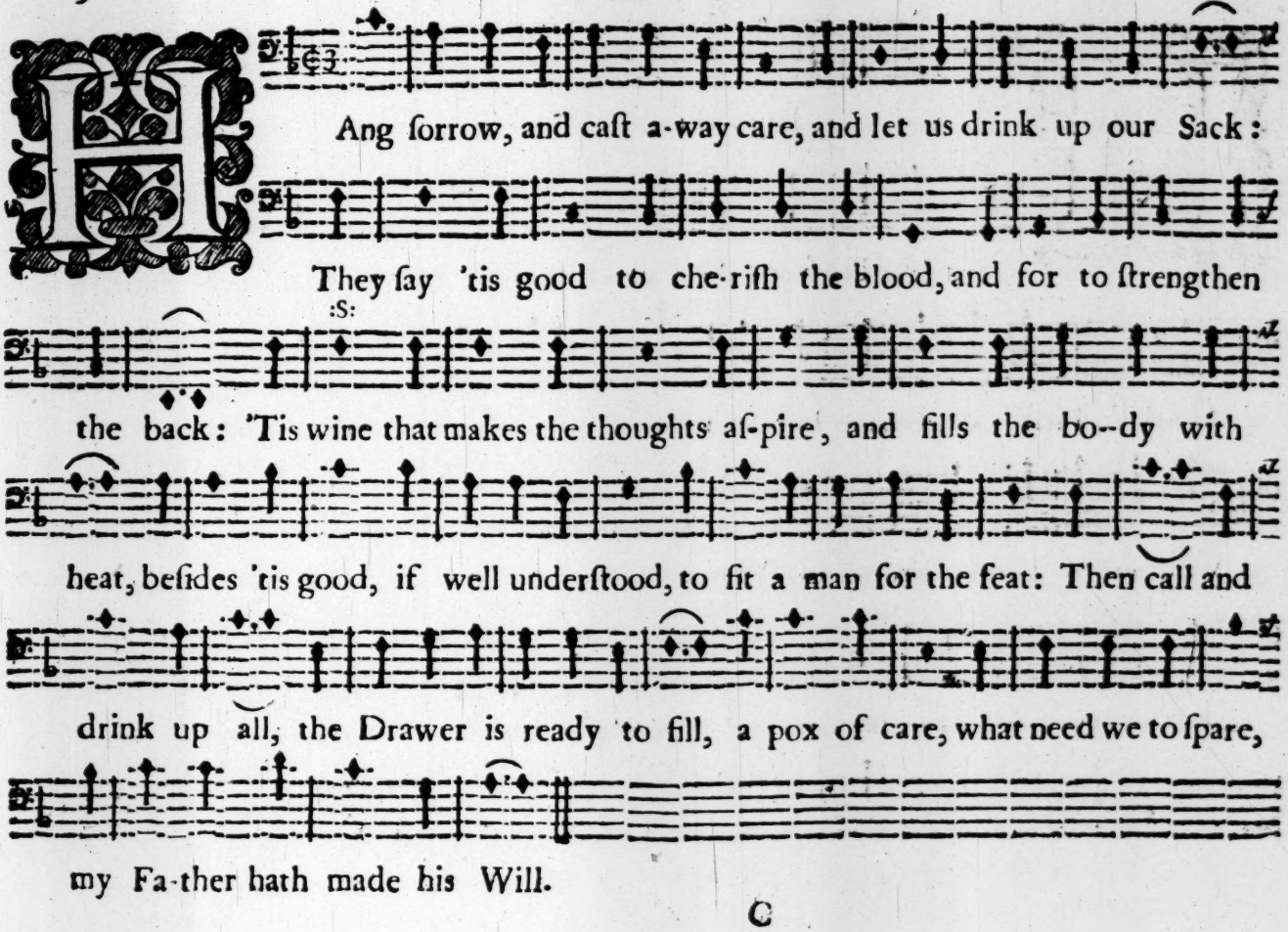
Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, ſing this Catch, mer-ry, mer-ri--ly.

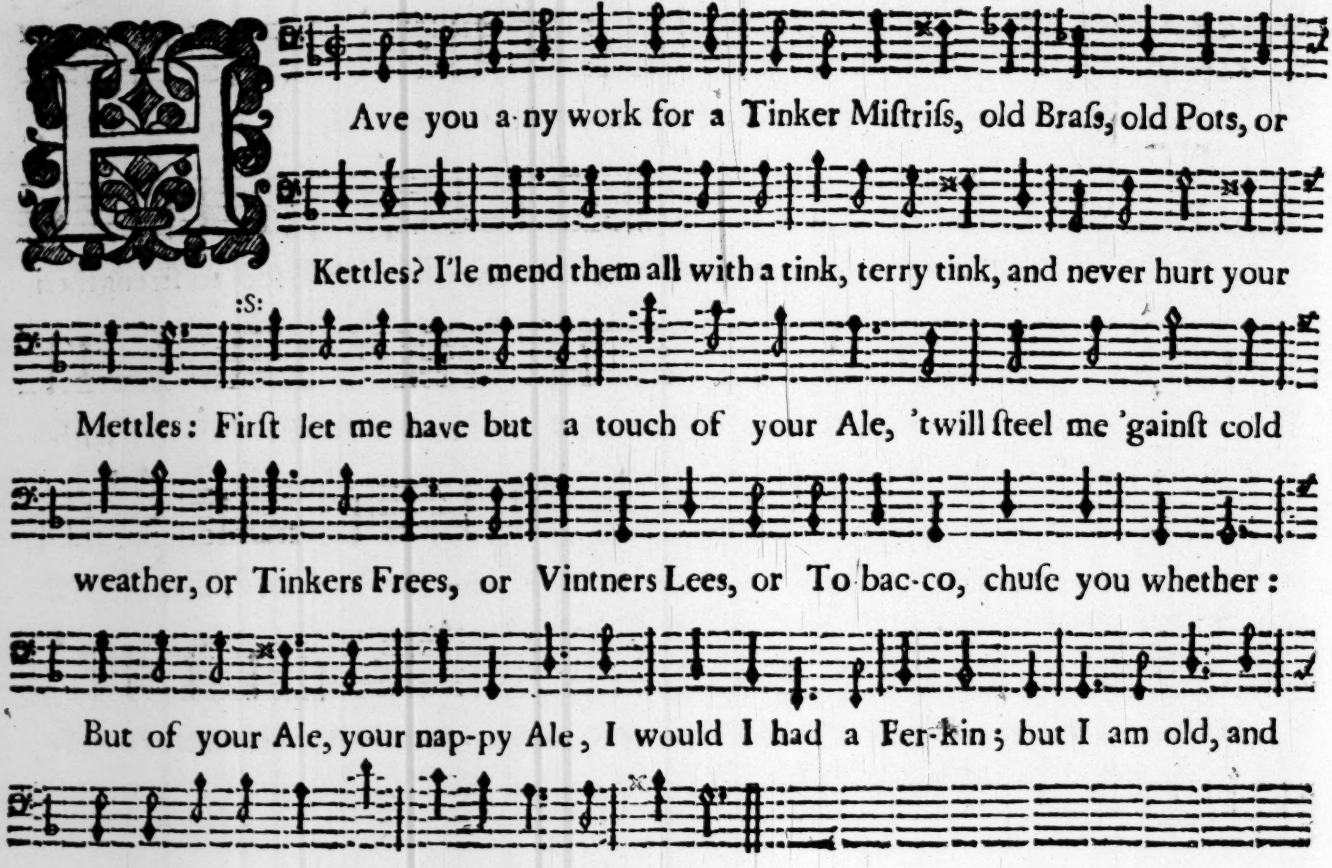
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*



Onder he goes takes Corns from your Toes, cures the Gout and all woes, call him hi-ther, His skill I will try, be-fore he paſs by, or ſure I ſhall dye this weather: The reports of you fame Sir, call you again Sir; ſhew your skill, or ſhame you face e--ver.

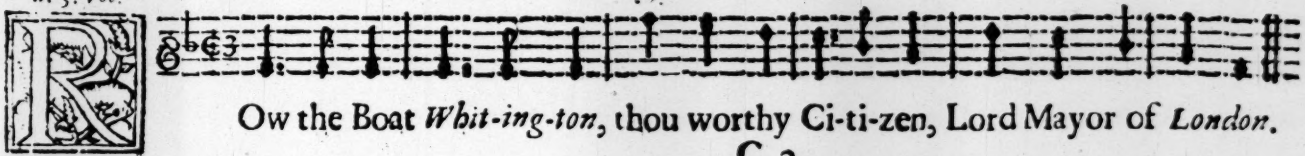

What are we met? Come let's see if here's enough to sing this Glee:
Look about, count your number, Singing will keep us from
crazie slumber: *One, two* and *three*, so ma-ny their be that can sing, the rest for Wine
may ring: Here is *Tom, Jack* and *Har-ry*, sing a-way and do not tar-ry, mer--ri--ly
now let's sing, carouse and tip-ple; here's *Bristow* milk, come suck this Nipple:
There's a fault Sir, never halt Sir before a Cripple.

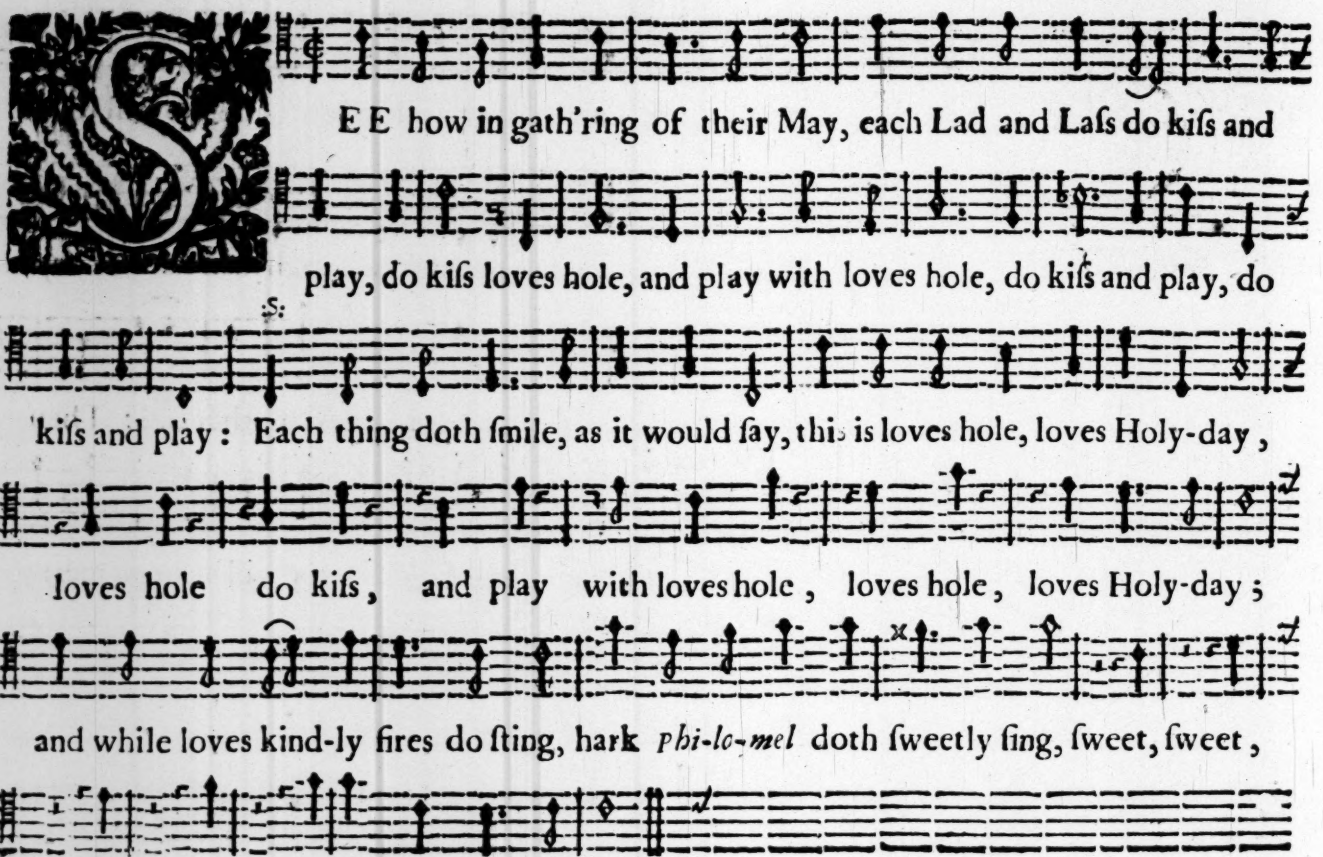

Hang ſorrow, and caſt a-way care, and let us drink up our Sack:
They ſay 'tis good to che-riſh the blood, and for to ſtrengthen
:S:
the back: 'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aſ-pire, and fills the bo--dy with
heat, beſides 'tis good, if well underſtood, to fit a man for the feat: Then call and
drink up all, the Drawer is ready to fill, a pox of care, what need we to ſpare,
my Fa-ther hath made his Will.

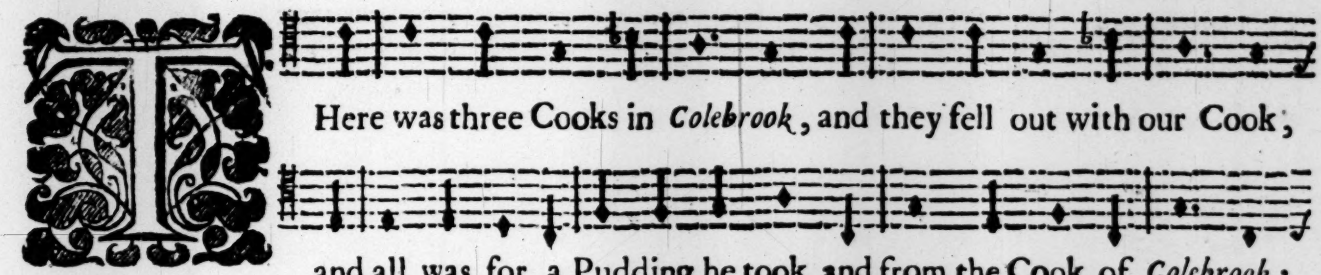

Have you any work for a Tinker Miſtriſs, old Braſs, old Pots, or
Kettles? I'le mend them all with a tink, terry tink, and never hurt your
:S:
Mettles: Firſt let me have but a touch of your Ale, 'twill ſteel me 'gainſt cold
weather, or Tinkers Frees, or Vintners Lees, or To-bac-co, chuſe you whether:
But of your Ale, your nap-py Ale, I would I had a Fer-kin; but I am old, and
ve--ry ve--ry cold, and never wear a Jer-kin.

Come follow follow me, come follow follow me, and we will to the
Tavern go with mirth and mer-ry glee: We'll each man take his cup,
what e-ver us be--fal; and we will drink all up, all up, and for another call: Then
let us mer-ry be: Be merry my noble hearts, for a cup of old Sherry will make us merry,
and we'll ſing well our Parts. Come, &c.

a. 3. Voc.


Row the Boat *Whit-ing-ton*, thou worthy Ci-ti-zen, Lord Mayor of *London*.


SEE how in gath'ring of their May, each Lad and Lass do kiss and
play, do kiss loves hole, and play with loves hole, do kiss and play, do
kiss and play: Each thing doth smile, as it would say, this is loves hole, loves Holy-day,
loves hole do kiss, and play with loves hole, loves hole, loves Holy-day;
and while loves kind-ly fires do sting, hark phi-lo-mel doth sweetly sing, sweet, sweet,
sweet, sweet, sweet, doth sweet-ly sing.


There was three Cooks in *Colebrook*, and they fell out with our Cook,
and all was for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of *Colebrook*:
There was Swash Cook, and Slash Cook, and thy Nose in my Narse Cook, and all was
for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of *Colebrook*; They all fell up-on our Cook,
and mumbled him so that he did look as black as the Pudding Pudding he took and
from the Cook of *Colebrook*. There was, &c.

Come follow me, brave Hearts, and ſtout-ly play your parts; Sound

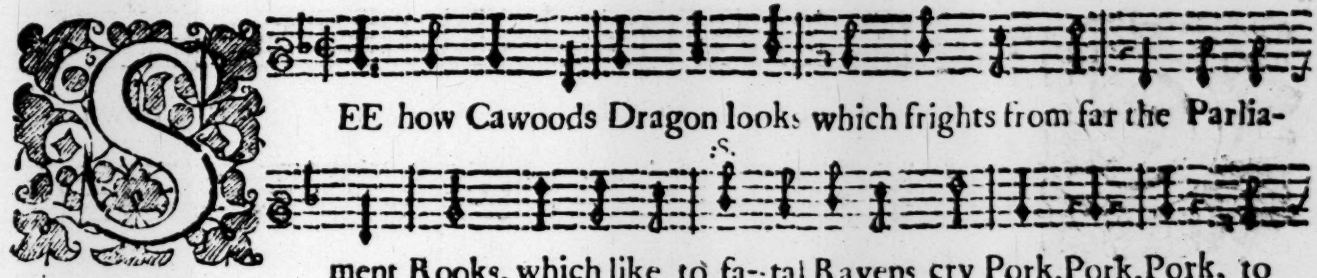
out the Trumpets, ſound out the Trumpets, ſound out the Trumpets,

with Pi-ſtols, Swords and Darts: Keep your Ranks, and ſtand your ground; let the

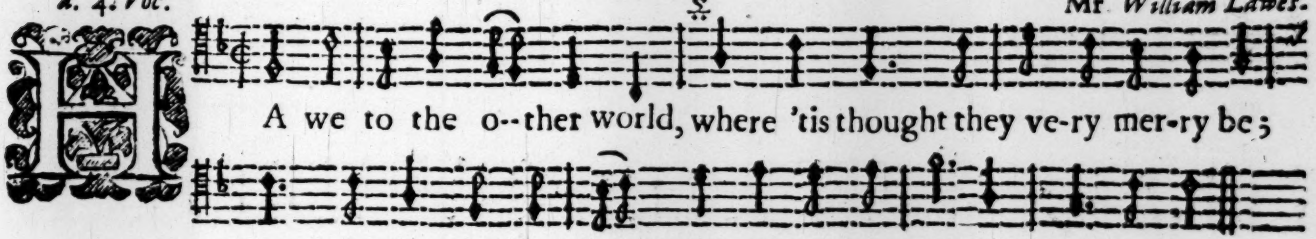
Trumpets bravely ſound; bravely ſound, and the Drums dub a dub a dub beat; and

if we give the foil, and if we give the foil, ſound out the Trumpet, ſound out the

Trumpet, ſound out the Trumpets, then Souldiers take the ſpoil.



a. 4. Voc. Mr. William Lawes.



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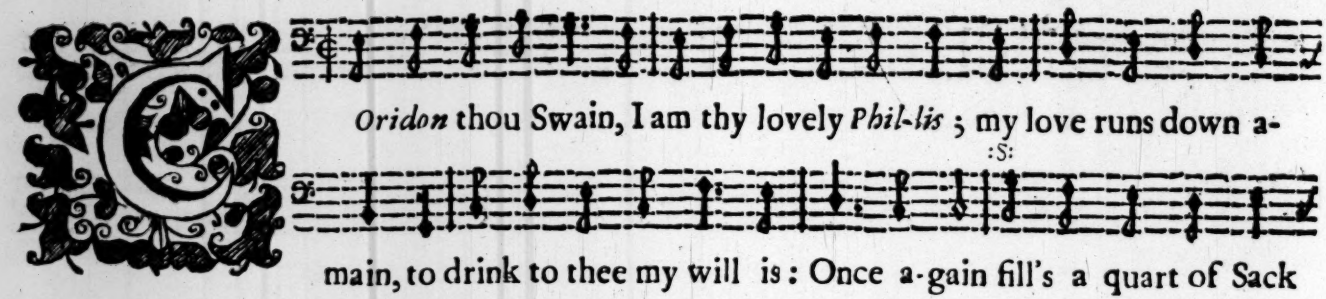
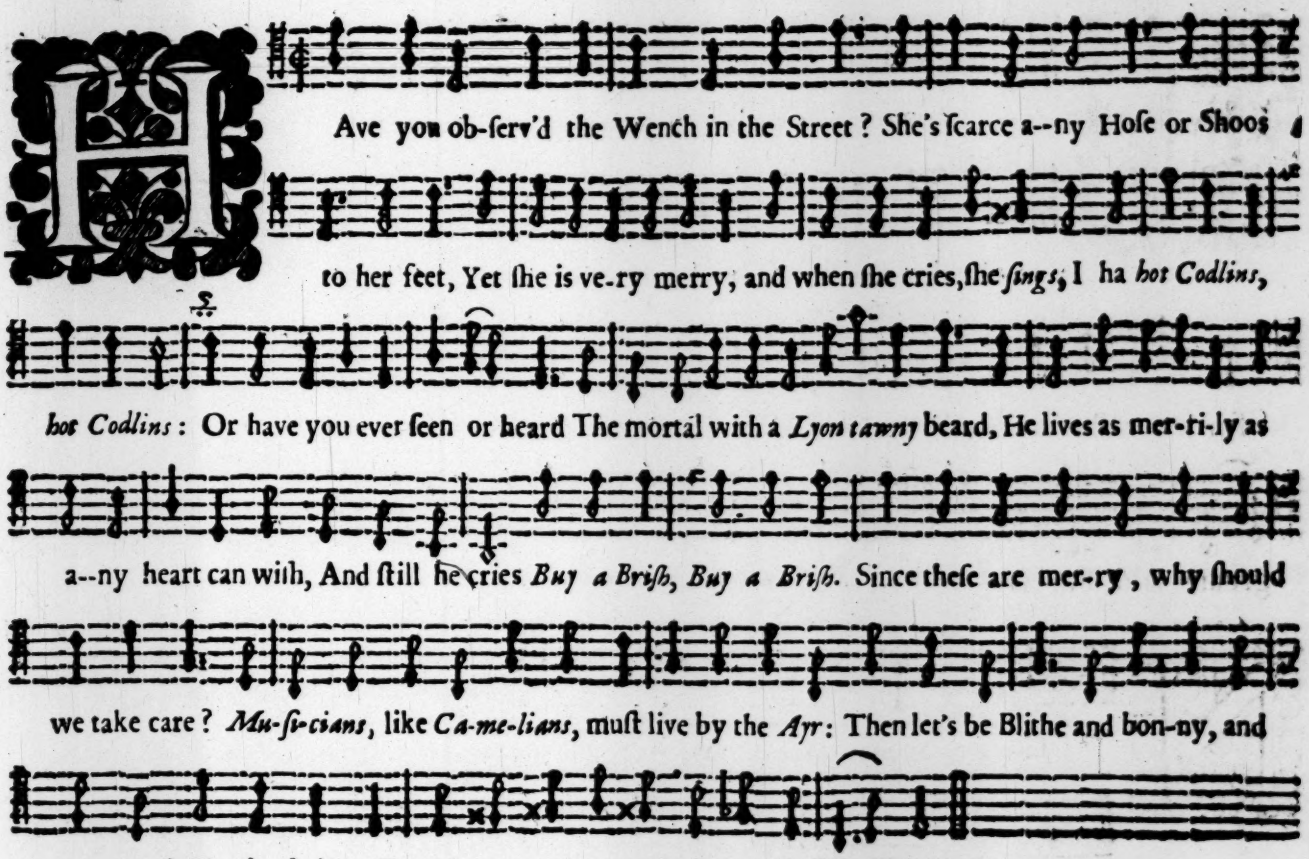
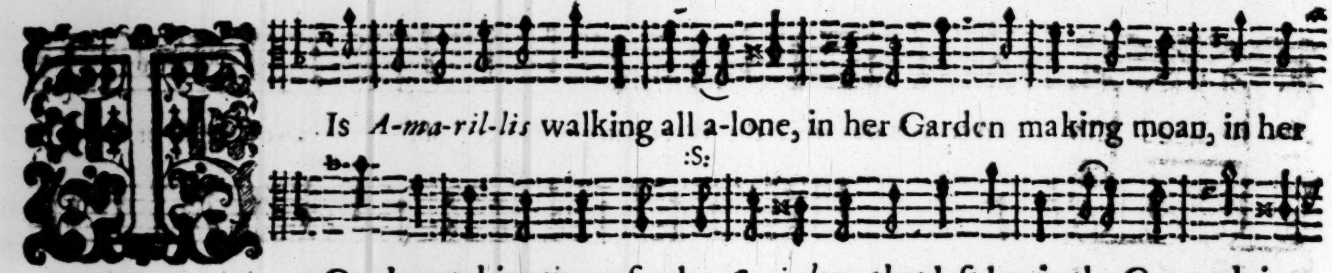
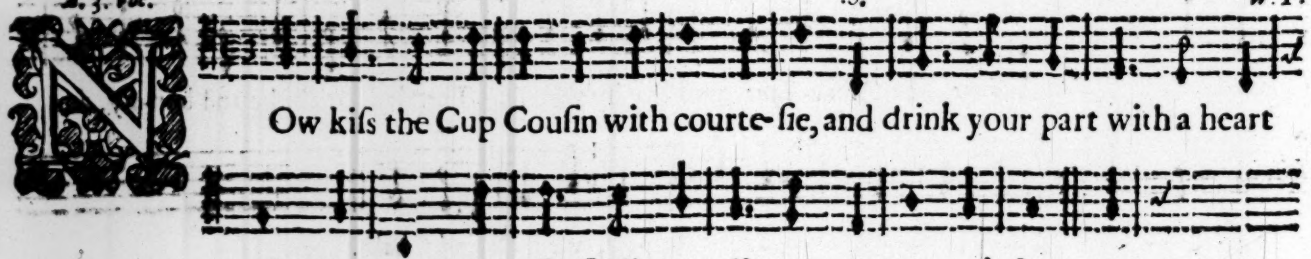

C
Oridon thou Swain, I am thy lovely Phil-lis ; my love runs down a-
:S:
main, to drink to thee my will is : Once a-gain fill's a quart of Sack
Boy, and let us be full merry, for now my ve-ry back Boy, with drinking of old Sherry
be-gins to crack boy : So Co-ridon, my Love, thy Phil-lis bids adue, till powers from a-
bove do grant thee a new kind Tur-tle dove.

a. 3. Voc.

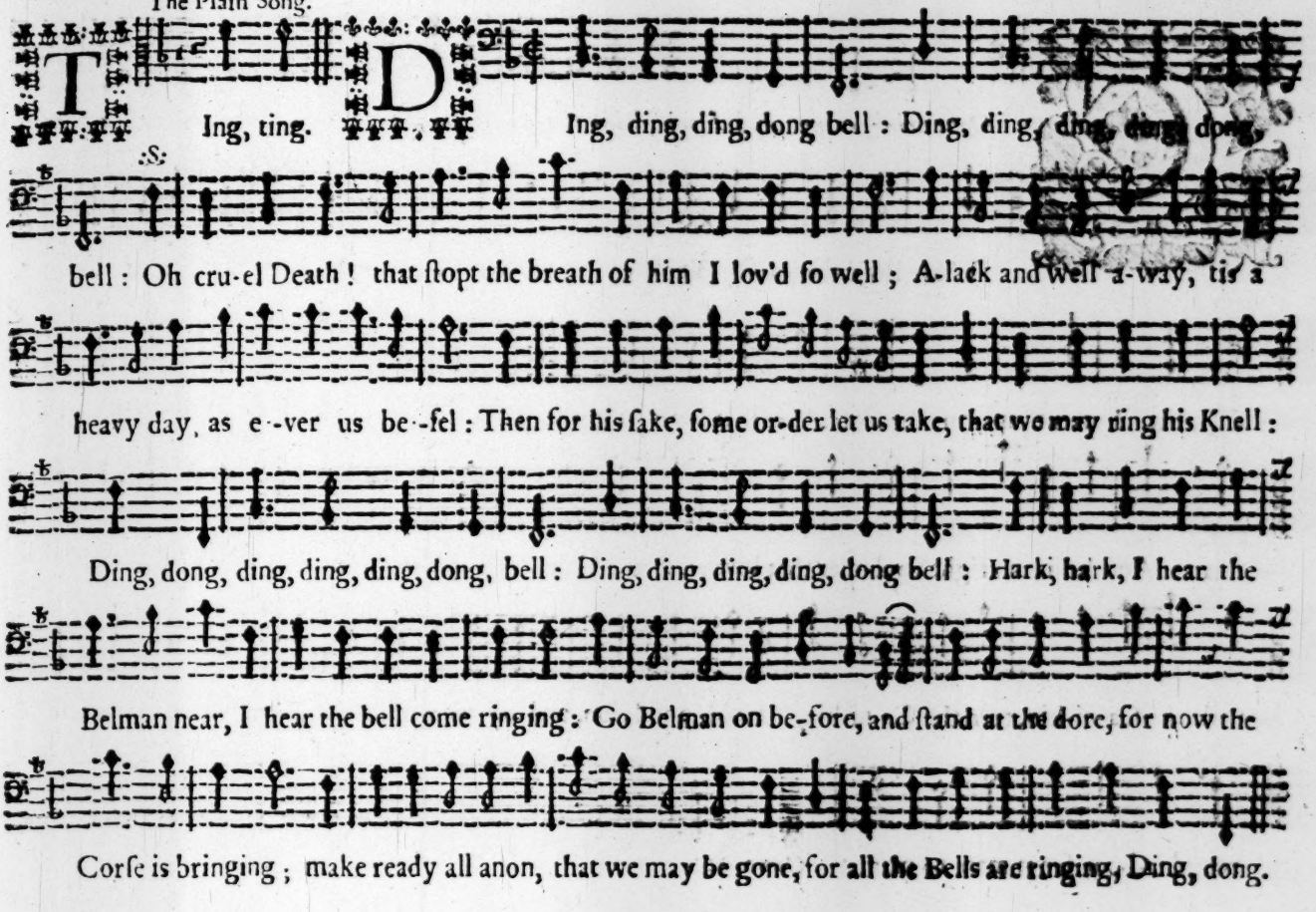
U
:S:
X-or mea Ux-or pol-la O si frangat Su-a Col-la, pol-la col-la col-la pol-la.

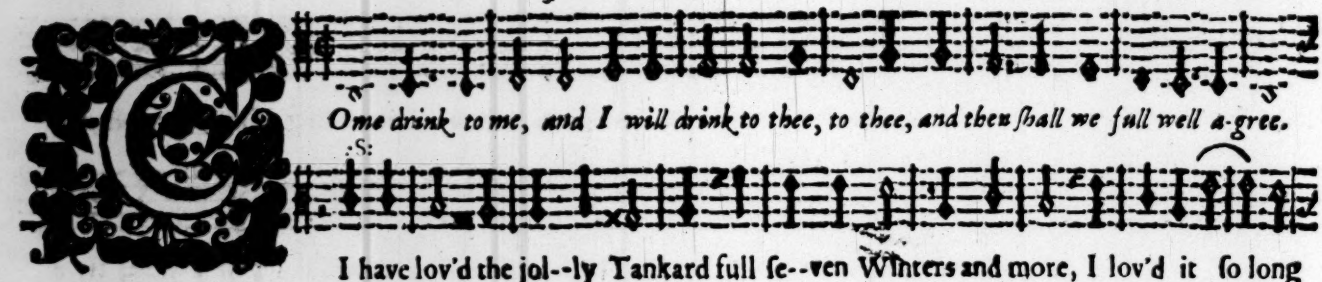

Have you ob-ſerv'd the Wench in the Street? She's ſcarce a--ny Hoſe or Shoos
to her feet, Yet ſhe is ve-ry merry, and when ſhe cries, ſhe *ſings*, I ha *hot Codlins*,
hot Codlins: Or have you ever ſeen or heard The mortal with a *Lyon tawny* beard, He lives as mer-ri-ly as
a--ny heart can wiſh, And ſtill he cries *Buy a Briſh, Buy a Briſh.* Since theſe are mer-ry, why ſhould
we take care? *Mu-ſi-cians*, like *Ca-me-lians*, muſt live by the *Ayr*: Then let's be Blithe and bon-ny, and
no good Meeting balk; For when we have no mo-ny, we ſhall find Chalk.

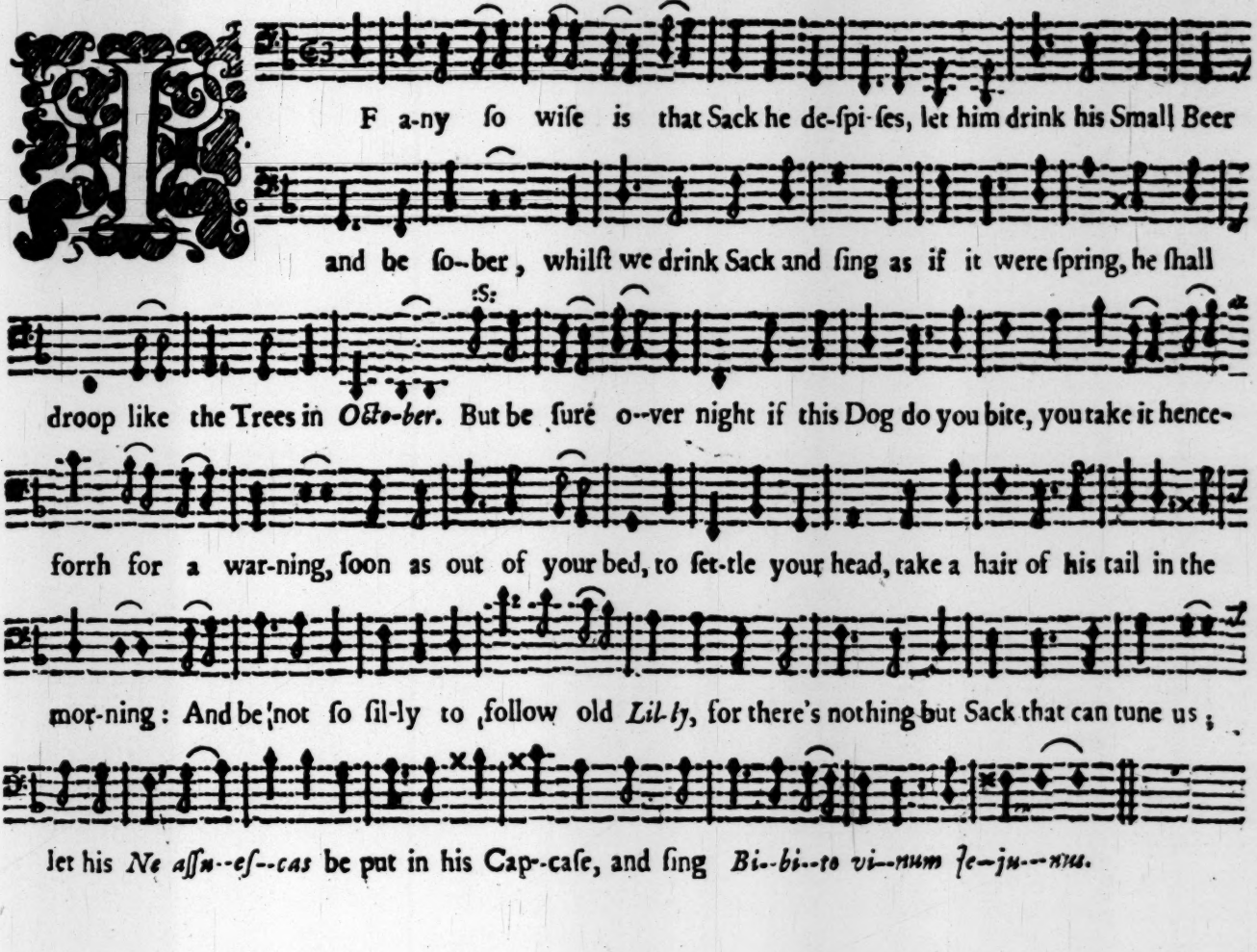

Is A-ma-ril-lis walking all a-lone, in her Garden making moan, in her
:S:
Garden making moan for her Cori-don, that left her in the Grove dying
for love, like a poor diſtreſs-ed Dove, and then ſhe with ſighs and ſobs, and grie-vous
groans, ſaid, Farewel moſt ſweet, but un-kind Co-ri-don. 'Tis Amarillis, &c.

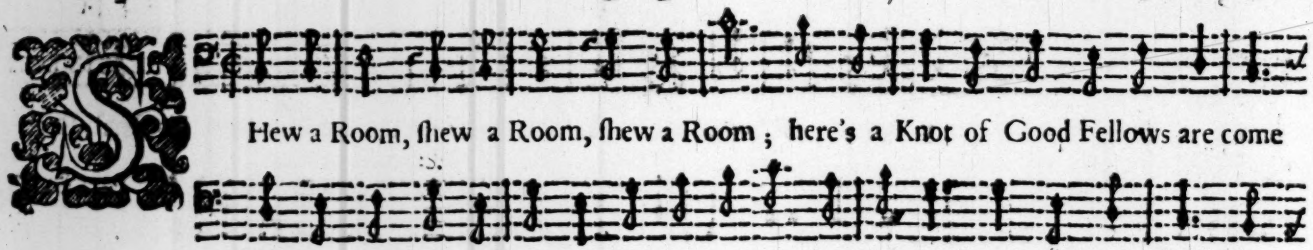

A. 3. Voc.
:S.
W. P.
Ow kiſs the Cup Couſin with courte-ſie, and drink your part with a heart
wil--ling--ly; then ſo ſhall we all a--gree mer--ri--ly.

The Plain Song.

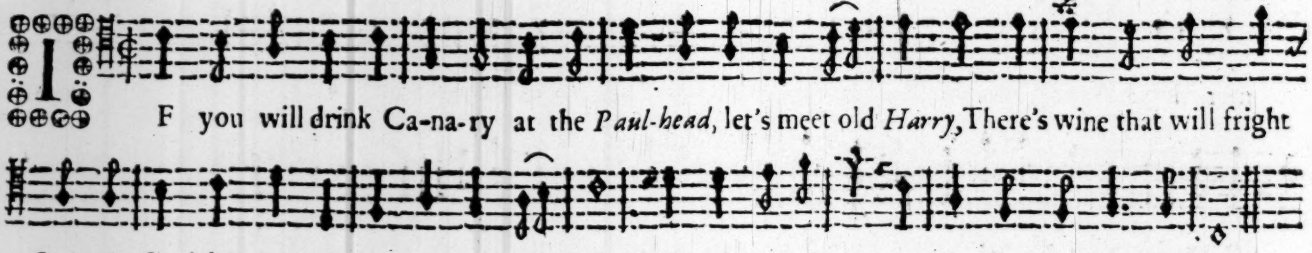


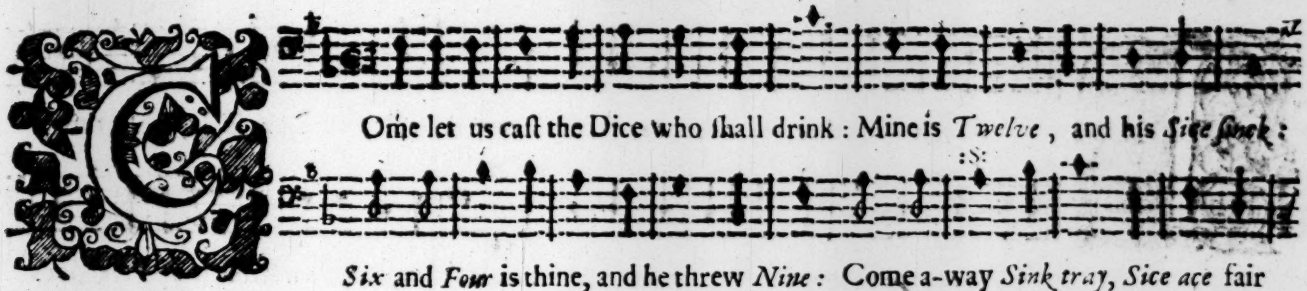

Come drink to me, and I will drink to thee, to thee, and then ſhall we full well a-gree.
I have lov'd the jol--ly Tankard full ſe--ven Winters and more, I lov'd it ſo long
till that I went up--on the ſcore. He that loves not the Tankard is no ho-neſt man, no ho-neſt-
man: And he is no right Soul-dier that loves not the Can. Tap the Ca-ni-kin, toſs the Ca-ni-kin,
trole the Ca-ni-kin, turn the Ca-ni-kin. Hold, good Son, and fill us a freſh Can, that we may quaff it
round a-bout from man to man. Come, &c.


I
F a-ny ſo wiſe is that Sack he de-ſpi-ſes, let him drink his Small Beer
and be ſo--ber, whilſt we drink Sack and ſing as if it were ſpring, he ſhall
droop like the Trees in *Octo-ber.* But be ſuré o--ver night if this Dog do you bite, you take it hence-
forth for a war-ning, ſoon as out of your bed, to ſet-tle your head, take a hair of his tail in the
mor-ning: And be not ſo ſil-ly to follow old *Lil-ly*, for there's nothing but Sack that can tune us;
let his *Ne aſſu--eſ--cas* be put in his Cap-caſe, and ſing *Bi--bi--to vi--num ſe--ju---xus.*

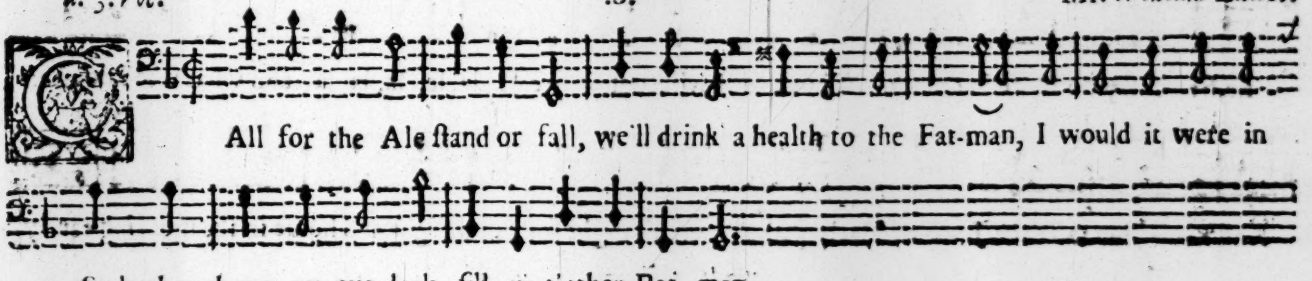


a. 3. Voc. Mr. William Lawes.





a. 3. Voc. :S: Mr. William Lawes.



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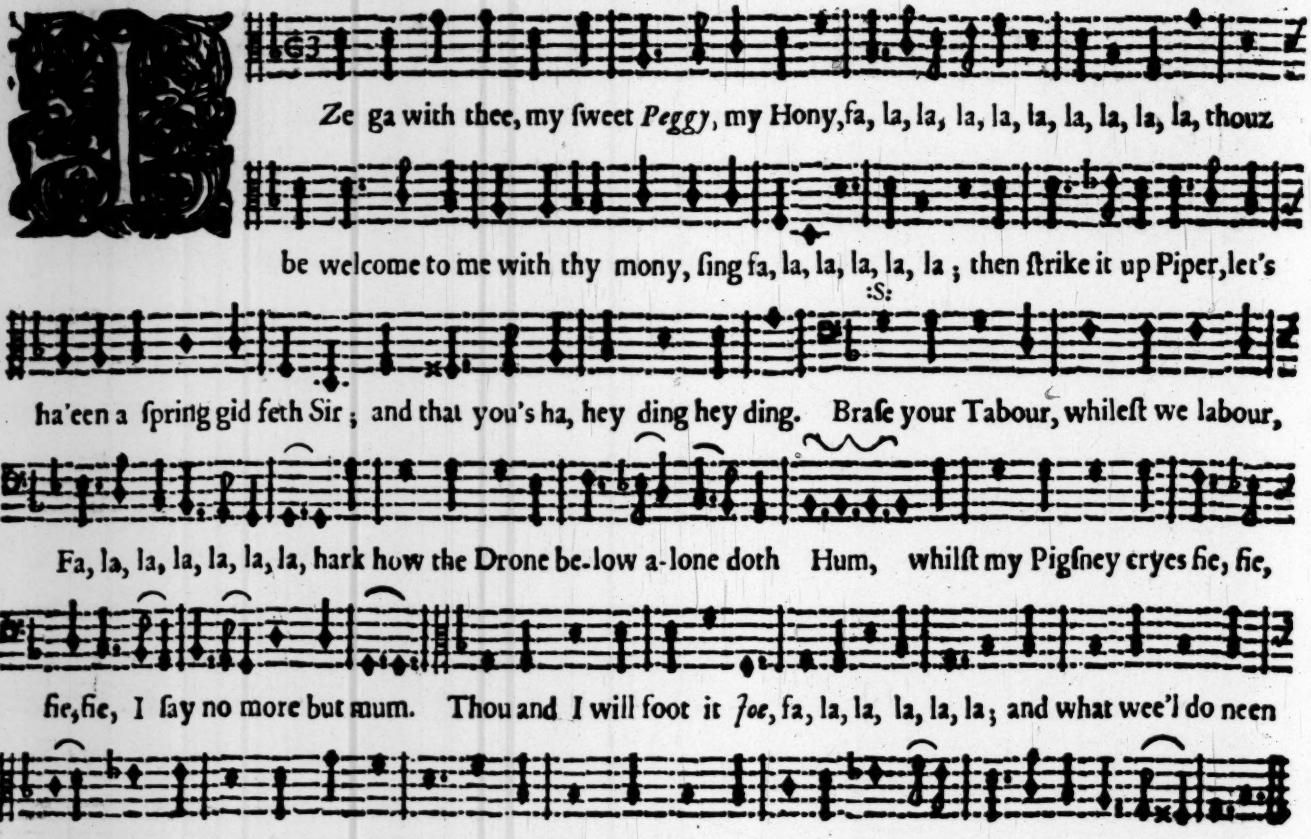
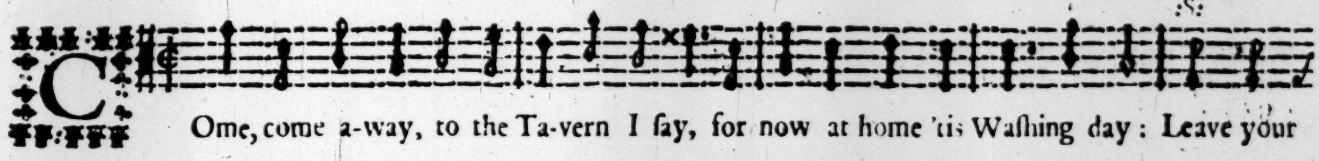
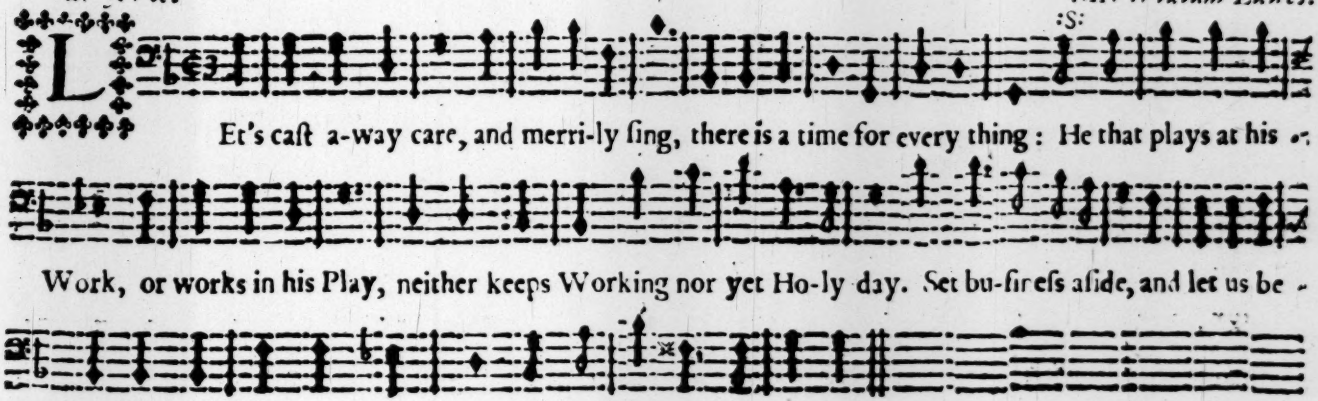

Ze ga with thee, my ſweet *Peggy*, my Hony, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, thouz
be welcome to me with thy mony, ſing fa, la, la, la, la, la; then ſtrike it up Piper, let's
ha'een a ſpring gid feth Sir; and that you's ha, hey ding hey ding. Braſe your Tabour, whileſt we labour,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, hark how the Drone be-low a-lone doth Hum, whilſt my Pigſney cryes fie, fie,
fie, fie, I ſay no more but mum. Thou and I will foot it *Joe*, fa, la, la, la, la, la; and what wee'l do neen
ſhall know, but taſte the Juice of Barly; wee'l ſport all night for our delight, and home in the monring ear-ly.



a. 3. Voc. Mr. William Lawes.



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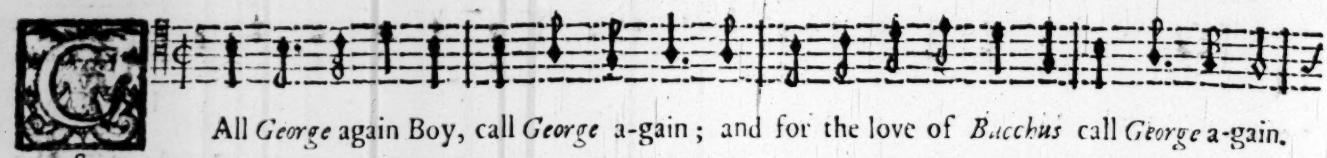
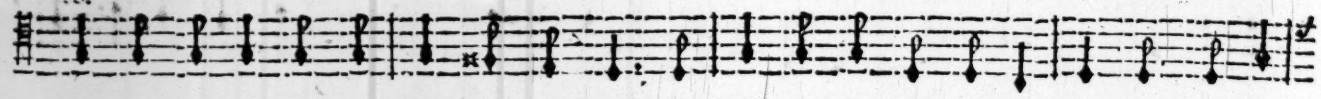


All *George* again Boy, call *George* a-gain; and for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* a-gain.

:S:



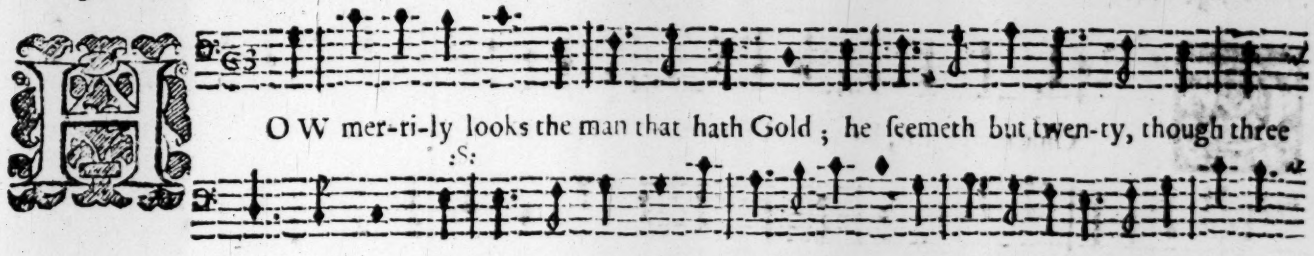
George is a good Boy, and draws us good Wine, then fill us more Cla-ret our wits to re--fine.

George is a brave Lad, and an honeſt man; if you will know him, he dwells at the *Swan*.

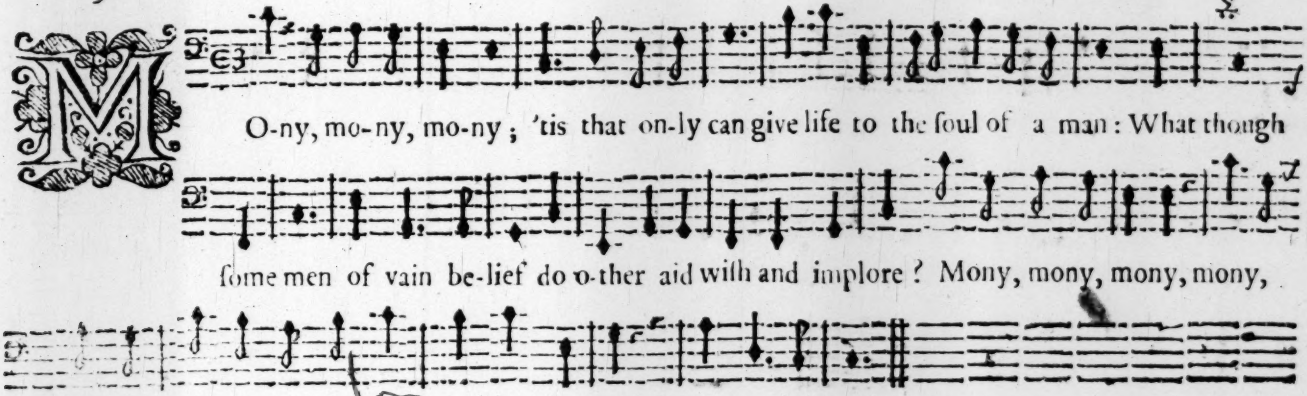
a. 3. Voc. :S: Mr. John Hilton.

Ome follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me. Whither ſhall I follow, follow, follow, whither ſhall I follow, follow thee? To the gallow, gallow, gallow, to the gallow gallow, Tree.

We have oft been Rogues together,
Now we muſt hang 'twixt Winde and Weather:
We have oft time nipt a Bung boy
Neatly, neatly, in a throng boy,
Neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, in a throng boy.



a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*



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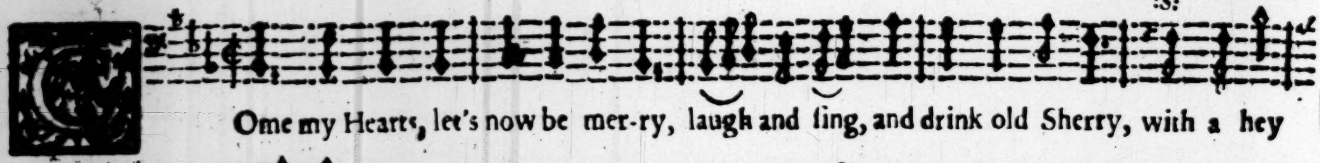
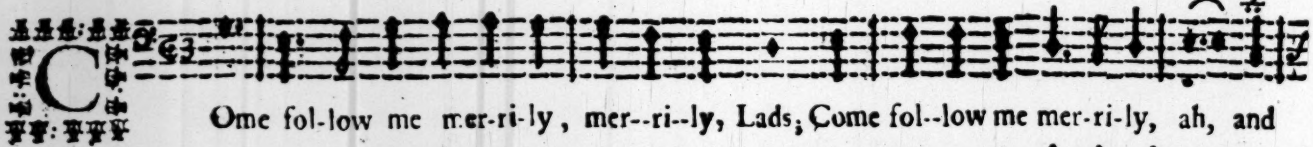
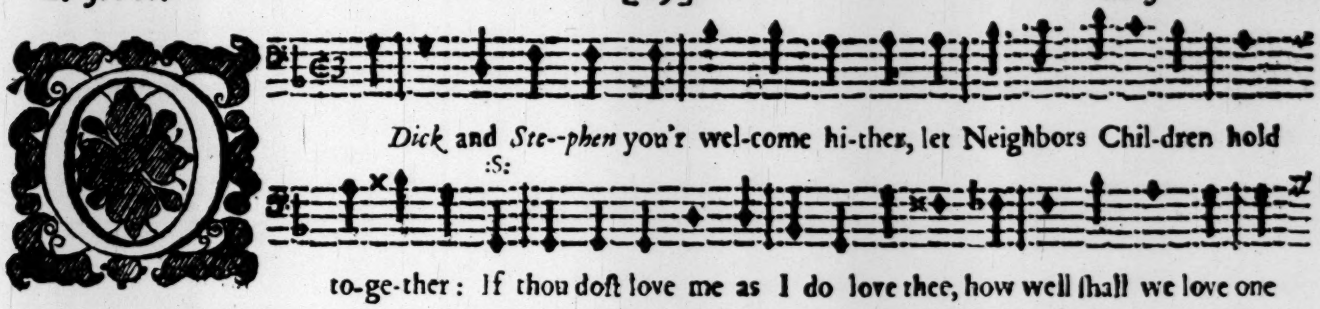
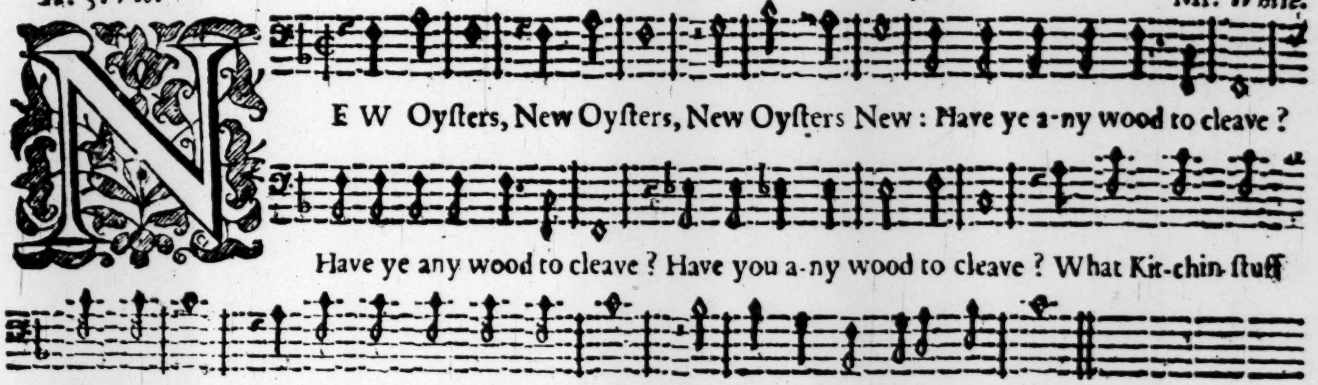


A. 3. Voc. Mr. Edmund Nelham.





A. 3. Voc. :S: Mr. *White.*



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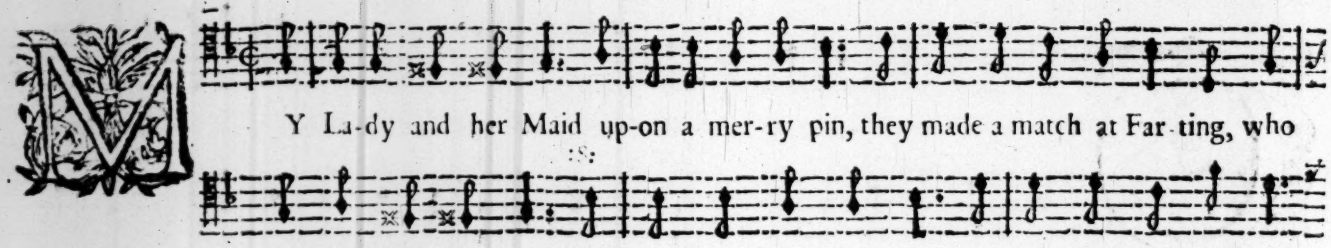
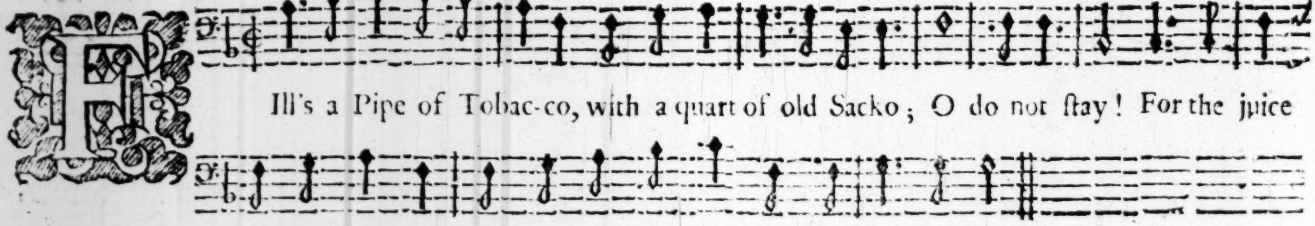
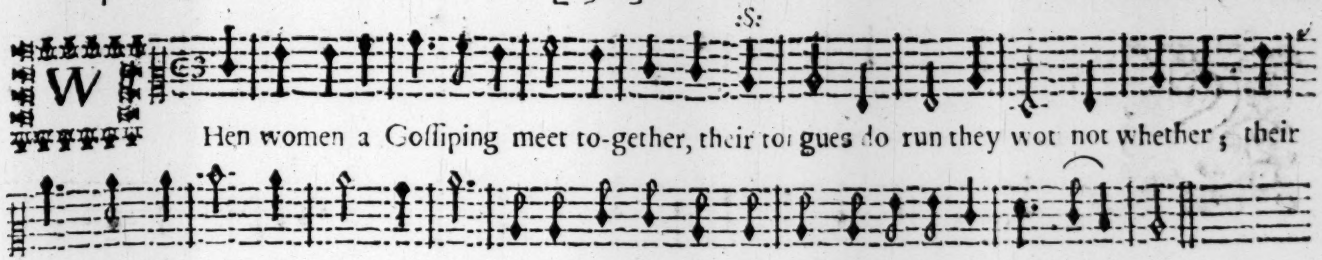

MY La-dy and her Maid up-on a mer-ry pin, they made a match at Far-ting, who
:S:
ſhould the Wa-ger win. *Jone* lights three Can-dles then, and ſets them bolt upright,
with the firſt Fart ſhe blew them out, with the next ſhe gave them light. In comes my La-dy then with
all her might and main, and blew them out, and in and out, and in and out again.

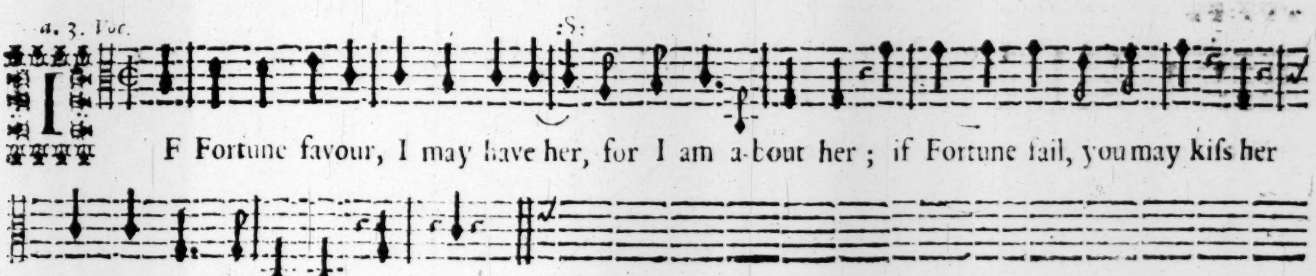
A. 3. Voc. :S: *W. P.*


FIll's a Pipe of Tobac-co, with a quart of old Sacko; O do not ſtay! For the juice
of the Mault will make us all halt; Come a-way, come a-way.



a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*

a. 3. Voc.



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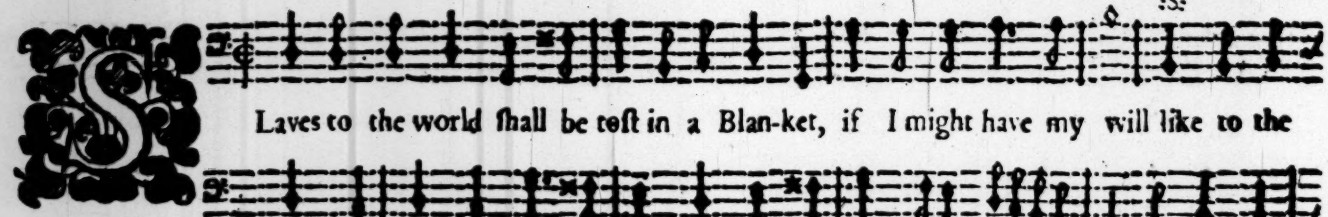
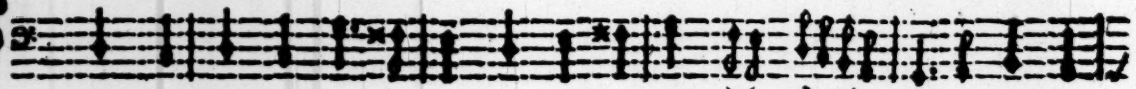
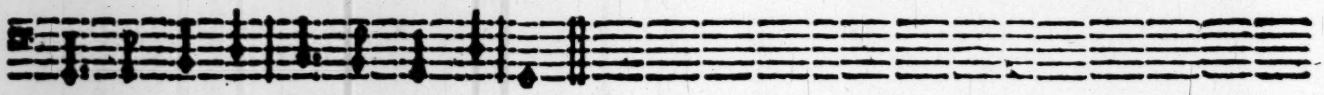


Laves to the world ſhall be toſt in a Blan-ket, if I might have my will like to the

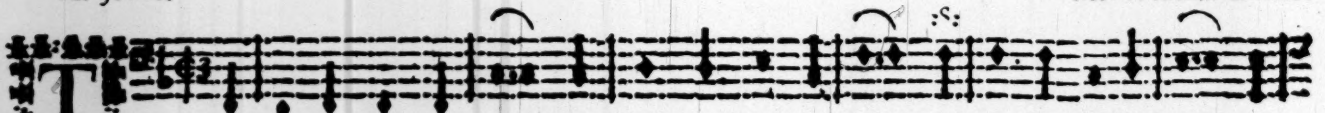


Wheel that's tur-ning up ſo faſt on yon-der Hill, and falls down a-gain, and

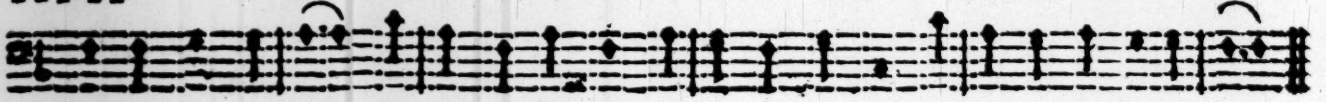


down a-gain the ground it touch un-till.

A. 3. Voc. Mr. *William Lawes.*

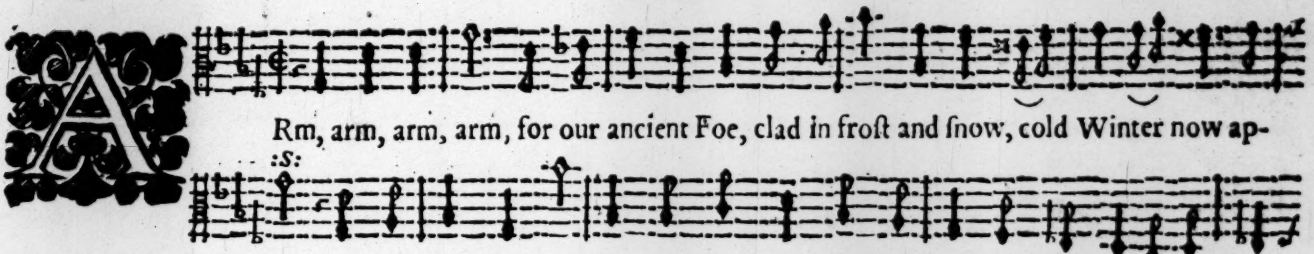


THe Wiſe men were but ſeven, ne're more ſhall be for me: The Muſes were but nine: The

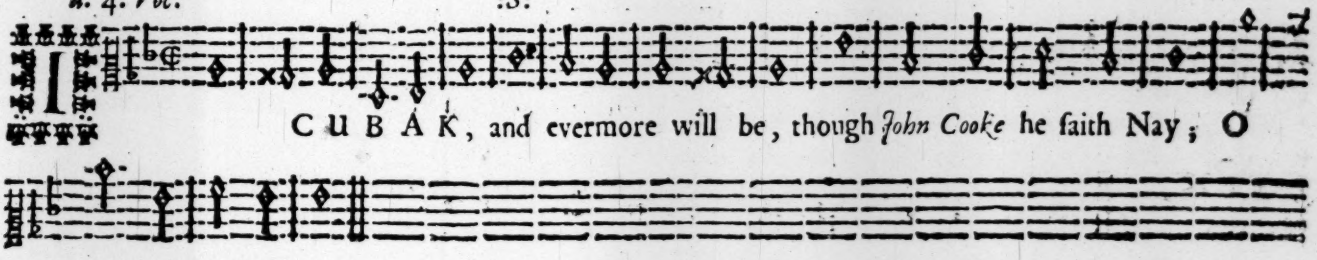


Worthies three times three. *And three mer-ry Boys, and three mer-ry Boys, and three mer-ry Boys are wee.*

The Virtues they were ſeven, and three the greater be;
The *Cæſars* they were twelve, and the fatal Siſters three:
And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls are wee.



a. 4. Voc. :S:



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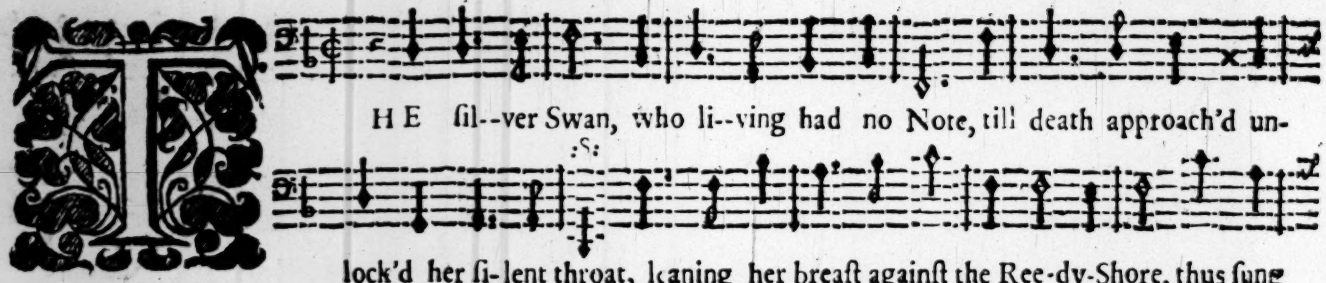
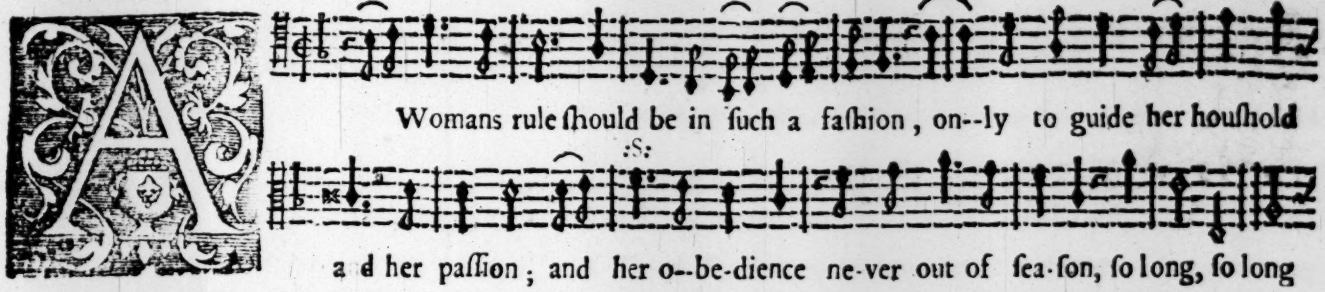
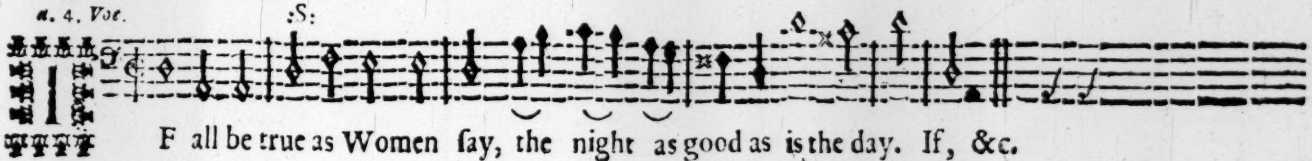

THE ſil--ver Swan, who li--ving had no Note, till death approach'd un-
lock'd her ſi-lent throat, leaning her breaſt againſt the Ree-dy-Shore, thus ſung
her firſt and laſt, and ſung no more: Fare-well all joys: Oh death come cloſe my eyes, more
Geeſe than Swans now live, more Fools than Wiſe.

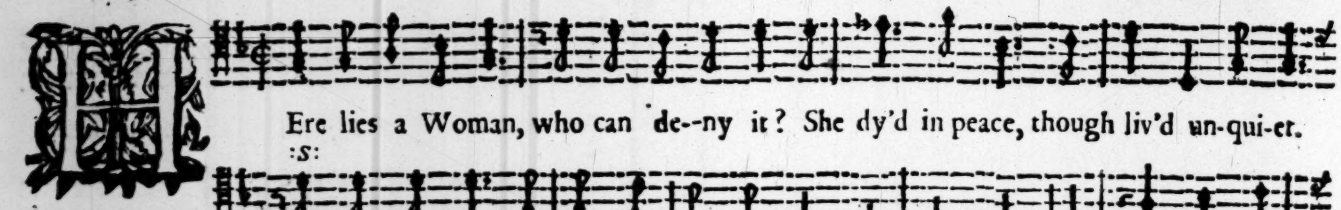
A. 3. Voc.

Ic jacet Tom Short-hoſe, *ſi-ne* Tombe, *ſi-ne* Sheet, *ſi-ne* Riches; *qui vix-it ſi-ne* Cloke,
ſi-ne Shirt, *ſi-ne* Breeches, *qui vix-it ſi-ne* Cloke, *ſi-ne* Shirt, *ſi-ne* Breeches.

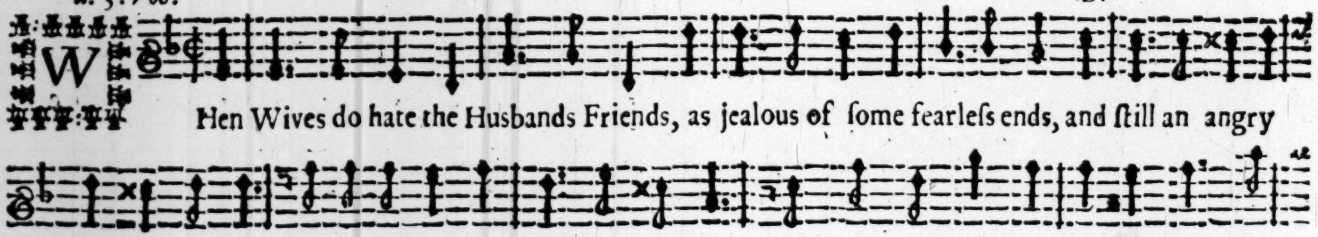

A Womans rule ſhould be in ſuch a faſhion, on--ly to guide her houſhold
:S:
a d her paſſion; and her o--be-dience ne-ver out of ſea-ſon, ſo long, ſo long
as ei-ther Hus band laſts or rea-ſon. Ill fares the hap'leſs fa-mi-ly that ſhows a Cock that's ſi-lent, a
Cock that's ſilent, and a Hen that crows. I know not which live more un-na-tural lives, o-- be--dient
Husbands or com-man-ding, or com-man-ding Wives.


a. 4. *Voc.*
:S:
F all be true as Women ſay, the night as good as is the day. If, &c.

P2490

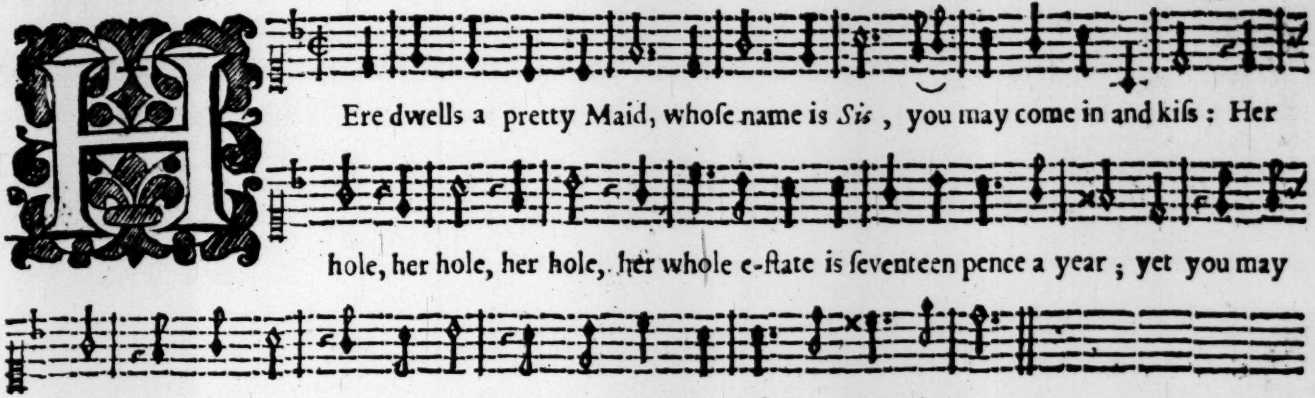


a. 3. Voc. :S:



When Women will ever be nice,
Foolish, Proud, and Manly wise,
And their wanton Humour itches
To wear their Husbands widest Breeches:
Ware ho, ware; for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.

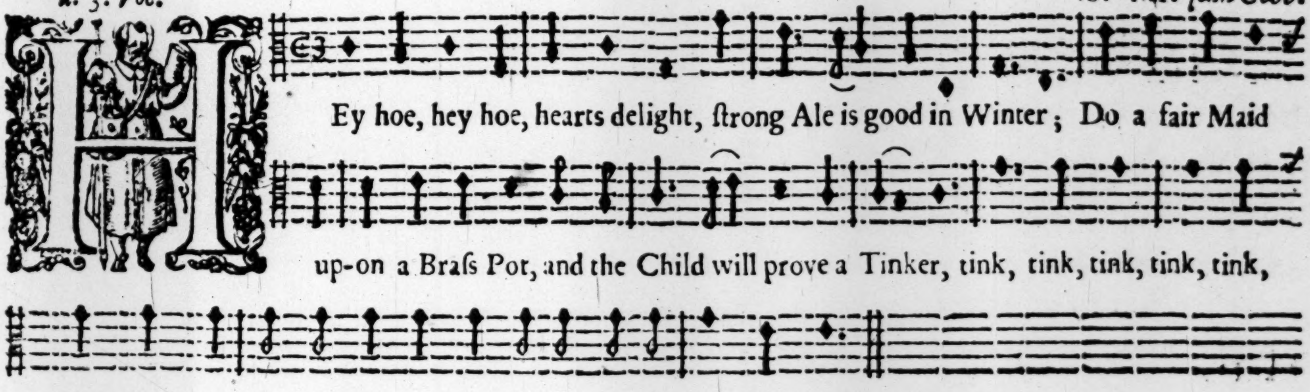
:S:



Here dwells a pretty Maid, whoſe name is *Sis*, you may come in and kiſs: Her hole, her hole, her hole, her whole e-ſtate is ſeventeen pence a year; yet you may kiſs, you may kiſs, you may kiſs, you may kiſs her, if you come but near.

a. 3. Voc.

:S: Mr. *John Cobb.*



Hey hoe, hey hoe, hearts delight, ſtrong Ale is good in Winter; Do a fair Maid up-on a Braſs Pot, and the Child will prove a Tinker, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, te-ra tink, tink, tink te-ra re ra rink, tink, tink.

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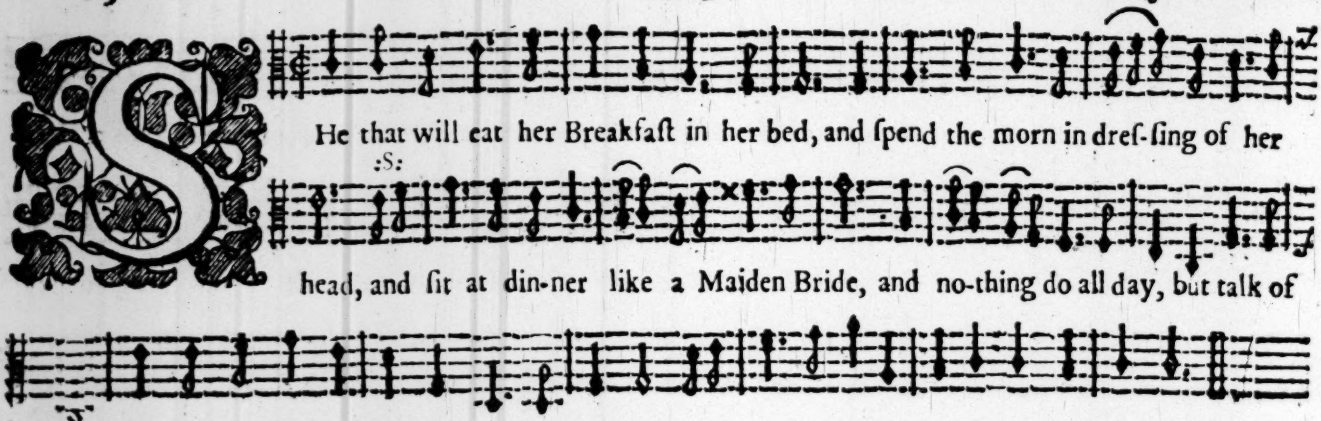
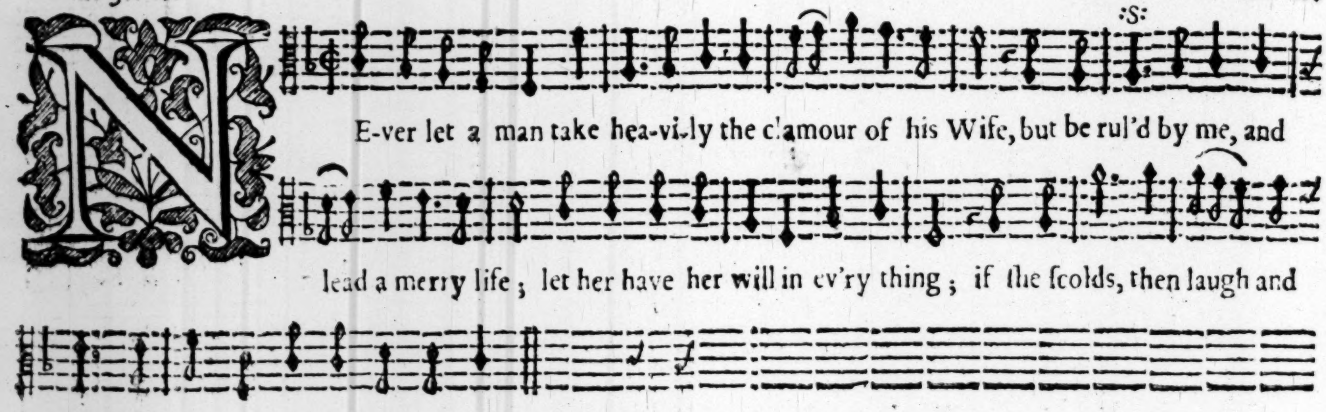


a. 3. Voc. Mr. *William Lawes.*



Oose law'd with Goose for Co-sin Ganders Land, and Fox the Law-yer took the

Cause in hand. Term being ended, Judgment did proceed, like Fools they met, and

Beggars they agreed: Then to dig, and delve, and plough both went, to get by pain what Idly they had spent.

a. 3. Voc. Mr. John Hilton.

Et Simon's Beard a-lone, a-lone, let Si-mon's Beard a-lone; 'tis no dis-grace to

Si-mon's face, for he had ne-ver one: Then mock not, nor scoff not, nor jeer not,

nor fleer not; but ra-ther him be moan.

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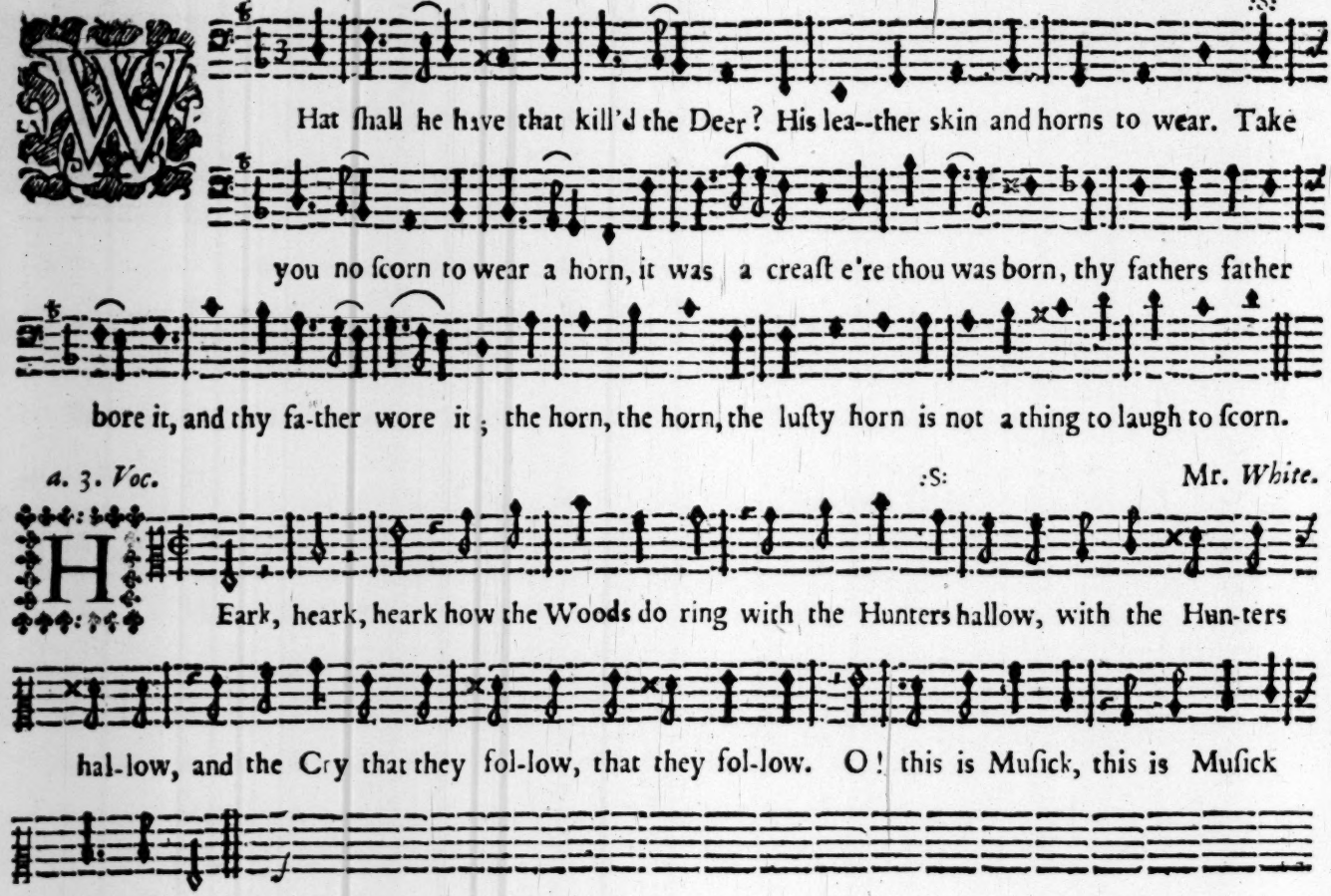
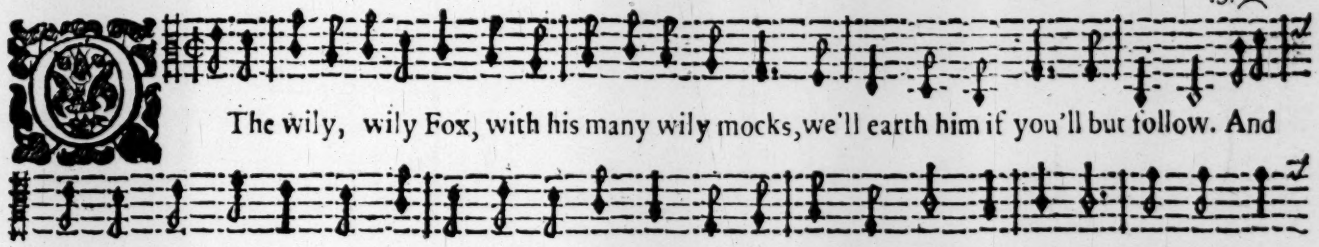
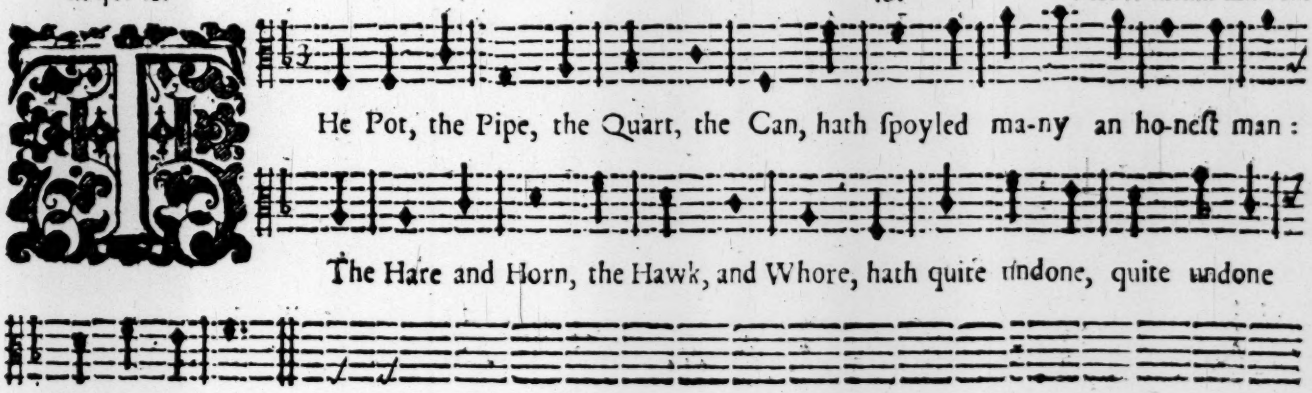


a. 3. Voc. :S: Mr. *White.*



a. 4. Voc. Mr. William Lawes.



Ome let us all a May-ing go, and lightly, and lightly trip it to and fro: The

Bells ſhall ring a, the Bells ſhall ring, and the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo ſing;

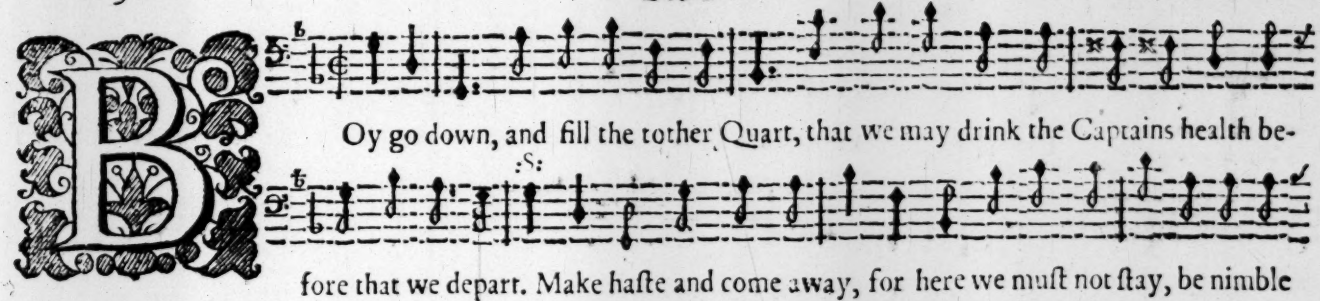
The Drums ſhall beat, the Fife ſhall play, and ſo wee'l paſs our time a-way.

a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*

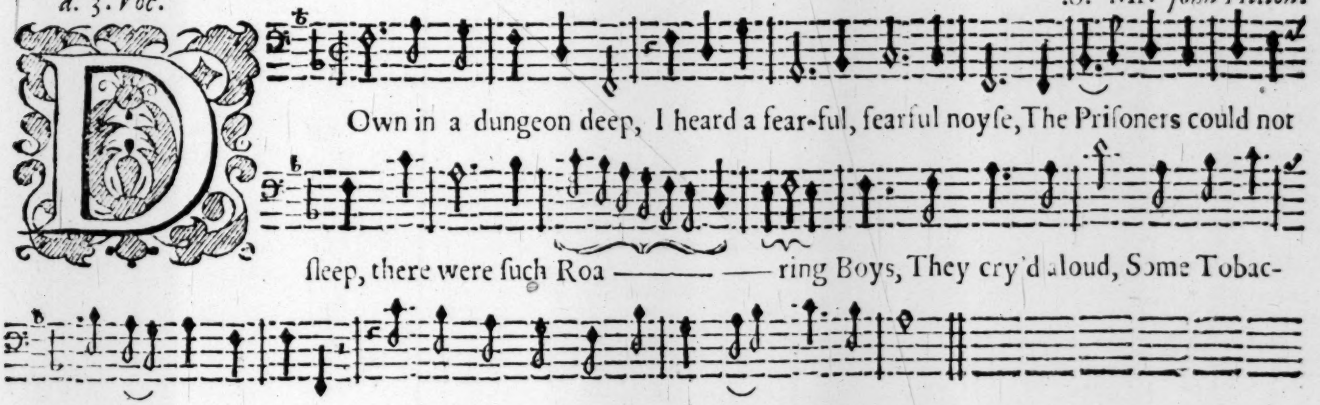
Ome jump at thy Couſin, jump at thy Couſin, jump at thy Couſin and kiſs; That

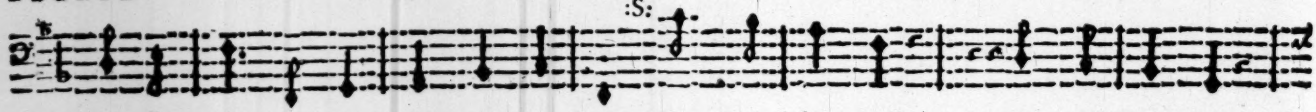
men may ſay a-no-ther day, What jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping, What

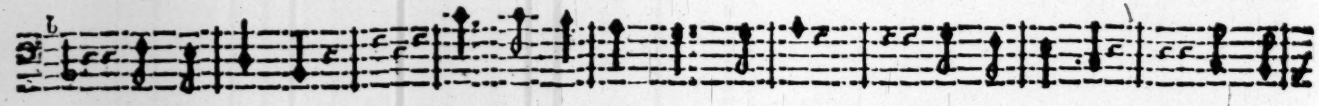
jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping call you this?

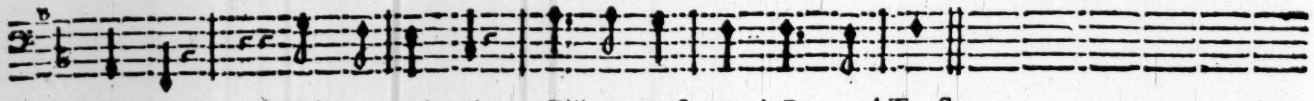


a. 3. Voc. :S: Mr. *John Hilton.*

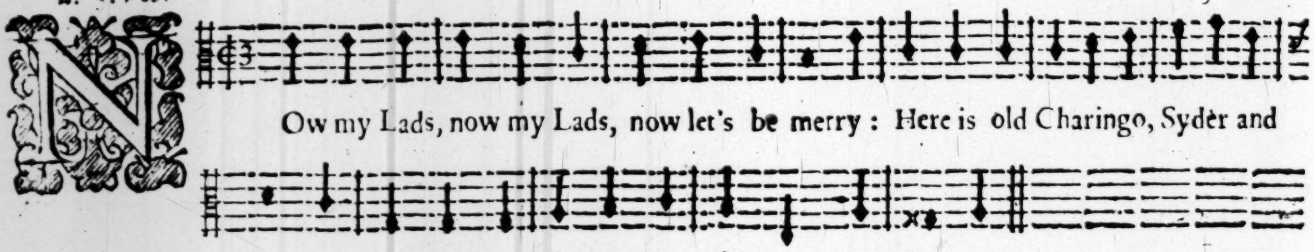


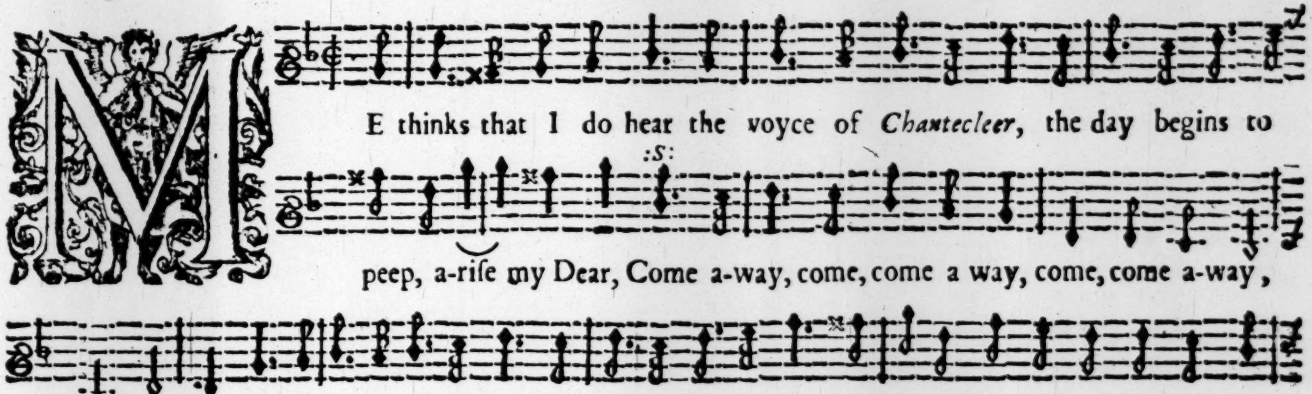




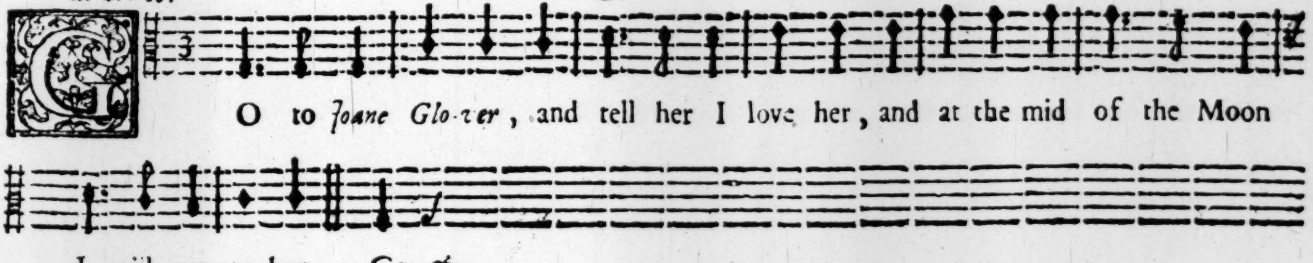


a. 2. Voc. :S: Mr. Henry Lawes.





a. 4. Voc. :S:



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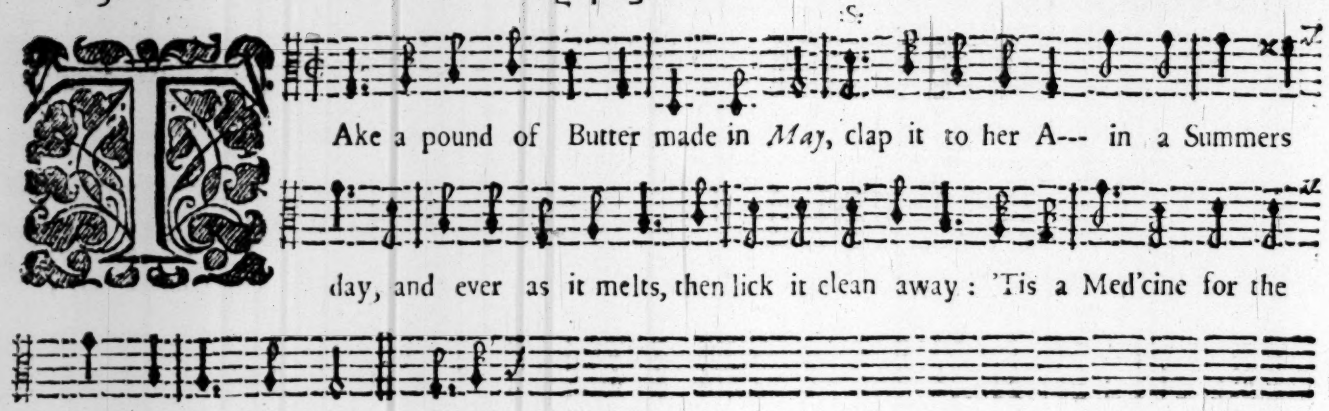
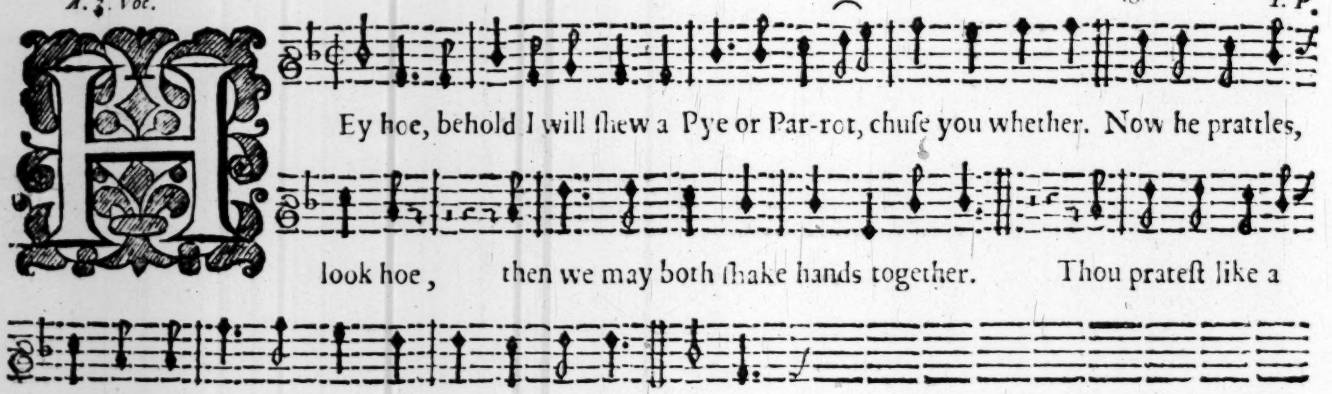
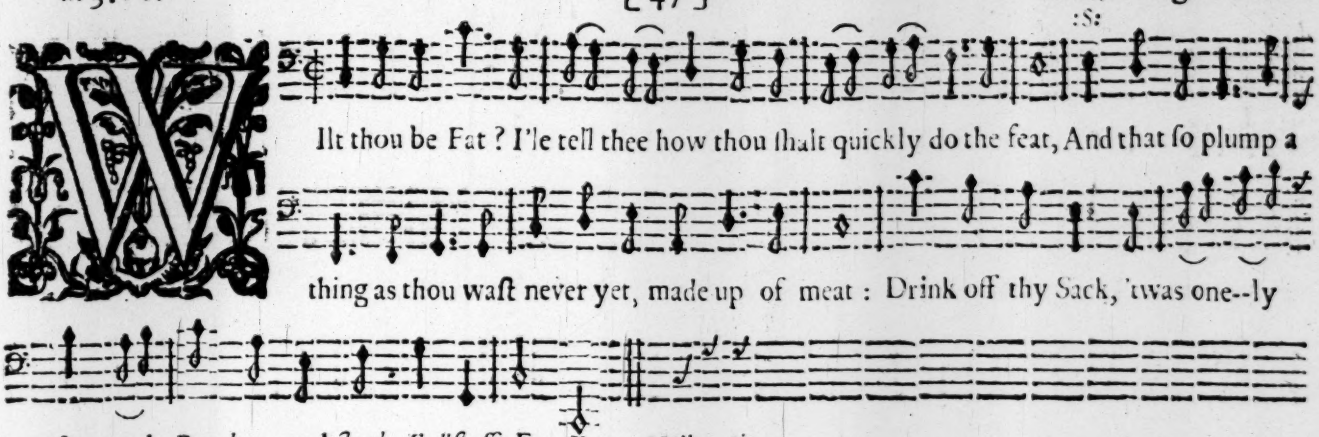
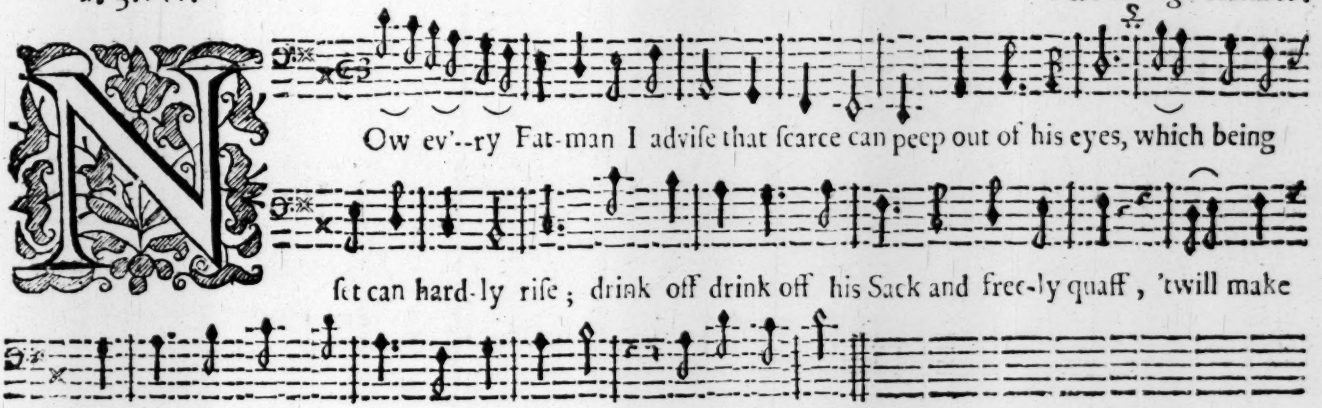

Take a pound of Butter made in May, clap it to her A--- in a Summers
day, and ever as it melts, then lick it clean away: 'Tis a Med'cine for the
Tooth-ach, old Wives say. Take, &c.

A. 3. Voc.


Hey hoe, behold I will shew a Pye or Par-rot, chuse you whether. Now he prattles,
look hoe, then we may both shake hands together. Thou prateſt like a
Cuckoo, then we may both shake hands together. Hey hoe, &c.



a. 3. Voc. Mr. George Holmes.



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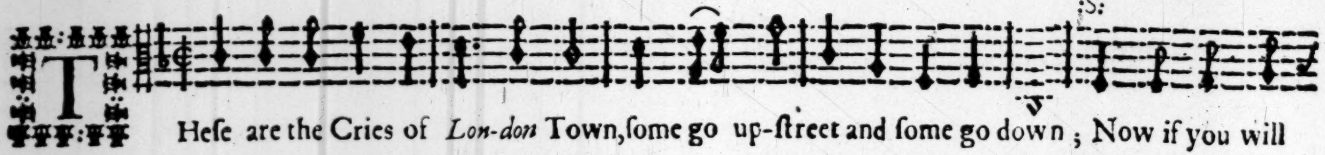
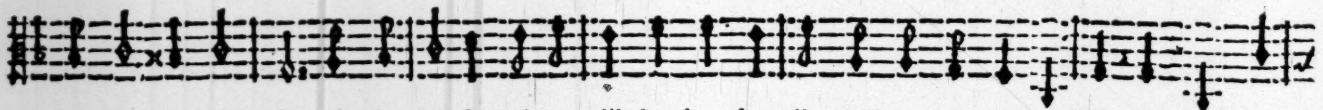
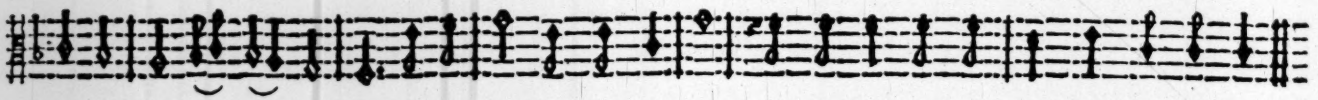


THeſe are the Cries of *Lon-don* Town, ſome go up-ſtreet and ſome go down; Now if you will

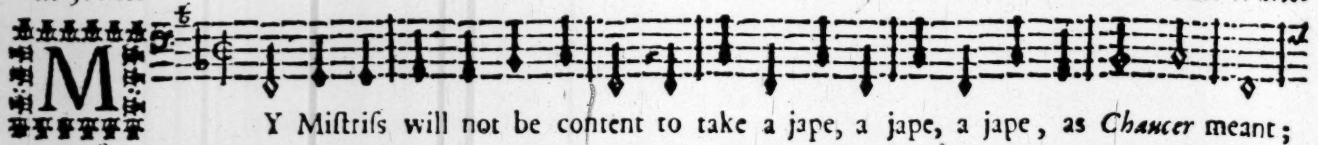


but ſtay a while, ſweetly it will, ſweetly it will the time beguile, to hear each one with ſinging cry their

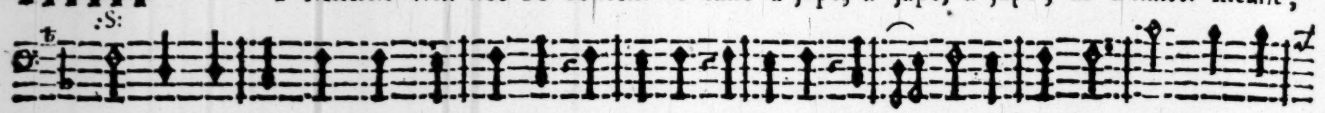


ſeveral things as they paſs by: I have Hot Pip-pin pies, hot. Will you have a-ny Milk, Maid? Buy a Bruſh.

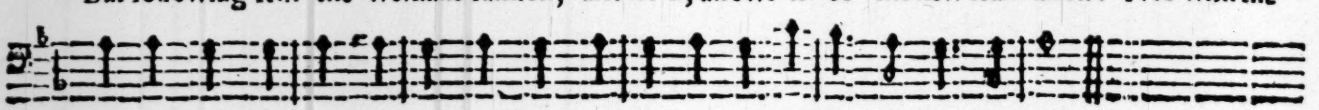
a. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *White.*



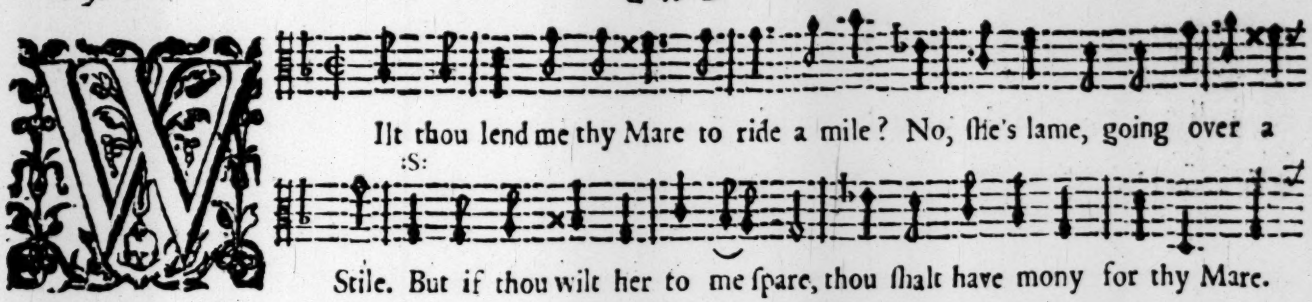
MY Miſtriſs will not be content to take a jape, a jape, a jape, as *Chaucer* meant;



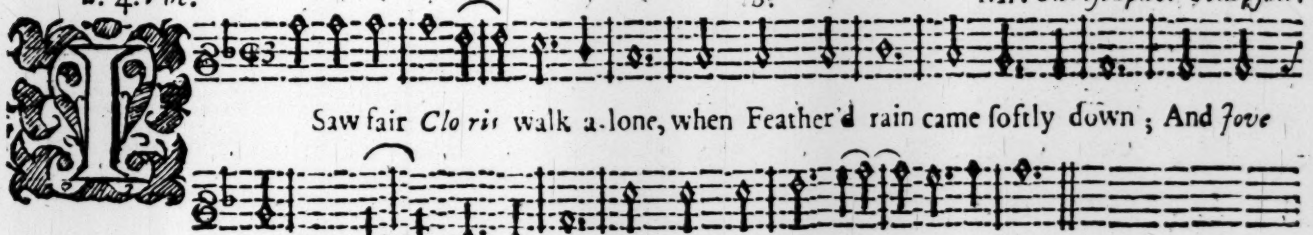
But following ſtill the womans faſhion, allows it, allows it of the new tranſlation: Nor with the



word ſhee'l not diſpenſe, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet I know ſhe loves the ſenſe.



a. 4. Voc. Mr. Chriſtopher Simpſon.



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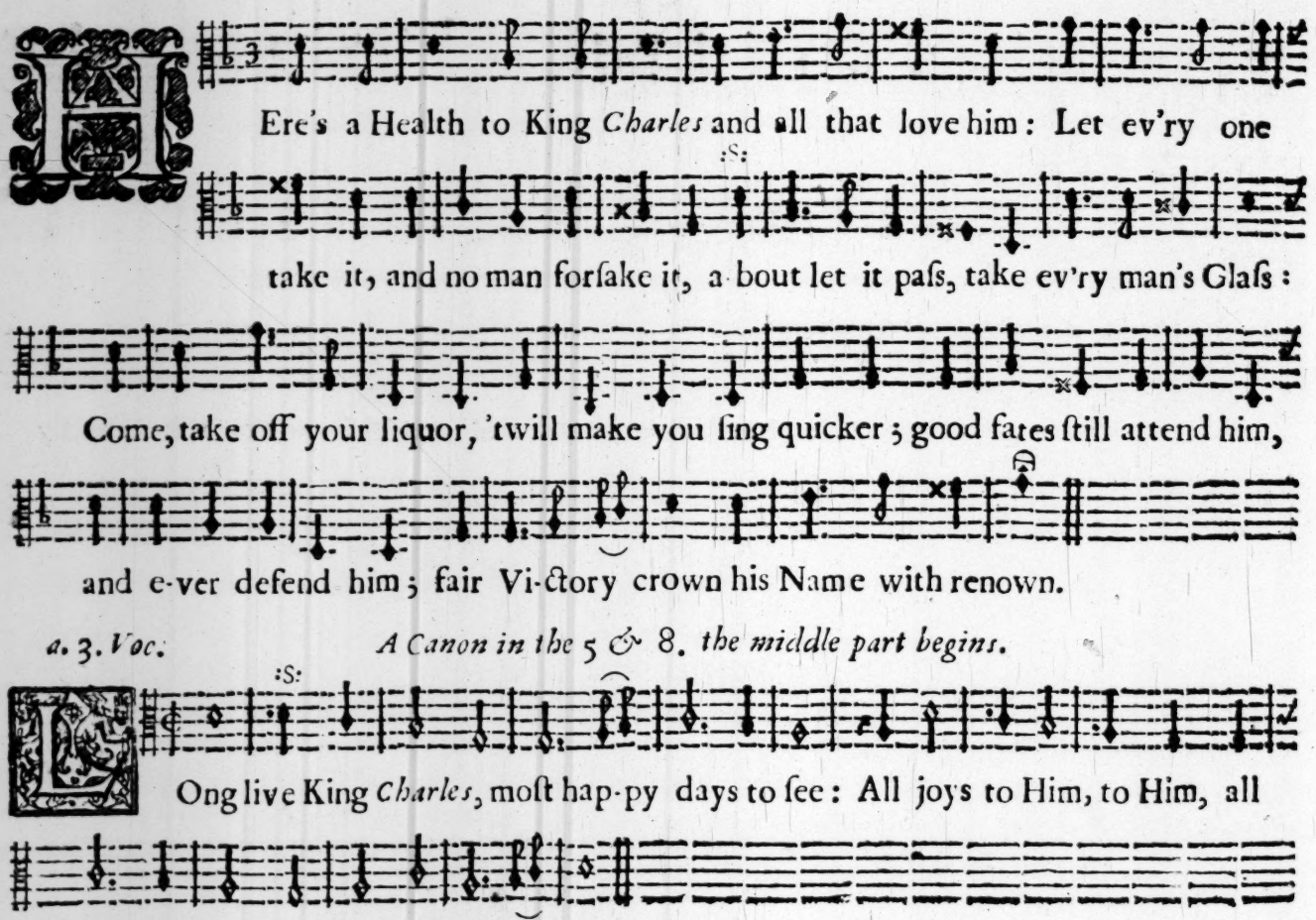
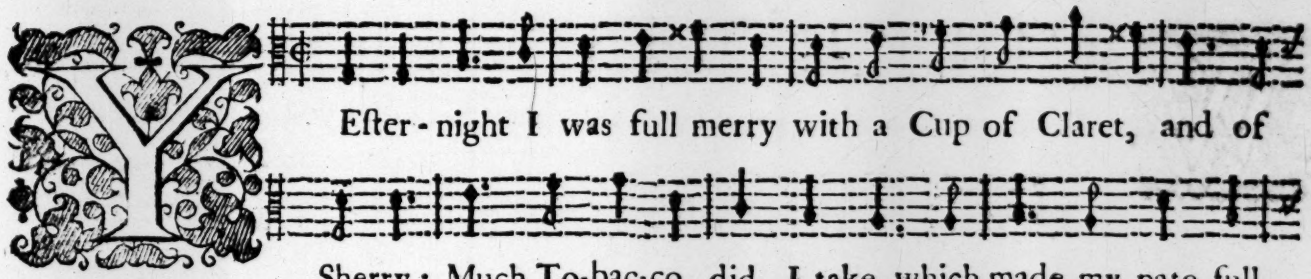
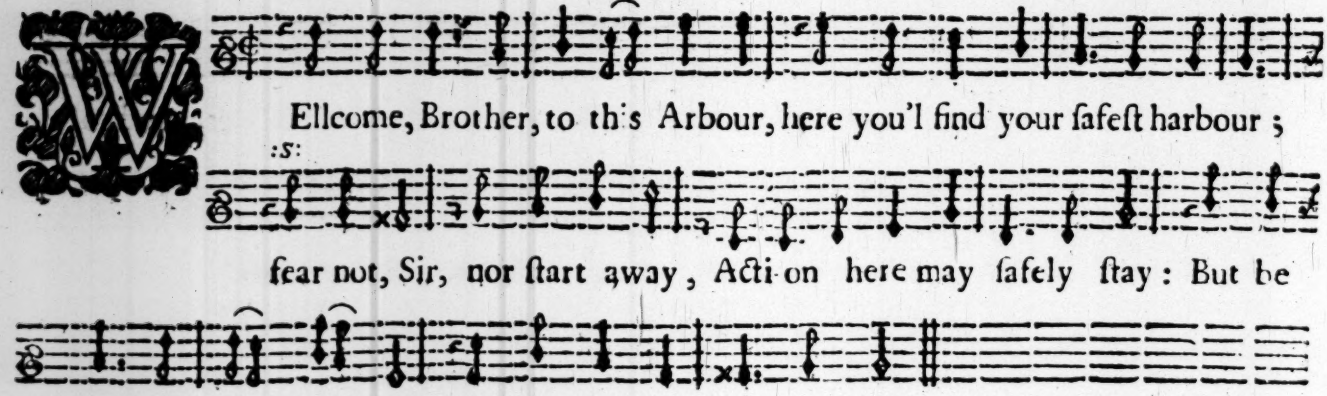
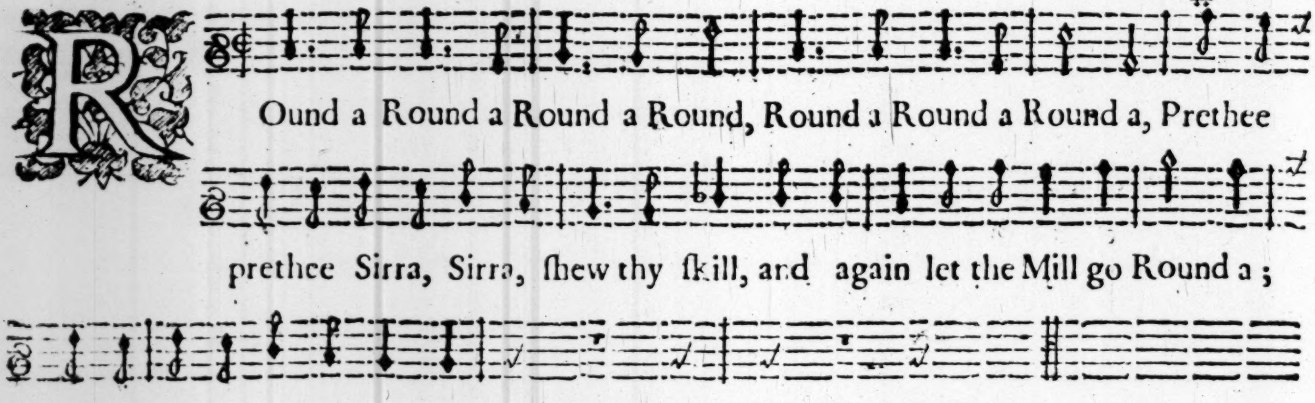


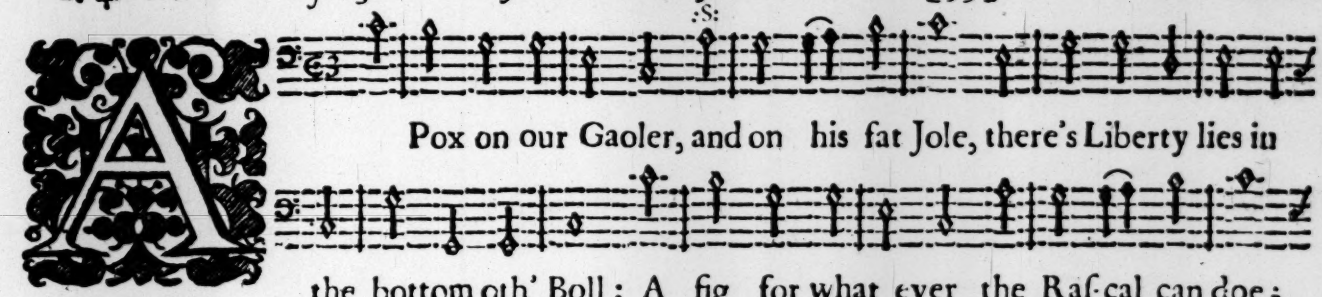
a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the 5 & 8. the middle part begins.*


Yeſter-night I was full merry with a Cup of Claret, and of
Sherry: Much To-bac-co did I take, which made my pate full
:S:
ſore to ake. When the Drink is in the Cup, I can ſet it here and there, but when it
gets in-to the Crown, it ne-ver leaves till I be down: Wherefore, Sirs, let us for-
bear to be ex-ceſſive, or to Swear: And then I vow un-to you all, Honeſt men I
will you call.

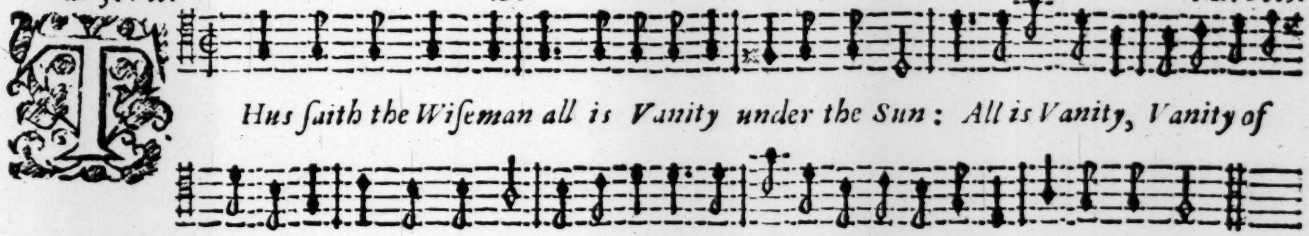


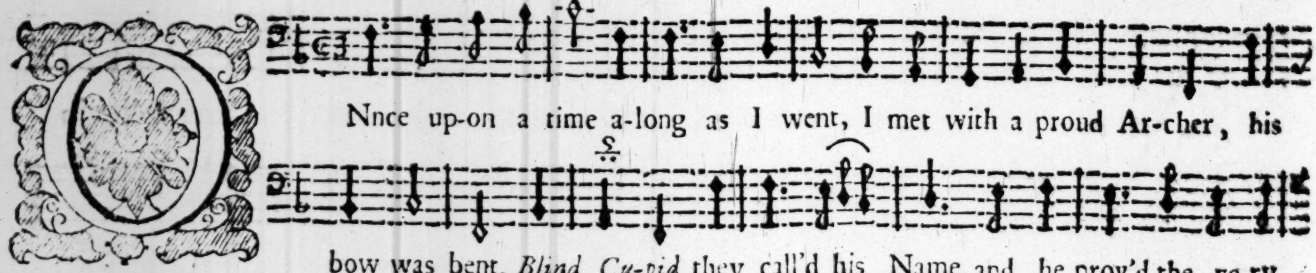
a. 3. Voc. Mr Edmund Nelham.

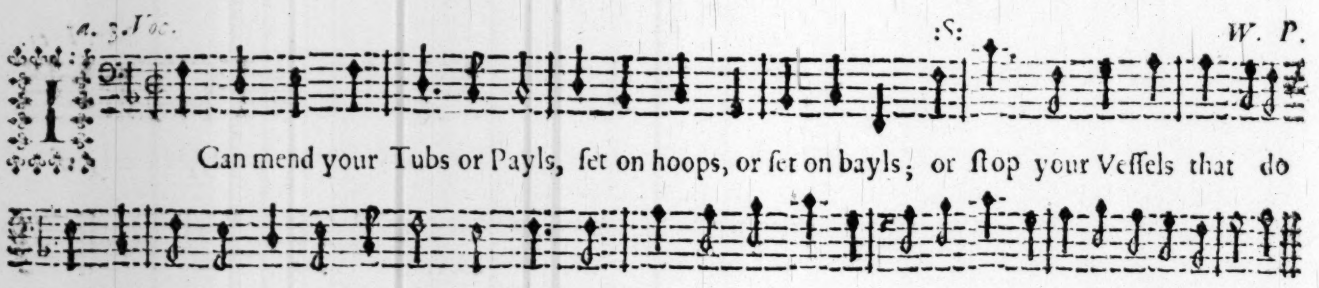


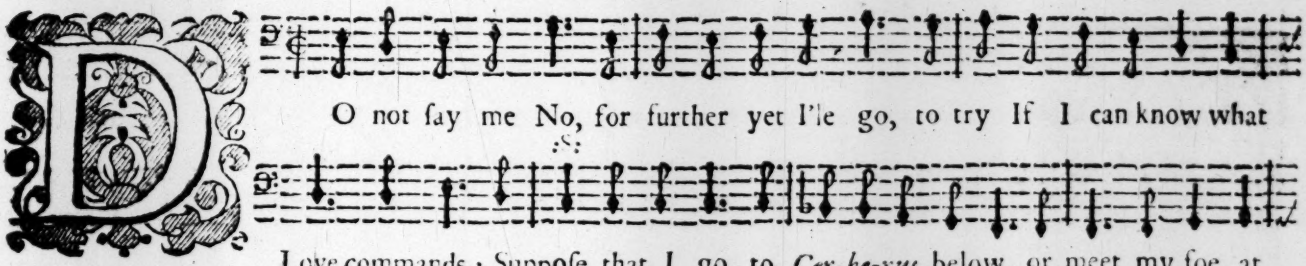


a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Ives.*

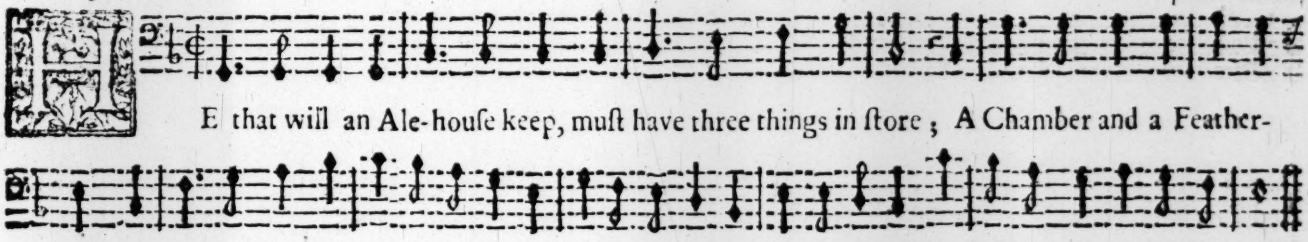


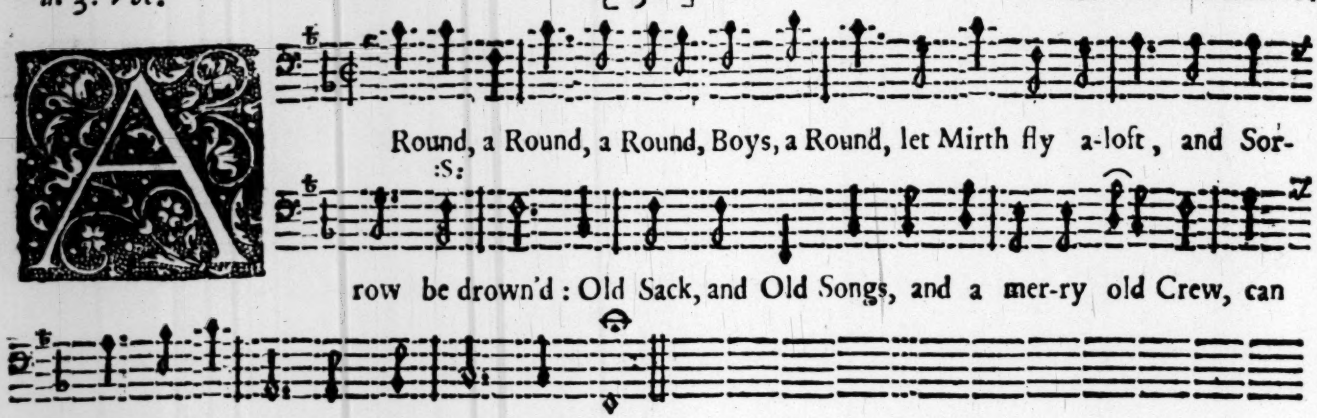

Nnce up-on a time a-long as I went, I met with a proud Ar-cher, his
bow was bent, Blind Cu-pid they call'd his Name, and he prov'd the ve-ry
ſame; for the Maidens cry'd, Away, fie for ſhame, put up thy Bow and Arrows, thou'ſt wounded my
heart, for in the midſt of my bo-dy there ſticks the Dart.


a. 3. Voc.
W. P.
Can mend your Tubs or Payls, ſet on hoops, or ſet on bayls; or ſtop your Veſſels that do
leak; then come away Maids, and quickly ſpeak what works for the Cooper, for the Cooper, the jolly jolly Cooper.

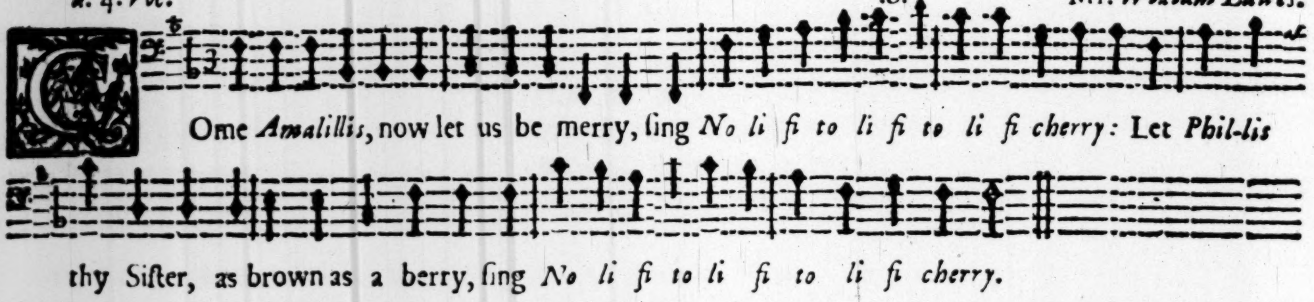


a. 3. Voc. Mr. John Hilton.



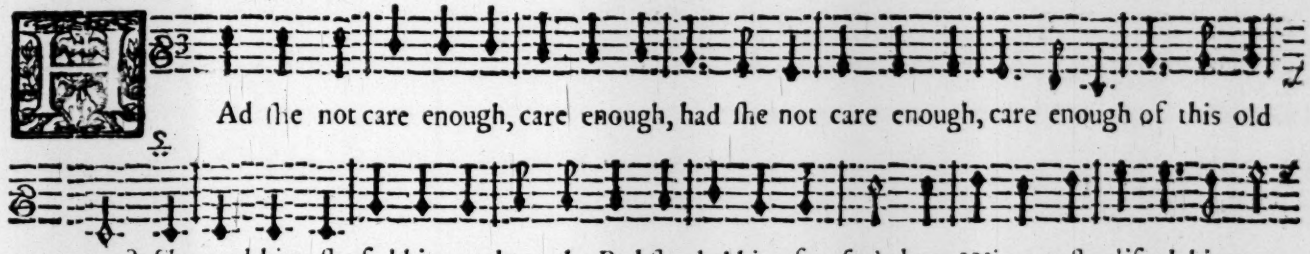


a. 4. Voc. :S: Mr. William Lawes.

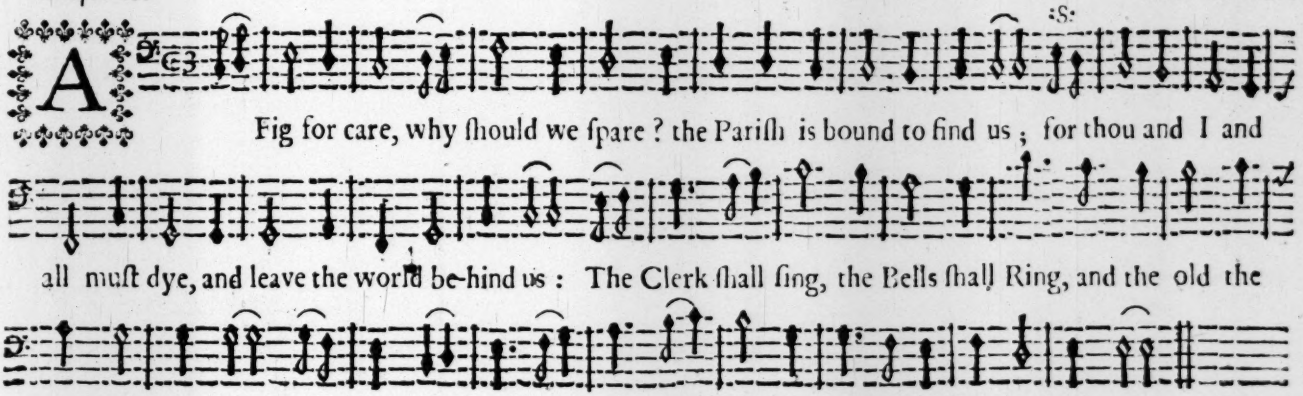


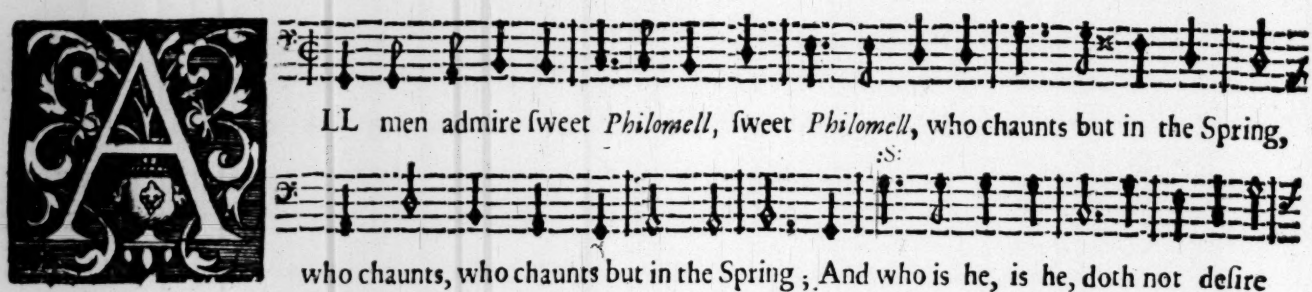
Damon takes Joy in his Treasure,
And *Titerus* in piping & Dancing takes pleasure:
And no man can ever be heartily merry,
But *No li si to li si to li si cherry.*

Ploughs would stand still, the world would soon perish:
For thee and my *Phillis* there's no man would cherish;
And Shephers would of their Flocks quickly be weary,
But *No li si to li si to li si cherry.*

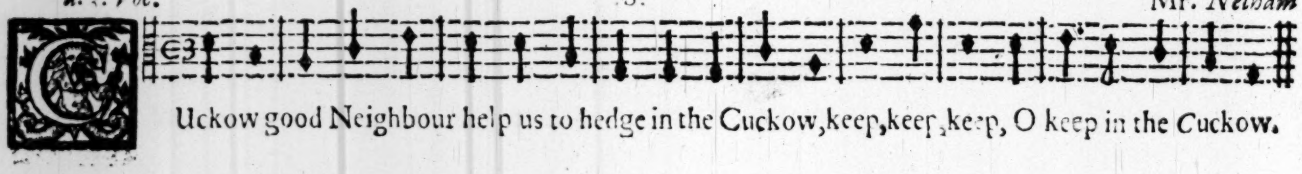


a. 4. *Voc.* Mr. *Nelham.*





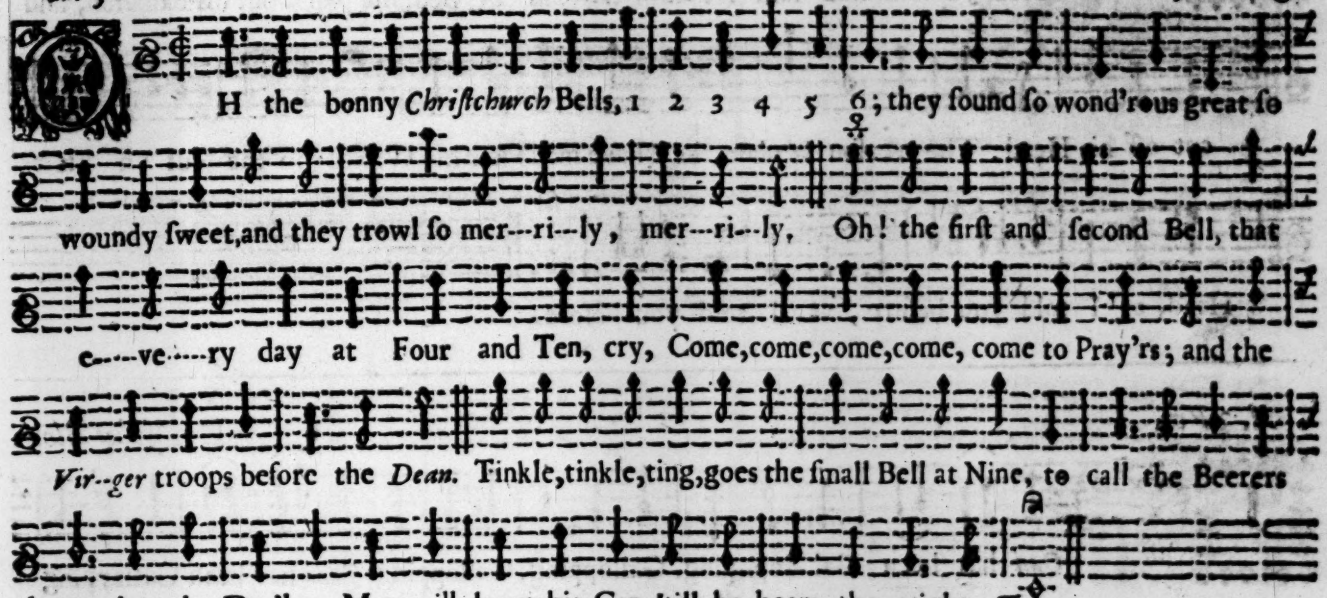
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Nelham*



Here endeth the Book of Rounds *and* Catches.

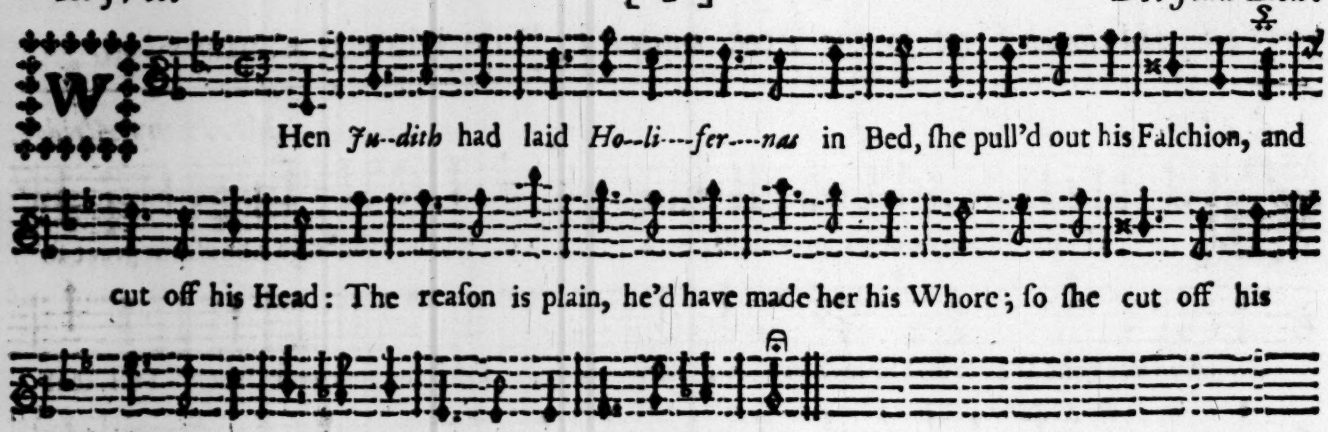
An Additional Sheet to the Book entituled, The Musical Companion.

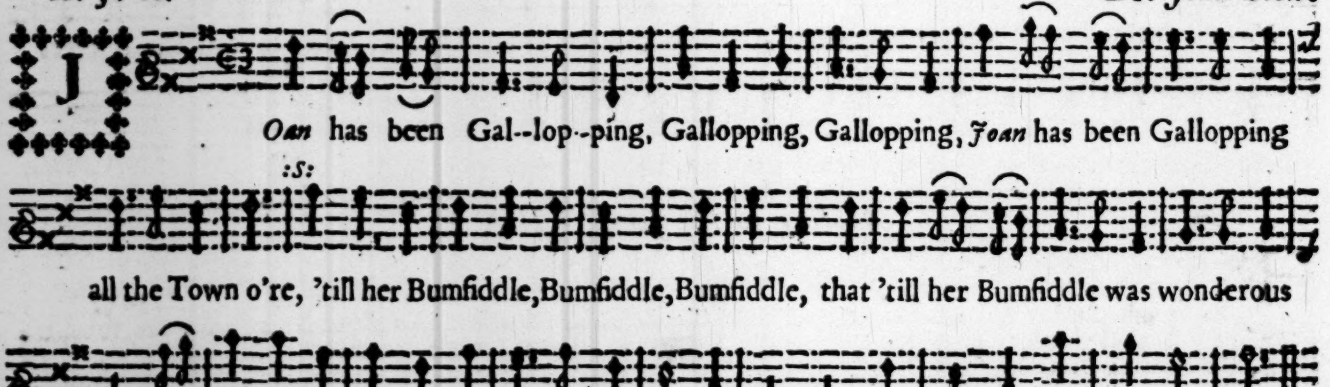
A. 3 Voc. Mr. *Henry Alridge.*

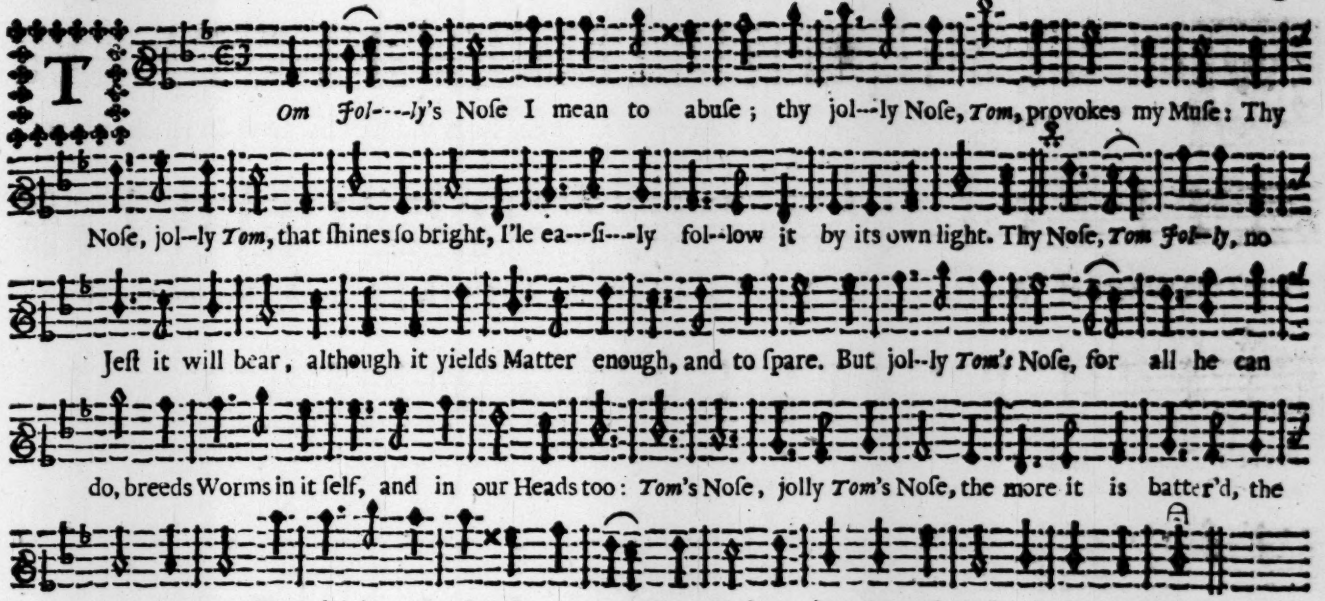


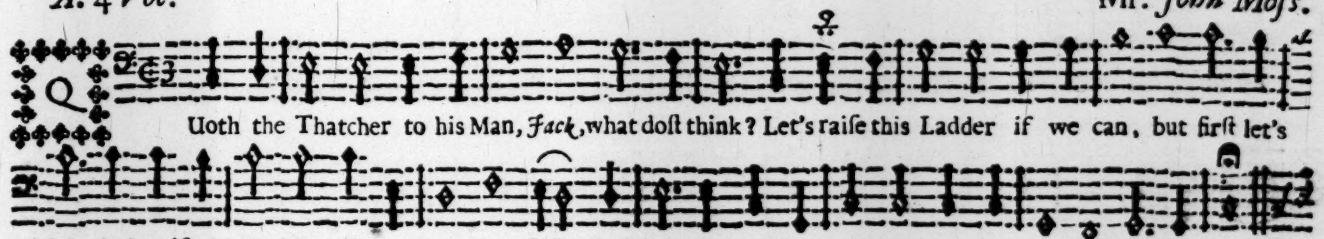
Another to the same TUNE.

HArk, the merry *Tinker*'s crew, *Nell*, *Doll*, *Moll*, *Kate*, & *Sue*;
They swig such wond'rous Ale,
So woundy stale;
And they Chat so merrily, merrily.
Hark, the bawling Brats do cry
Along the Streets, as you pass by,
Oh, good Sir, pray Sir, one Farthing;
And thus the Bantlins never lin.
Tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, goes the Frying-pan, to call the (*Doxies*) home;
But the Dev'l a Jade
Will leave her Trade,
'Till the mighty *Tinker* comes.


W
Hen *Ju--dith* had laid *Ho--li---fer----nes* in Bed, ſhe pull'd out his Falchion, and
cut off his Head: The reaſon is plain, he'd have made her his Whore; ſo ſhe cut off his
Head, as I told you before, as I told you before.


J
Oan has been Gal--lop--ping, Gallopping, Gallopping, *Joan* has been Gallopping
all the Town o're, 'till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, that 'till her Bumfiddle was wonderous
fore; without e're a Sad--dle upon her old Jade, to fetch her good Man from the Alehouſe Trade.


Tom Fol----ly's Noſe I mean to abuſe; thy jol--ly Noſe, Tom, provokes my Muſe: Thy
Noſe, jol--ly Tom, that ſhines ſo bright, I'le ea---ſi---ly fol--low it by its own light. Thy Noſe, Tom Fol--ly, no
Jeſt it will bear, although it yields Matter enough, and to ſpare. But jol--ly Tom's Noſe, for all he can
do, breeds Worms in it ſelf, and in our Heads too: Tom's Noſe, jolly Tom's Noſe, the more it is batter'd, the
more it grows. Then drink to Tom Fol--ly a coo--ling Glaſs, or jol---ly Tom's Noſe will fire his Face.


Quoth the Thatcher to his Man, Jack, what doſt think? Let's raiſe this Ladder if we can, but firſt let's
drink; let's raiſe this Ladder if we can, but firſt let's drink; let's raiſe this Ladder if we can, but firſt let's drink.

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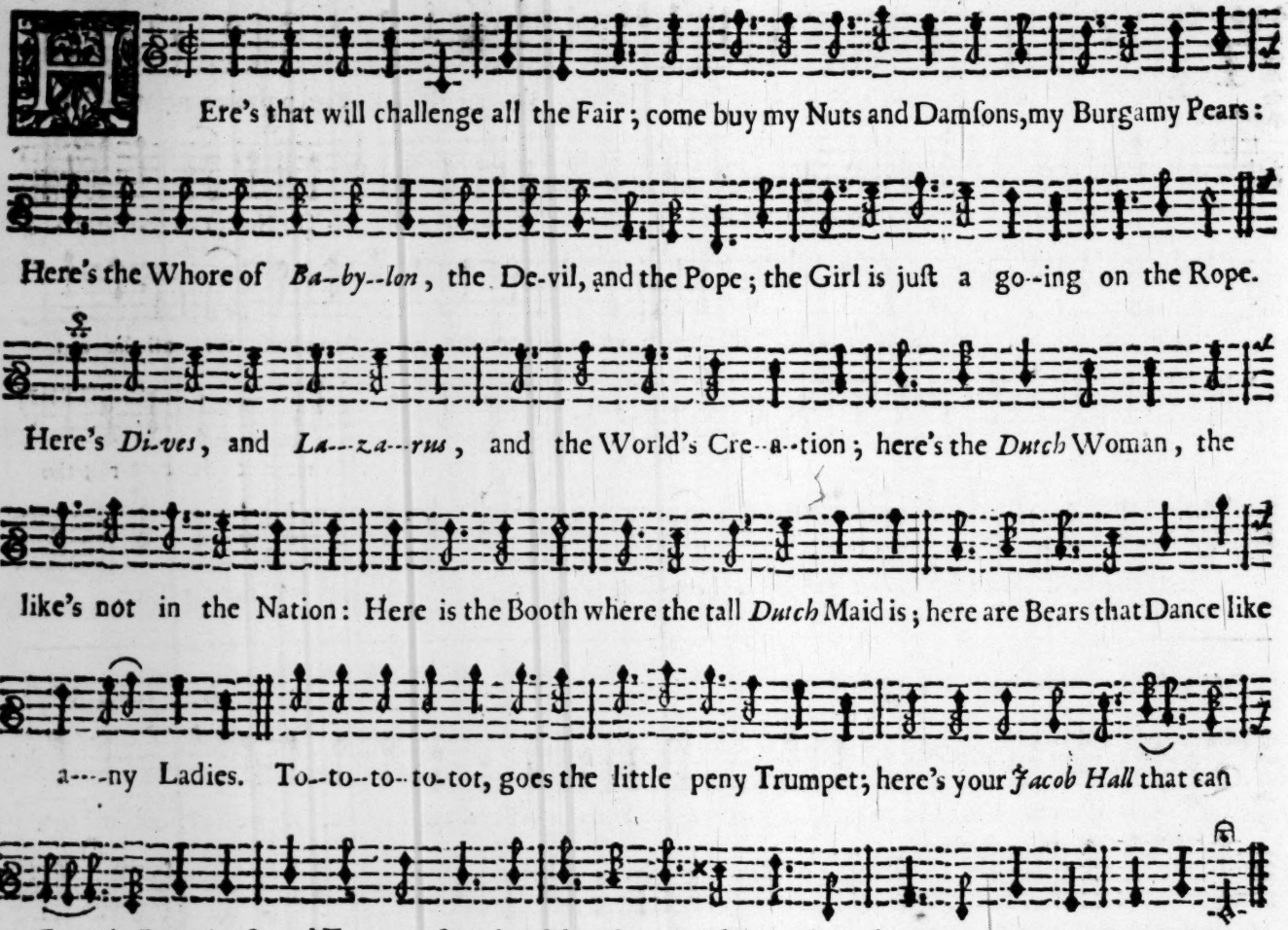
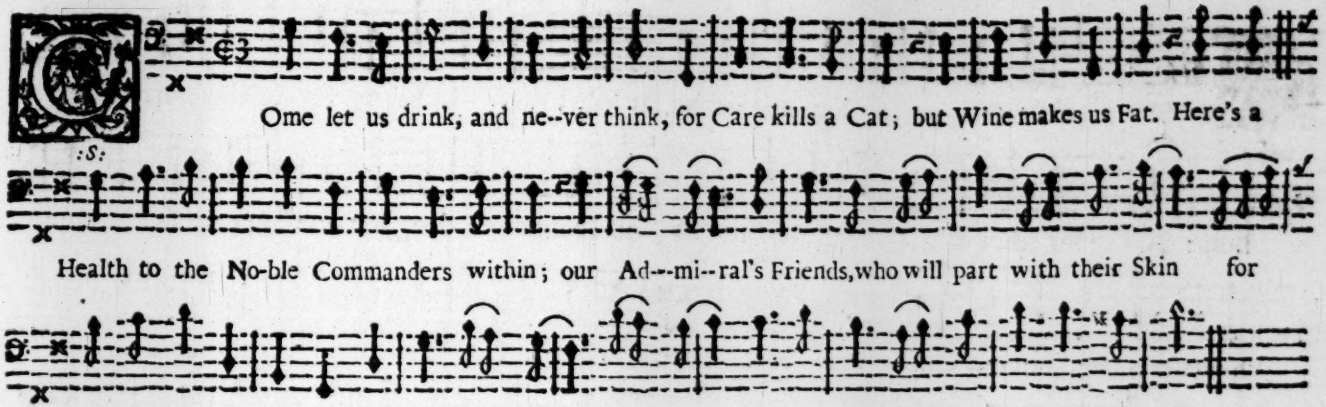
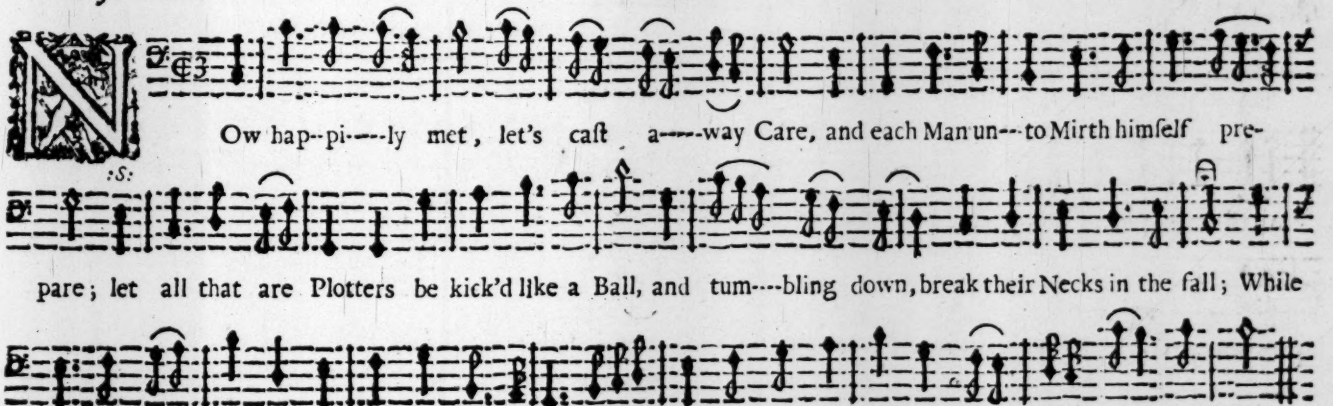

Here's that will challenge all the Fair; come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Burgamy Pears:
Here's the Whore of Ba--by--lon, the De-vil, and the Pope; the Girl is just a go--ing on the Rope.
Here's Di-ves, and La---za---rus, and the World's Cre--a--tion; here's the Dutch Woman, the
like's not in the Nation: Here is the Booth where the tall Dutch Maid is; here are Bears that Dance like
a----ny Ladies. To--to--to--to-tot, goes the little peny Trumpet; here's your Jacob Hall that can
Jump it, Jump it: Sound Trumpet, sound, a Silver Spoon and Fork; come here's your dainty Pig and Pork.



A. 3 Voc. A Catch. Mr. G. H.



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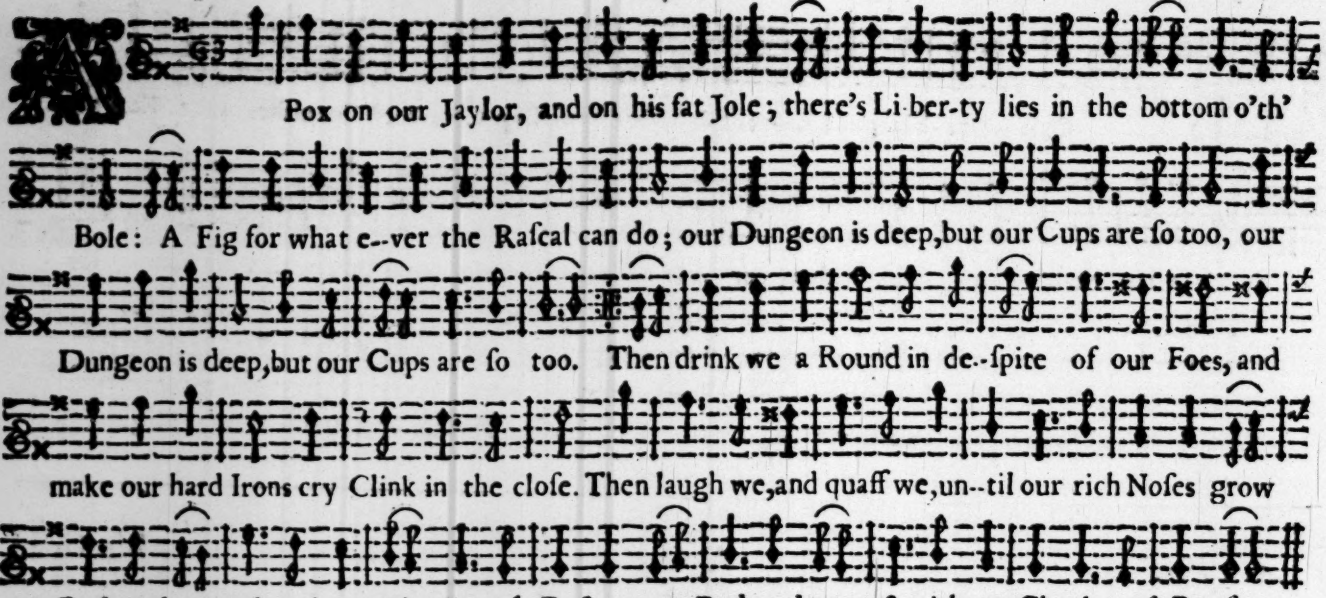
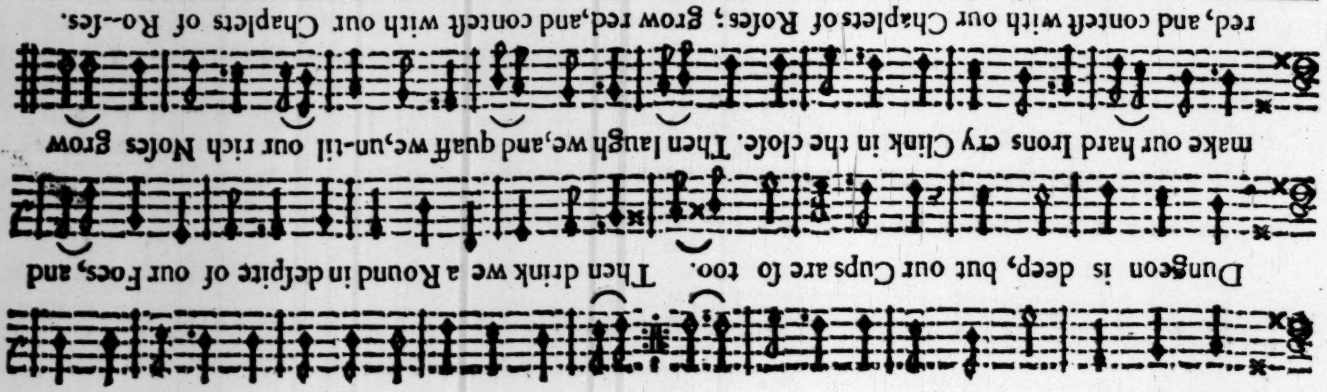
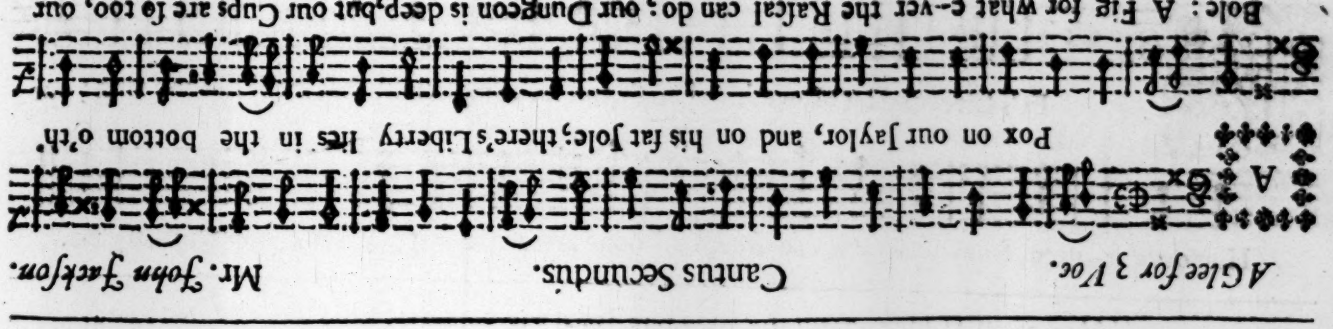

Pox on our Jaylor, and on his fat Jole; there's Li-ber-ty lies in the bottom o'th'
Bole: A Fig for what e--ver the Raſcal can do; our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are ſo too, our
Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are ſo too. Then drink we a Round in de--ſpite of our Foes, and
make our hard Irons cry Clink in the cloſe. Then laugh we, and quaff we, un--til our rich Noſes grow
Red, and conteſt with our Chaplets of Roſes, grow Red, and conteſt with our Chaplets of Ro--ſes.


Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are ſo too. Then drink we a Round in deſpite of our Foes, and
make our hard Irons cry Clink in the cloſe. Then laugh we, and quaff we, un-til our rich Noſes grow
red, and conteſt with our Chaplets of Roſes; grow red, and conteſt with our Chaplets of Ro--ſes.



A Glee for 3 Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *John Jackson.*

A Pox on our Jaylor, and on his fat Jole; there's Liberty lies in the bottom o'th'

Bole: A Fig for what e'er the Rascal can do; our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too, our

Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too. Then drink we a Round in despite of our Foes, and

make our hard Irons cry Clink in the close. Then laugh we, and quaff we, until our rich Noses grow

Red, and contest with our Chaplets of Roses; grow Red, and contest with our Chaplets of Ro--ses.

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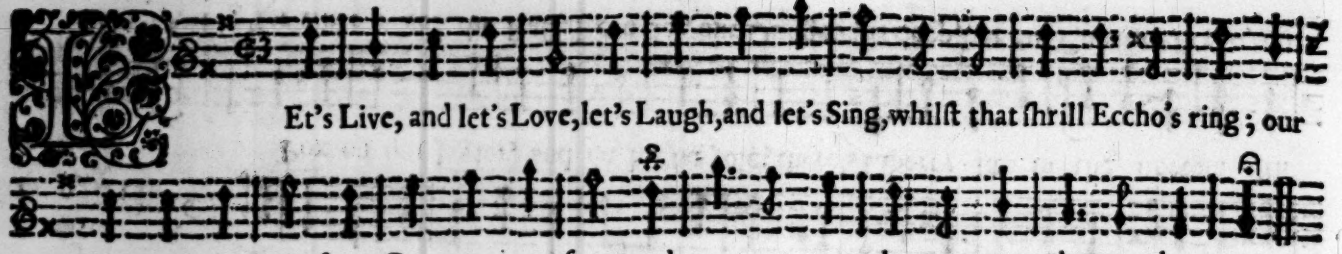
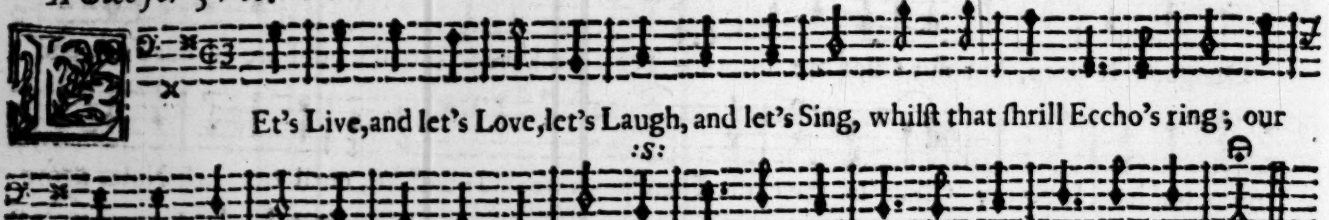


Humours a---gree, from Cares we are free, and none are more happy, more happy, than we.
Let's Live, and let's Love, let's Laugh, and let's Sing, whilst that shrill Eccho's ring; our

A Glee for 3 Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A Glee for 3 Voc. Bassus.



FINIS.

THE

Musical Companion:

CONTAINING

DIALOGUES, GLEES, BALLADS & AYRES,

in several Varieties.

Some for { *Two* / *Three* / *Four* } *VOYCES.*

THE SECOND PART.

LONDON, Printed by *W. G.* for *J. Playford*, 1672.

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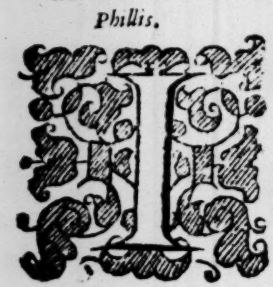
Phillis. Clorillo.



Preethe keep my Sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou tell? *First let me have a*

Kiss of thee, and I will keep them well. If thou a while but to my lit-

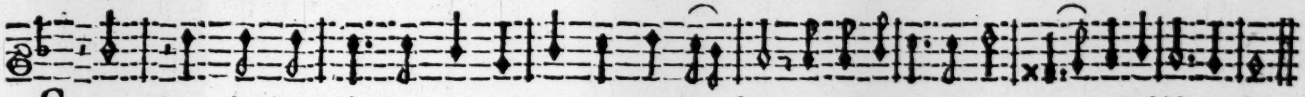
tle flock wilt look, thou shalt have this embroyder'd Skrip and silver Hook. *No other favour or reward I*

Crave, but one poor kiss. A kiss thou must not have. *And why?* Such enticements maids must

fly: This Garland thou shalt have of Roses and of Lillies. *No Scrip, nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest*

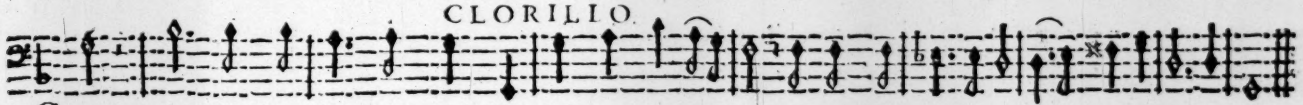
Phillis, *do I require, to kiss thy fresh and Rosie lip is only my desire.* Take then a kiss, and let me

go, till I return thy care upon my flocks bestow. The Chorus followeth.



SWeet, ſweet is that kiſs that doth with true and juſt deſire as much another give as to it ſelf require.

CLORILIO.

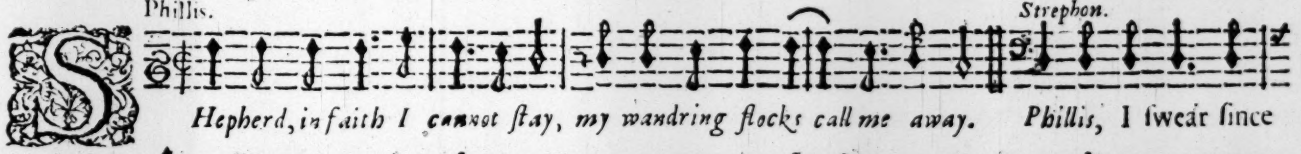


SVeet, ſweet is that kiſs that doth with true and juſt deſire as much another give as to it ſelf require.

---

a. 2. Voc. Strephon *and* Phillis. A *DIALOGUE.* Mr. *Lanneare.*

Phillis. Strephon.



Shepherd, in faith I cannot ſtay, my wandring flocks call me away. *Phillis,* I ſwear ſince I have caught thee now, upon thy Roſie lips I'le pay my vow. *Who lives in love may not by force conſtrain.* Where Imprecations falſe Oaths muſt obtain. *I prethee* Strephon *leave me.* Dear *Phillis* leave to con-temn me. *Nay, then I ſee, nay then I ſee, I muſt my ſelf defend.* Vain is all defence and Art.

The Chorus followeth.

Cru-el, Cru-el, thou doſt of life bereave me.

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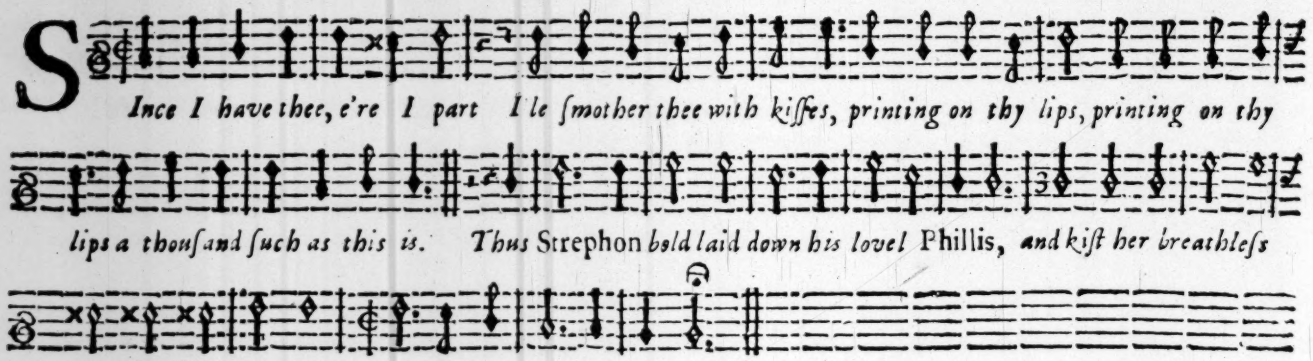
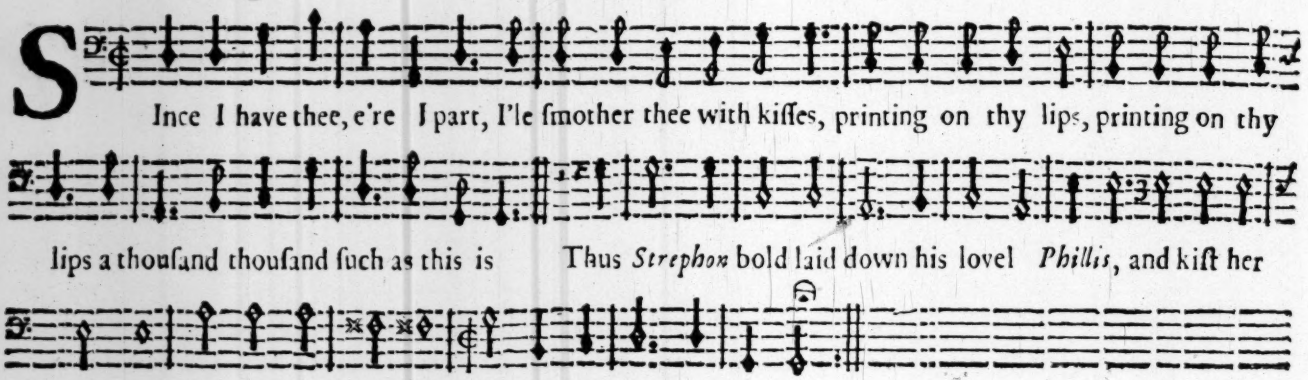


Chorus Together. *STREPHON.*



Strephon.

Daphne.

Ome my *Daphne*, come a-way, we do waſt the Chriſtal Day *'Tis* Strephon

calls: what would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where

Venus ſhall prepare new Chaplets for thy Hair. *Were I ſhut up within a Tree, I'de rend my Barke to*

follow thee. My Shepherdeſs make haſte, the Minutes ſlide too faſt. *In theſe cooler ſhades will I*

blind as Cu-pid *kiſs thine eye.* In thy Boſome then I'le ſtray: In ſuch warm Snow who

would not looſe his way.

Chorus Followeth.

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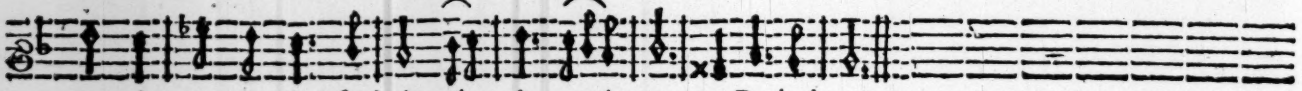
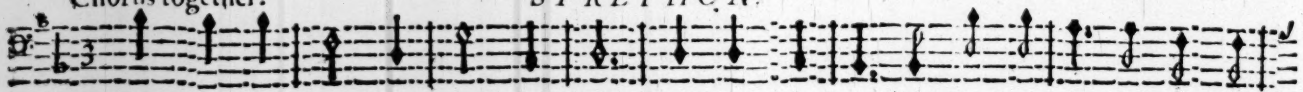
WE'll laugh and leave this World behind, and gods themſelves that ſee, ſhall envy thee and

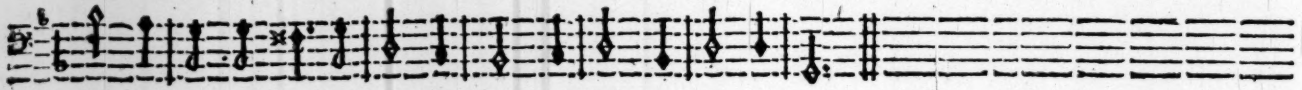


me, but never find ſuch joy when they embrace a De-i-tie.

Chorus together. *STREPHON.*



WEe'l laugh and leave this World behind, and gods themſelves that ſee, ſhall envy thee and



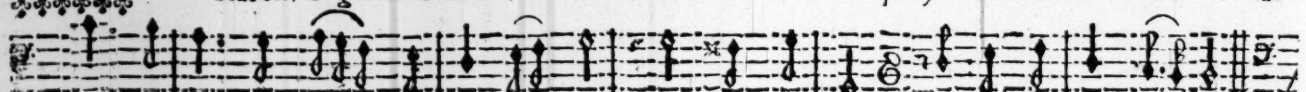
me, but never find ſuch joy, when they embrace a De-i-tie.

---

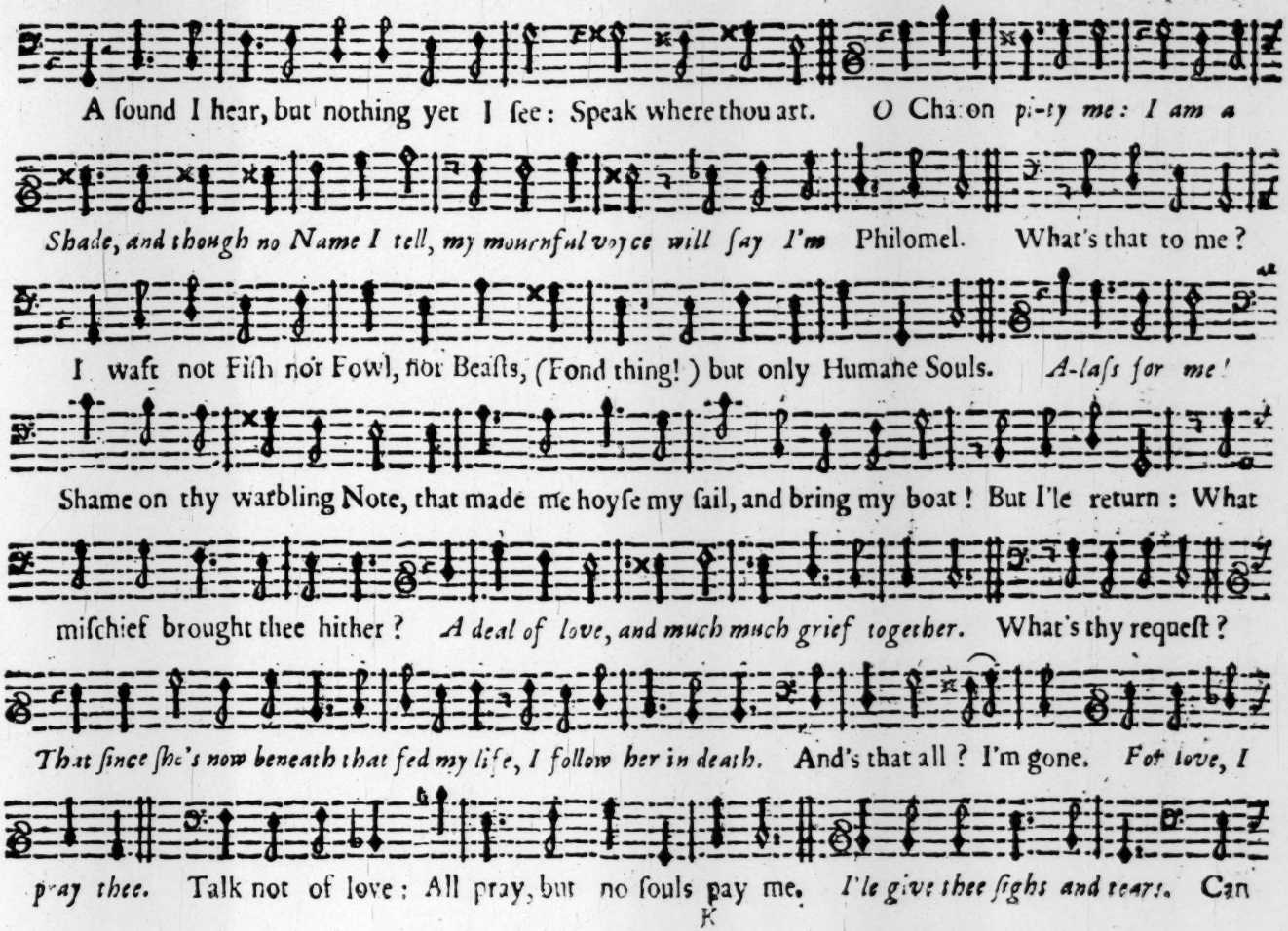
a. 2. *Voc.* Charon *and* Philomel. **A** *DIALOGUE.* Mr. *William Lawes.*

Philomel. *Charon.*

CHaron, *O gentle* Charon! *let me woo thee with tears and pi-ty now to come to me.* What



voyce ſo ſweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art. *I prethee firſt draw neer.*


A ſound I hear, but nothing yet I ſee: Speak where thou art. O Charon *pi-ty me: I am a*
Shade, and though no Name I tell, my mournful voyce will ſay I'm Philomel. What's that to me?
I waft not Fiſh nor Fowl, nor Beaſts, (Fond thing!) but only Humane Souls. *A-laſs for me!*
Shame on thy warbling Note, that made me hoyſe my ſail, and bring my boat! But I'le return: What
miſchief brought thee hither? *A deal of love, and much much grief together.* What's thy requeſt?
That ſince ſhe's now beneath that fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all? I'm gone. *For love, I*
pray thee. Talk not of love: All pray, but no ſouls pay me. *I'le give thee ſighs and tears.* Can

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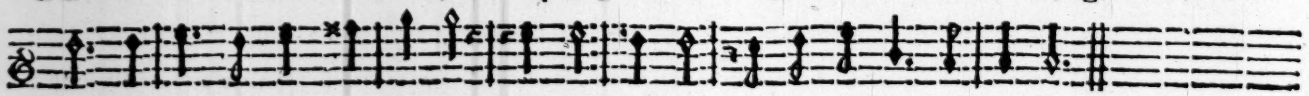
tears pay Scores for patching Sails, or mending Boat or Oars? *I'le beg a penny, or I'le ſing ſo long, till*

thou ſhalt ſay I've paid thee in a Song. Why, then begin.

Chorus together. *PHILOMEL.*

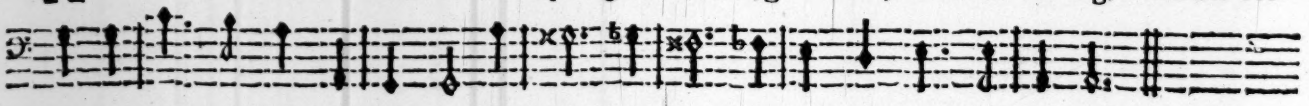
AND *all the while we make our ſlothful paſſage o're the* Stygian *Lake, Thou and I'le ſing, Thou and I'le*



ſing, to make theſe dull Shades merry; who elſe with tears will doubtleſs drown our Ferry.

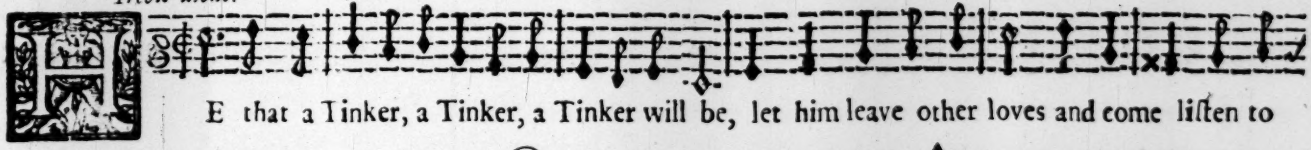
Chorus together. *CHARON.*

AND all the while we make our ſlothful paſſage o're the *Stygian* Lake, Thou and I'le ſing, Thou and I'le



ſing, to make theſe dull ſhades merry; who elſe with tears will doubtleſs drown our Ferry.

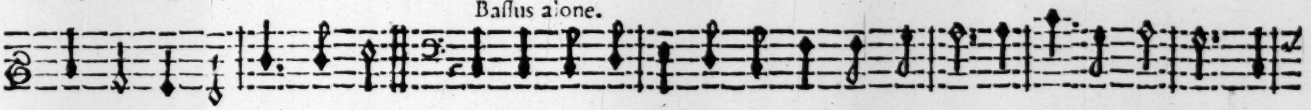
Treble alone.



HE that a Tinker, a Tinker, a Tinker will be, let him leave other loves and come liſten to

me; Though he travail all the day, he comes home late at night, and dallies, and dallies with his

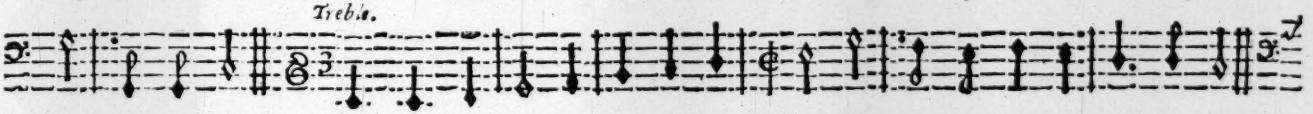
Baſſus alone.



Doxey, and dreams of delight. *His Pot and his Toaſt in the morning he takes, and all the day long good*

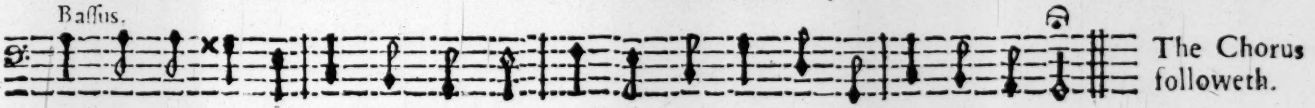
Muſick he makes: He wanders the World to Wakes and to Fairs, and caſts his Cap, and caſts his Cap at the

Treble.



Court and her Cares. When to the Town the Tinker doth come, O how the wanton Wenches run!

Baſſus.



The Chorus followeth.

Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bolls; all Wenches pray him to ſtop up their Holes.

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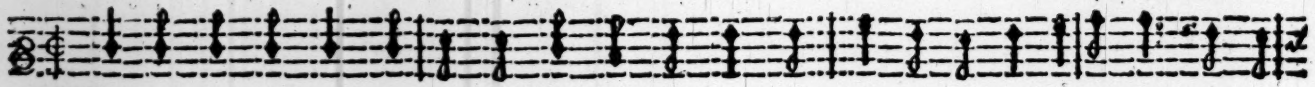
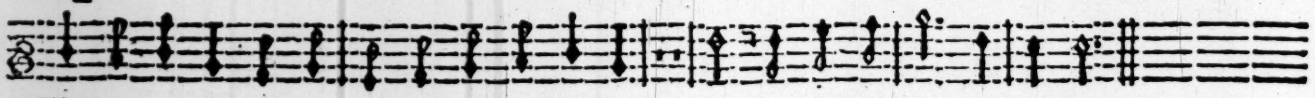
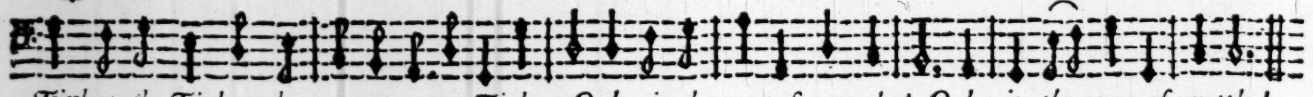


TInk goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer: Come bring me the Copper Kettle, for the



Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker, O he is the man of mettle!

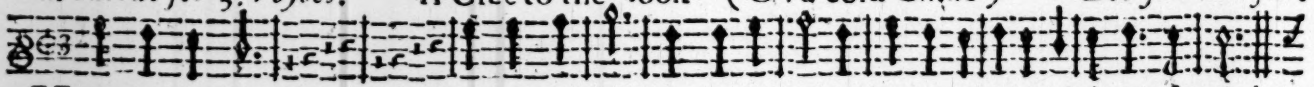
TInk goes the Hammer the Skillet and the Scummer: Come bring me the Copper Kettle, for the



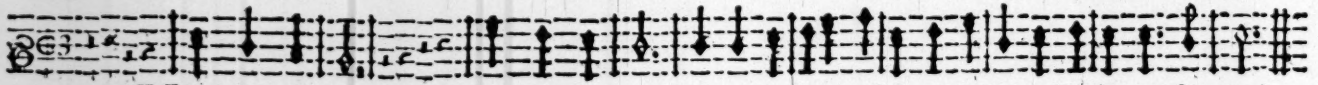
Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker, O he is the man of mettle! O he is the man of mettle!

---

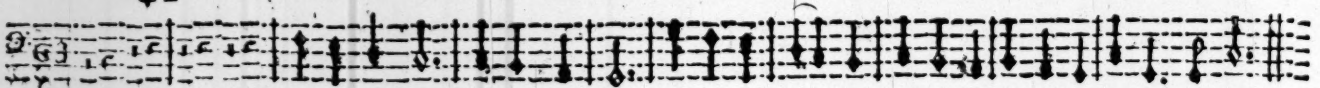
a. Chorus for 3. Voyces. A Glee to the Cook (On a cold Chine) Dr. *John Wilſon.*



H*Ow ſhall we ſing, how ſhall we ſing, how ſhall we look in honour in honour of the Maſter Cook?*



H*Ow ſhall we ſing, how ſhall we ſing, how ſhall we look in honour in honour of the Maſter Cook?*



H*Ow ſhall we ſing, how ſhall we ſing, how ſhall we look in honour in honour of the Maſter Cook?*

First Treble.

BRing out the Cold Chine the Cold Chine for me, and how I'le charge him come and ſee *Brawn*

Baſſus. Chorus again.

tusked Brawn well Sows'd and Fine, with a precious Cup of Muſcadine.

First Treble. Second Treble.

The Pig ſhall turn round, and anſwer me, Canſt thou ſpare me a ſhoulder? *A-wy A-wy:* The

Duck, Cooſe and Capon, good fellows all three ſhall dance thee an Antick, ſo ſhall the Turkey: But oh the

First Treble.

cold Chine, the cold Chine for me. With Brewis I'le noint thee from head to th' heel, ſhall make thee run

Baſſus.

nimbler than the new oyled Wheel. *With Pyecruſt we'll make thee the Eight Wiſeman to be: But*

The Chorus of three again, and conclude.

Oh the Cold Chine, the Cold Chine, but Oh the Cold Chine for me.

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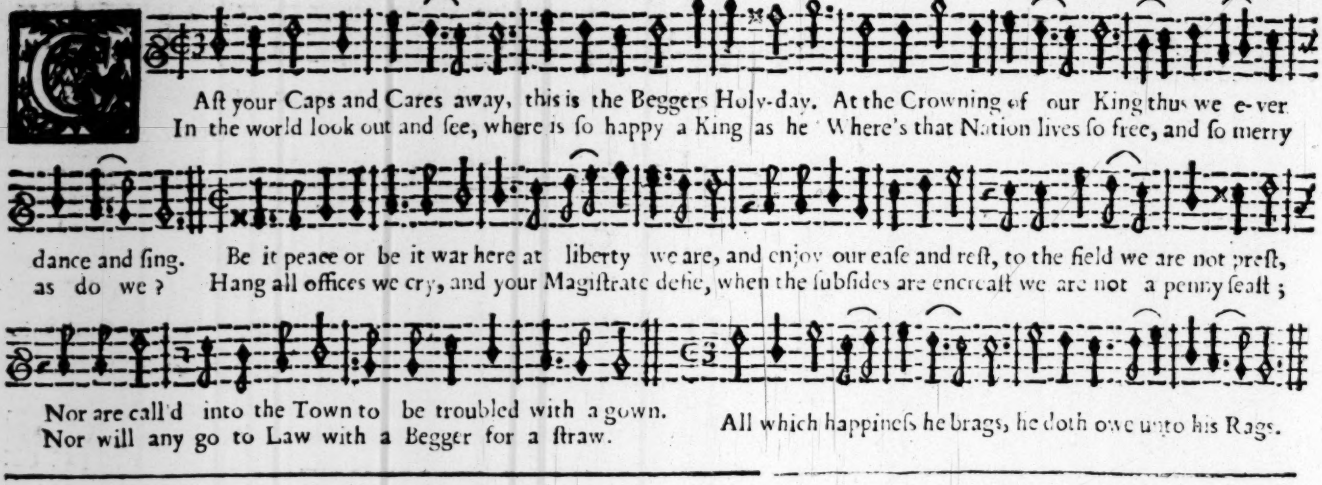
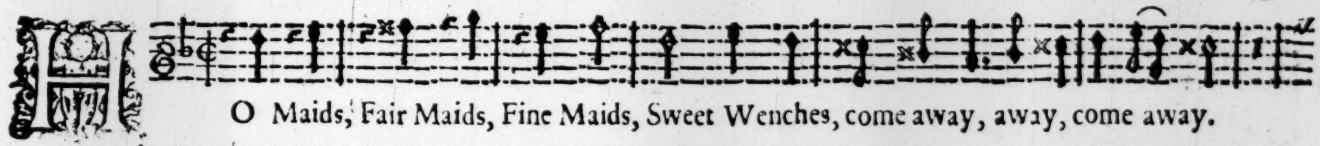
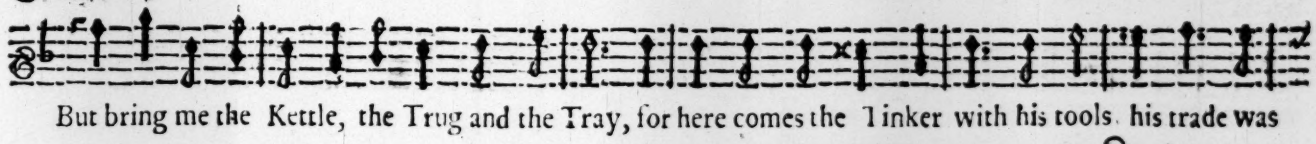
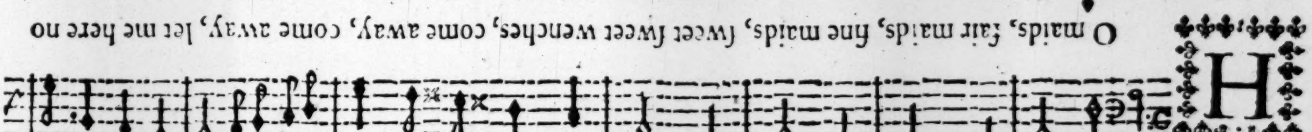
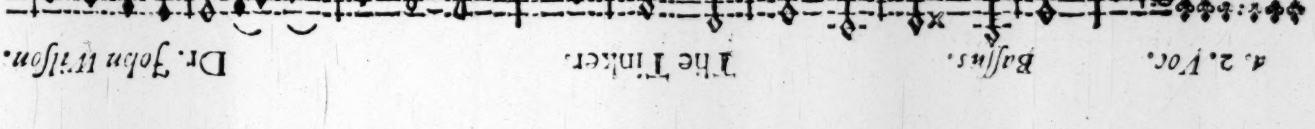

Cast your Caps and Cares away, this is the Beggers Holy-day. At the Crowning of our King thus we e-ver
In the world look out and see, where is so happy a King as he. Where's that Nation lives so free, and so merry
dance and sing. Be it peace or be it war here at liberty we are, and enjoy our ease and rest, to the field we are not prest,
as do we? Hang all offices we cry, and your Magistrate defie, when the subsides are encreast we are not a penny least;
Nor are call'd into the Town to be troubled with a gown.
Nor will any go to Law with a Begger for a straw.
All which happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his Rags.


O Maids, Fair Maids, Fine Maids, Sweet Wenches, come away, away, come away.


But bring me the Kettle, the Trug and the Tray, for here comes the Tinker with his tools his trade was

never taught in Schools, as you may see the Cobler mends not more not more than he.


trade was never taught in Schools,no nor his art as you may see,the Cobler mends not more,not more than he.


longer stay, but bring me the kettle, the trug and the tray, for here comes the Tinker with his tools, his

O maids, fair maids, fine maids, sweet sweet wenches, come away, come away, let me here no

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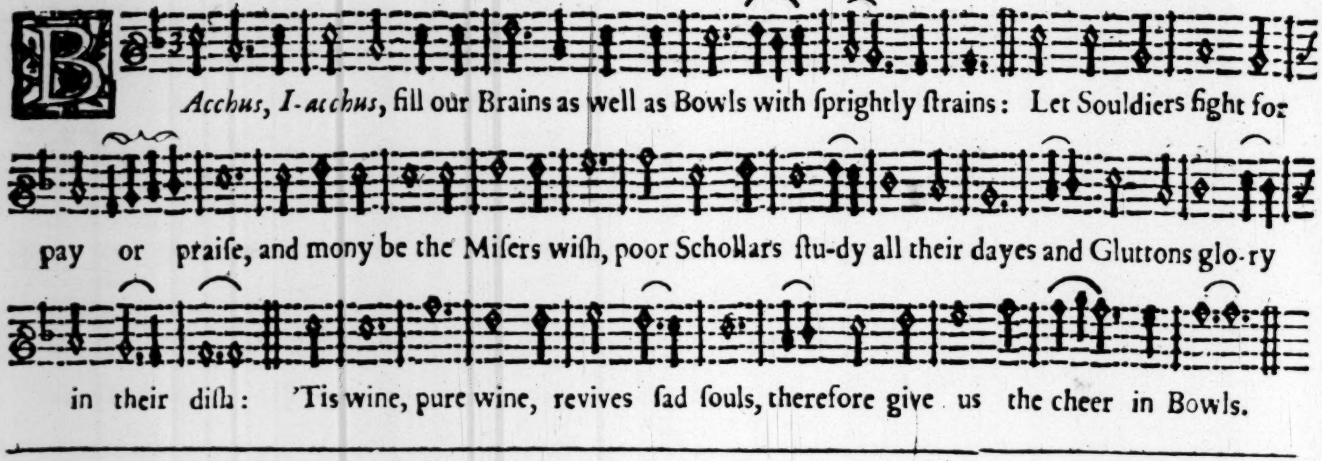
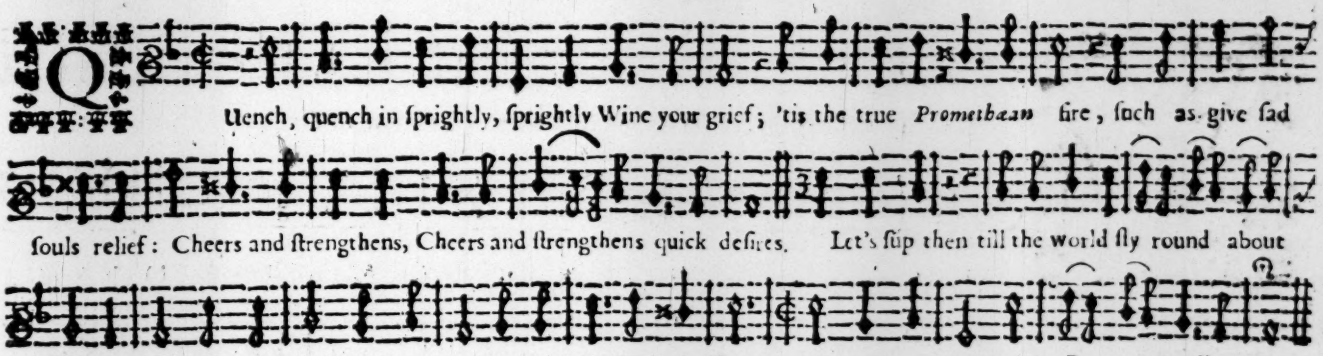
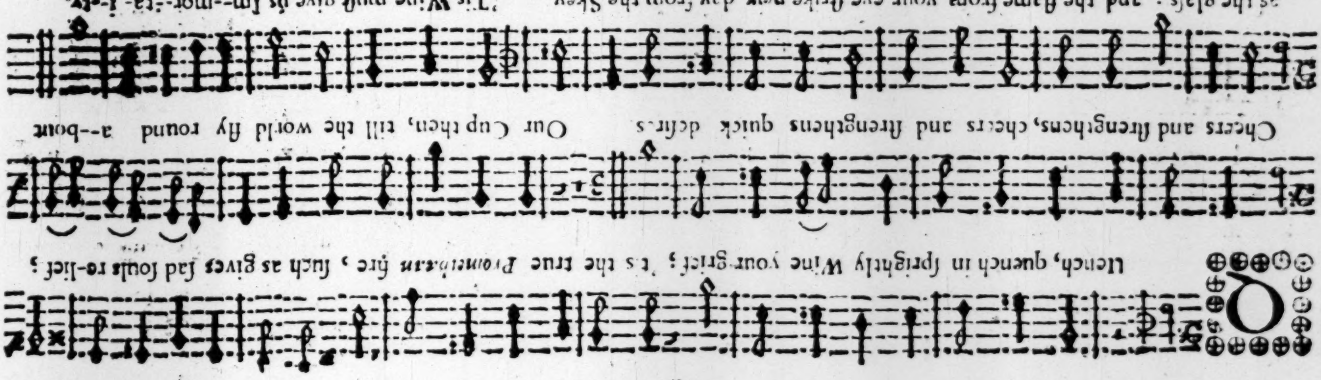


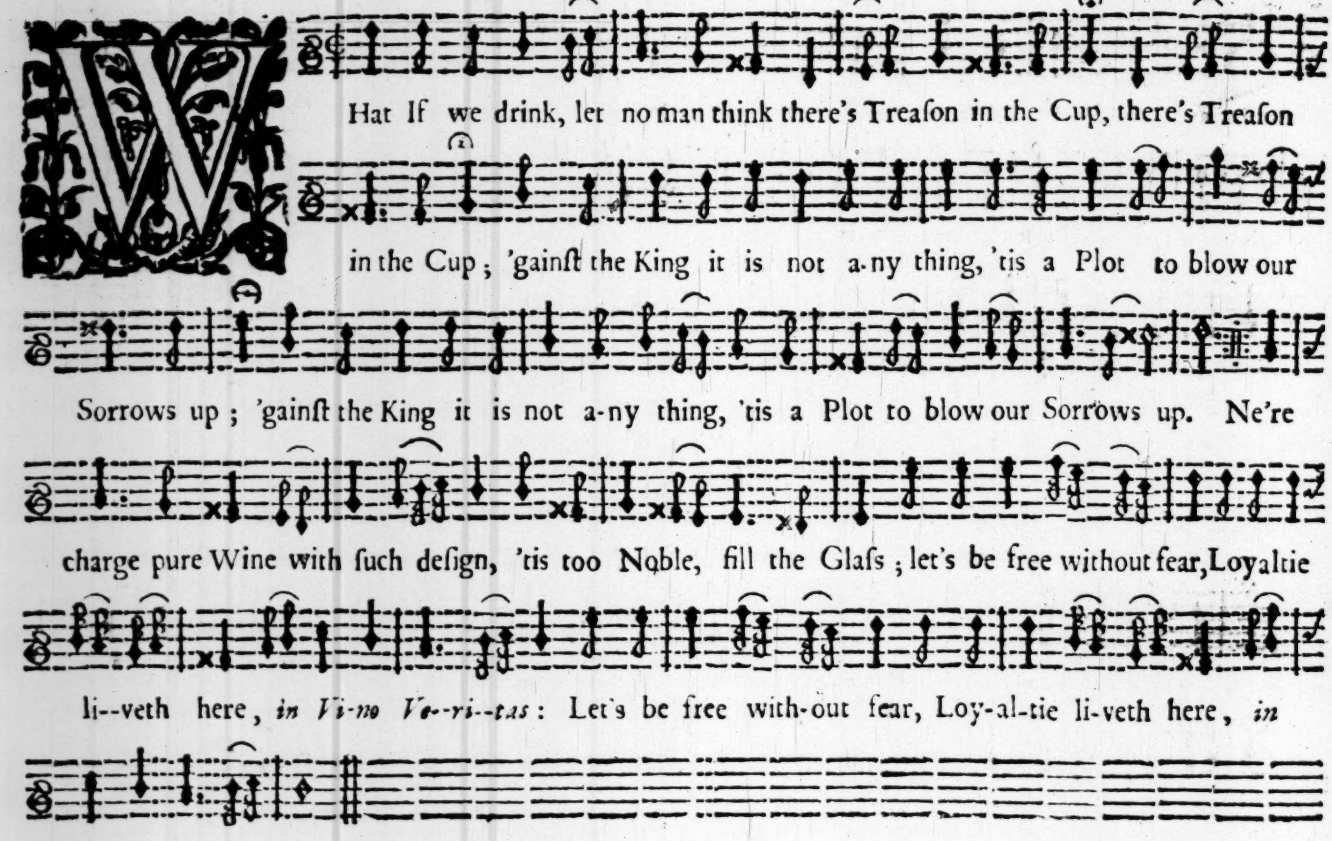
a. 2. *Voc.* A Glee. *Cantus.* Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

Bacchus, I-acchus, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with ſprightly ſtrains: Let Souldiers fight for
pay or praiſe, and mony be the Miſers wiſh, poor Schollars ſtudy all their dayes, and Gluttons glory
in their diſh. 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives ſad ſouls, therefore give us the cheer in Bowls.


Quench, quench in ſprightly, ſprightly Wine your grief; 'tis the true *Promethæan* fire, ſuch as give ſad
ſouls relief: Cheers and ſtrengthens, Cheers and ſtrengthens quick deſires. Let's ſup then till the world fly round about
as the glaſs; and the flame from your eye ſtrike new day from the Skey: 'Tis Wine muſt give us Im--mor-ta-li--ty,

No matter though through Fields of Blood
The Souldier 'gainſt his foe do ſwim:
If when he hath paſt that flood
His Cup doth ſlow up to the brim.
Let's ſup then our, &c.


Cheers and ſtrengthens, cheers and ſtrengthens quick deſires Our Cup then, till the world fly round a--bout
as the glaſs; and the flame from your eye ſtrike new day from the Skey. 'Tis Wine muſt give us Im--mor--ta-li-ty.
Uench, quench in ſprightly Wine your grief; 'tis the true *Promethæan* fire, ſuch as gives ſad ſouls re-lief;


What If we drink, let no man think there's Treaſon in the Cup, there's Treaſon
in the Cup; 'gainſt the King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our
Sorrows up; 'gainſt the King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our Sorrows up. Ne're
charge pure Wine with ſuch deſign, 'tis too Noble, fill the Glaſs; let's be free without fear, Loyaltie
li--veth here, *in Vi-no Ve--ri--tas*: Let's be free with-out fear, Loy-al-tie li-veth here, *in*
Vi--no Ve--ri--tas,

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a. 2. Voc. A Glee. *Baſſus.* Mr. *Thomas Tempeſt.*

Hat if we drink let, no man think there's Treaſon in the Cup, there's Treaſon in the Cup;

'gainſt the King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our Sorrows up; 'gainſt the

King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our Sorrows up. We're charge pure Wine with

ſuch deſign, 'tis too Noble, fill the Glaſs; let's be free without fear, Loy al-tie liveth here, *in*

Vi-no Ve-ri tas. Let's be free without fear, Loy-al-tie li-veth here, *in Vi-no Ve-ri-tas.*

Is Wine that inſpires, and quenches Love's fires; Teaches Fools how to rule a State: Maids ne're did approve it, cauſe thoſe that do love it deſpiſe and laugh at their hate. The Drinkers of Beer did ne're yet appear in matters of a-ny weight: 'Tis he whoſe deſign is quickn'd by Wine that rai-ſes things to their height. We then ſhould it prize, for never black eyes made wounds which this could not heal: Who then doth refuſe to drink of this Juyce, is a foe to the Common-weal.

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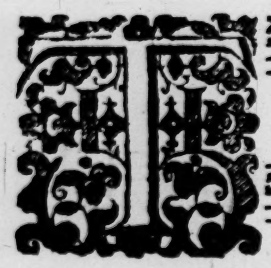
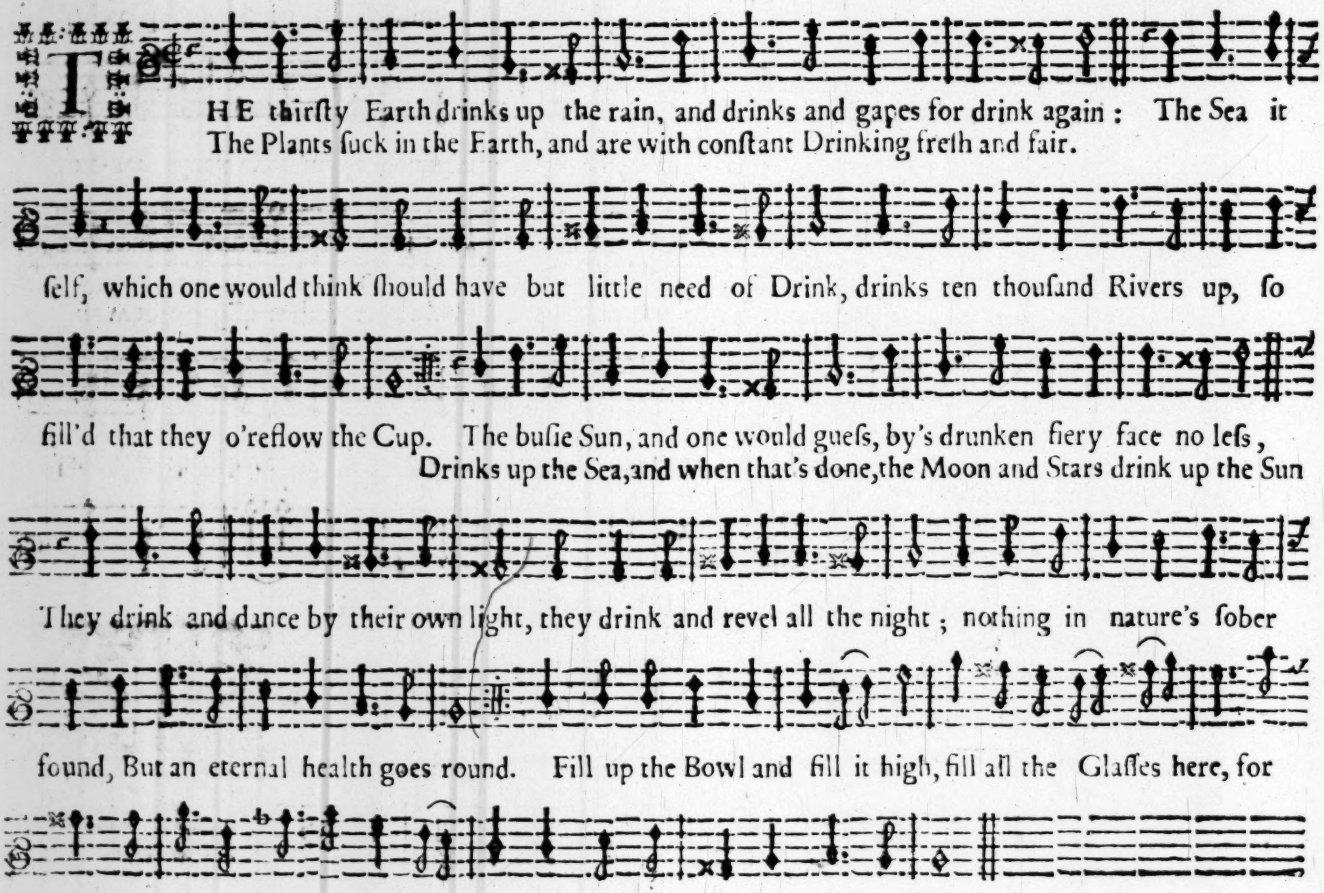
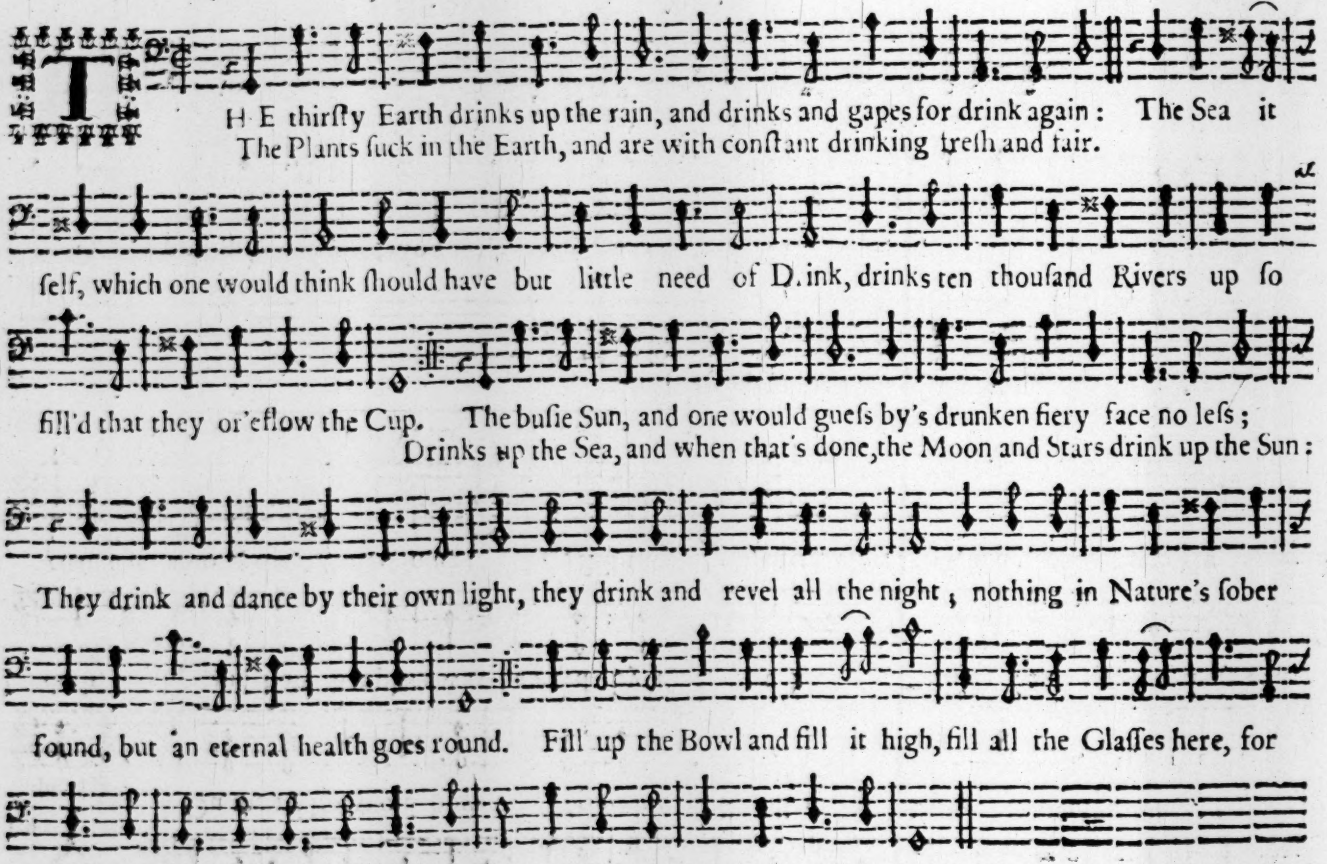
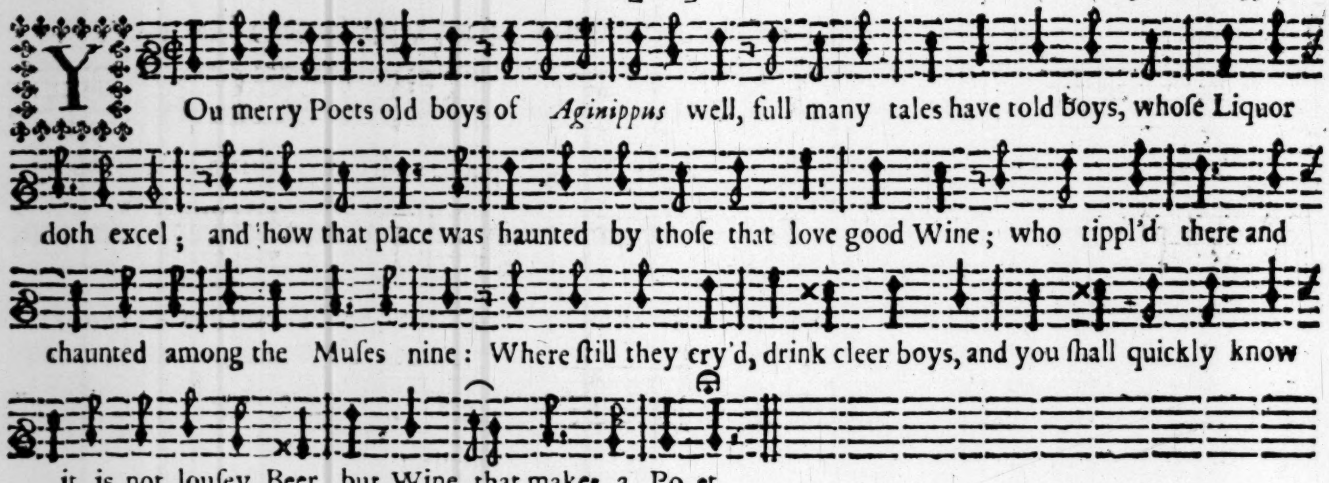
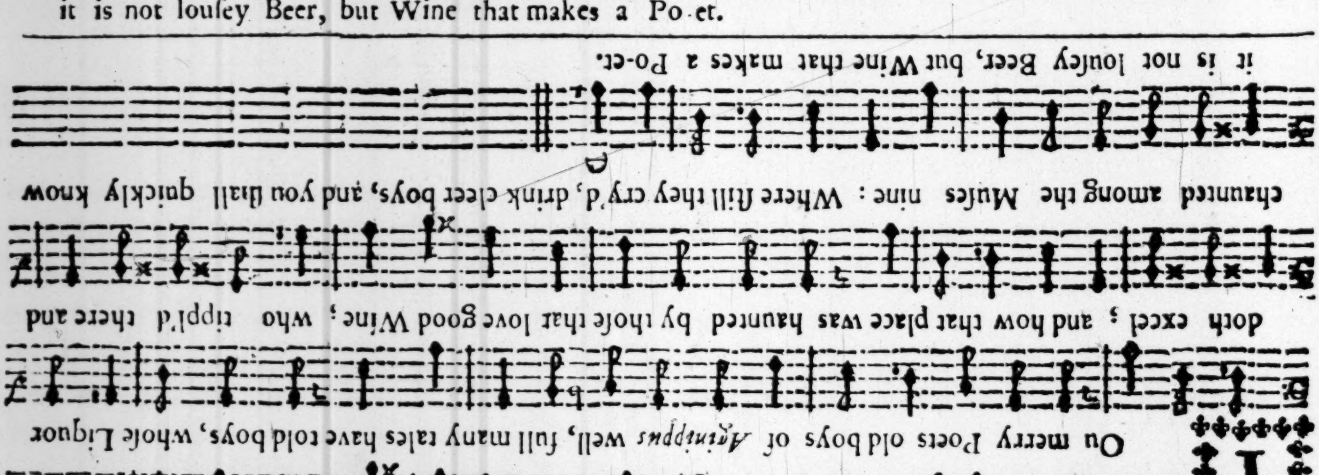


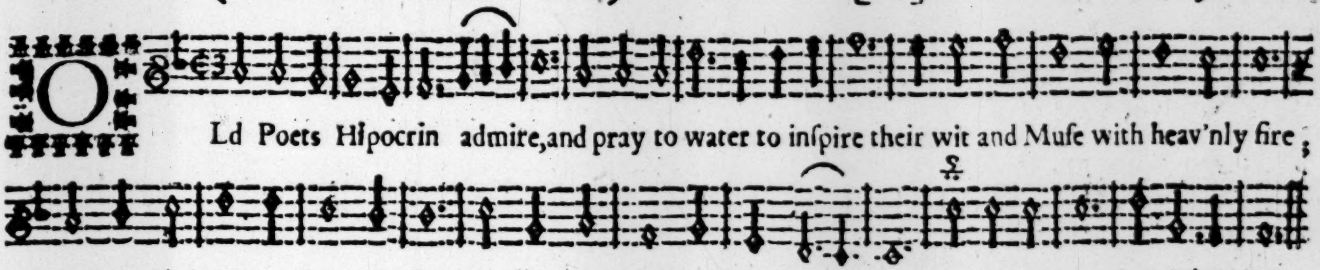
Is Wine that inſpires, and quenches Love's fires; Teaches Fools how to rule a State: Maids ne're did approve it, cauſe thoſe that do love it, deſpiſe and laugh at their hate. The Drinkers of Beer did ne're yet appear in matters of a-ny weight: 'Tis he whoſe deſign is quicken'd by Wine that raiſes things to their height. We then ſhould it prize, for ne-ver black eyes made wound which this could not heal: Who then doth refuſe, to drink off this Juyce, is a foe to the Common-weal.


THE thirſty Earth drinks up the rain, and drinks and gapes for drink again: The Sea it
The Plants ſuck in the Earth, and are with conſtant Drinking freſh and fair.
ſelf, which one would think ſhould have but little need of Drink, drinks ten thouſand Rivers up, ſo
fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup. The buſie Sun, and one would gueſs, by's drunken fiery face no leſs,
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done, the Moon and Stars drink up the Sun
They drink and dance by their own light, they drink and revel all the night; nothing in nature's ſober
found, But an eternal health goes round. Fill up the Bowl and fill it high, fill all the Glaſſes here, for
why ſhould ev'ry Creature drink but I? Why Man of Mortals tell me why?


THE thirsty Earth drinks up the rain, and drinks and gapes for drink again: The Sea it
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are with constant drinking fresh and fair.
self, which one would think should have but little need of Drink, drinks ten thousand Rivers up so
fill'd that they over-flow the Cup. The busie Sun, and one would guess by's drunken fiery face no less;
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done, the Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light, they drink and revel all the night, nothing in Nature's sober
found, but an eternal health goes round. Fill up the Bowl and fill it high, fill all the Glasses here, for
why should ev'ry Creature drink but I? Why man of Mortals tell me why?


YOu merry Poets old boys of *Aginippus* well, full many tales have told boys, whose Liquor
doth excel; and how that place was haunted by those that love good Wine; who tippl'd there and
chaunted among the Muses nine: Where still they cry'd, drink cleer boys, and you shall quickly know
it is not lousey Beer, but Wine that makes a Po-et.





2.

Had they truly diſcover'd it
They had like me thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit :
And had ador'd Sack as Divine,
And made a Poet god of Wine,
And this pintpot had been a ſhrine.

3.

Sack unto them had been in ſtead
Of Nectar, and their heav'nly bread,
And ev'ry boy a Ganimed :
Or had they made a god of it,
Or ſtil'd it Patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

4.

Well then companions, 'tis not fit,
Since to this Jemme we owe our wit,
That we ſhould praiſe the Cabinet,
And drink a health to this divine
And bounteous pallace of our Wine ;
Die he with thirſt that doth repine.

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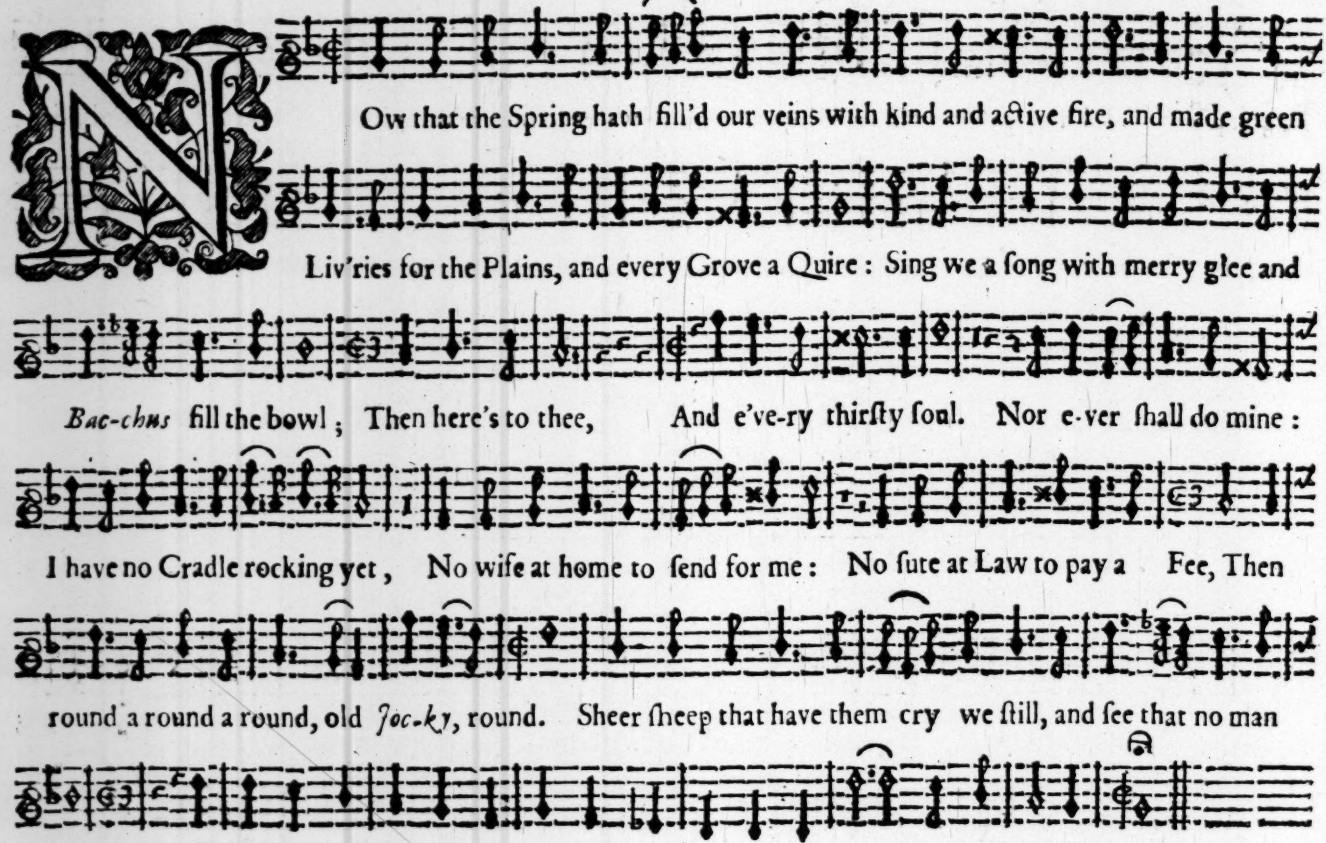
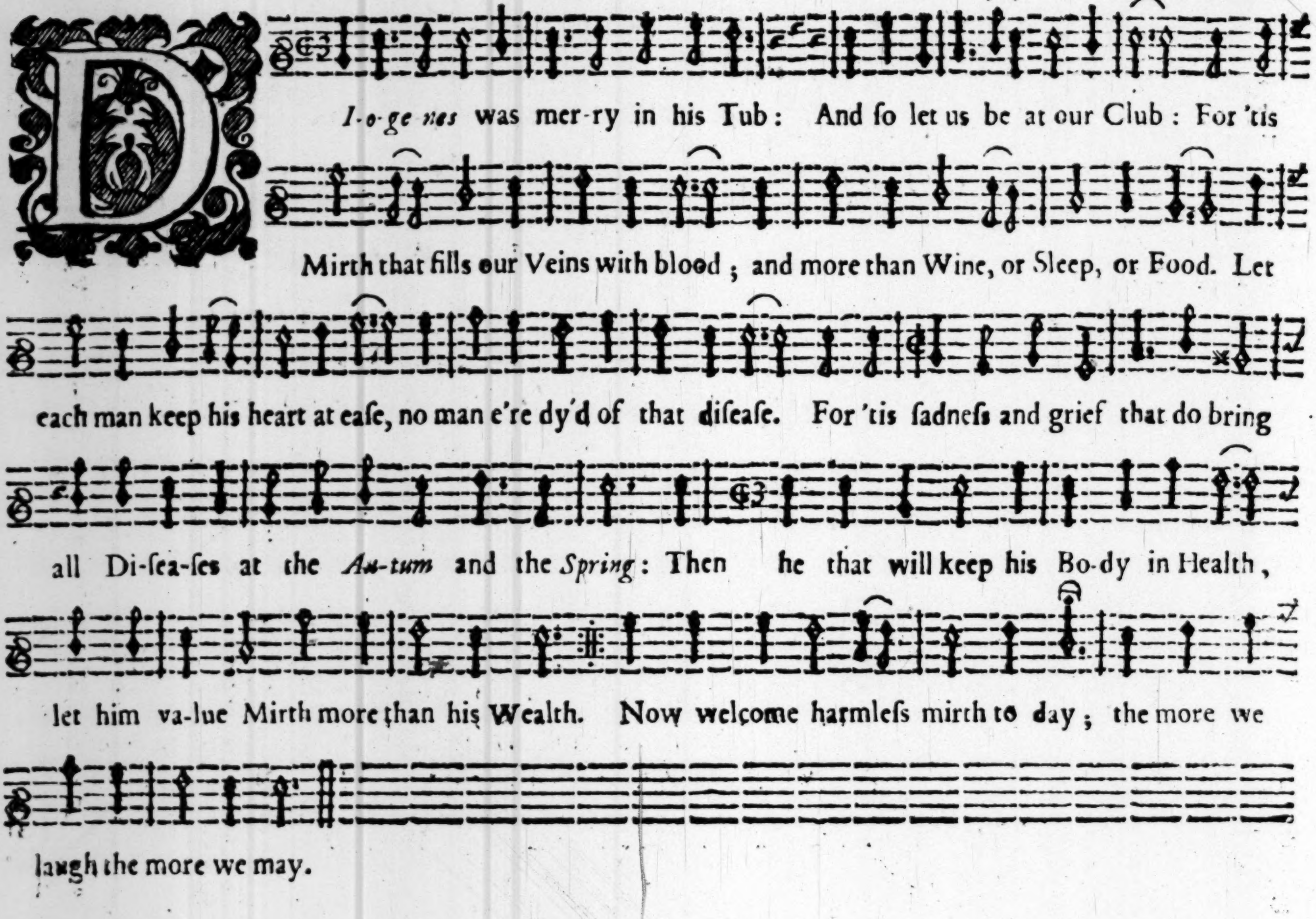

Now that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active fire, and made green
Liv'ries for the Plains, and every Grove a Quire: Sing we a song with merry glee and
Bac-chus fill the bowl; Then here's to thee, And e've-ry thirsty soul. Nor e-ver shall do mine:
I have no Cradle rocking yet, No wife at home to send for me: No sute at Law to pay a Fee, Then
round a round a round, old *Joc-ky*, round. Sheer sheep that have them cry we still, and see that no man
scape: To take off his Sher-ry that makes us so mer-ry, and plump as the lusty Grape.

a. 2. Voc. *Baſſus.* Mr. *William Lawes.*

Ow that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active fire, and made green Liv'ries for the plains and ev'ry Grove a Quire: Sing we a ſong of merry glee, and *Bacchus* fill the bowl; And thou to me; and ev'ry thirſty ſoul. Nor care nor ſorrow ne're paid debt, Nor I by this good Wine: No hoggs are in my ground. Then round a round a round, old *Joe-key*, round. Sheer ſheep that have them cry we ſtill and ſee that no man ſcape: To take off his Sher-ry that makes us ſo mer-ry, and plump as the luſty Grape.


I-o-ge nes was mer-ry in his Tub: And ſo let us be at our Club: For 'tis
Mirth that fills our Veins with blood; and more than Wine, or Sleep, or Food. Let
each man keep his heart at eaſe, no man e're dy'd of that diſeaſe. For 'tis ſadneſs and grief that do bring
all Di-ſea-ſes at the *Au-tum* and the *Spring*: Then he that will keep his Bo-dy in Health,
let him va-lue Mirth more than his Wealth. Now welcome harmleſs mirth to day; the more we
laugh the more we may.

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Diogenes was merry in his Tub: And ſo let us let us be at our Club:
For 'tis Mirth that fills our Veins with Blood; and more than Wine, or Sleep or
Food. Let each man keep his heart at eaſe, no man e're dy'd of that diſeaſe: For 'tis ſadneſs and grief
that do bring all Di-ſea-ſes at the *Autum* and the *Spring*: Then he that will keep his Bo-dy in
Health, let him va-lue Mirth more than his Wealth. Now welcome harmleſs mirth to day; the more
we laugh the more we may.

See, ſee, ſee the bright Light ſhine, and day doth riſe; ſhot from my Miſtriſs

Eyes, like Beams di-vine her Glo-ry doth appear, and view the pu-rer light, ſtream

from her Sight, ſtream from her Sight, when ſhe ſhines clearly here: But vail her lids; Ah then you'll

find how night is hurl'd about the ſilent world, and we left blind; that darkneſs ſeems to prove, for ought we

ſee 'tis only ſhe makes night and day to move: Then ſhine fair *Ce-lia* leſt our borrow'd light when your

Sun ſets, when your Sun ſets, when your Sun ſets, pe-riſh, pe-riſh, periſh in ſhades of Night.

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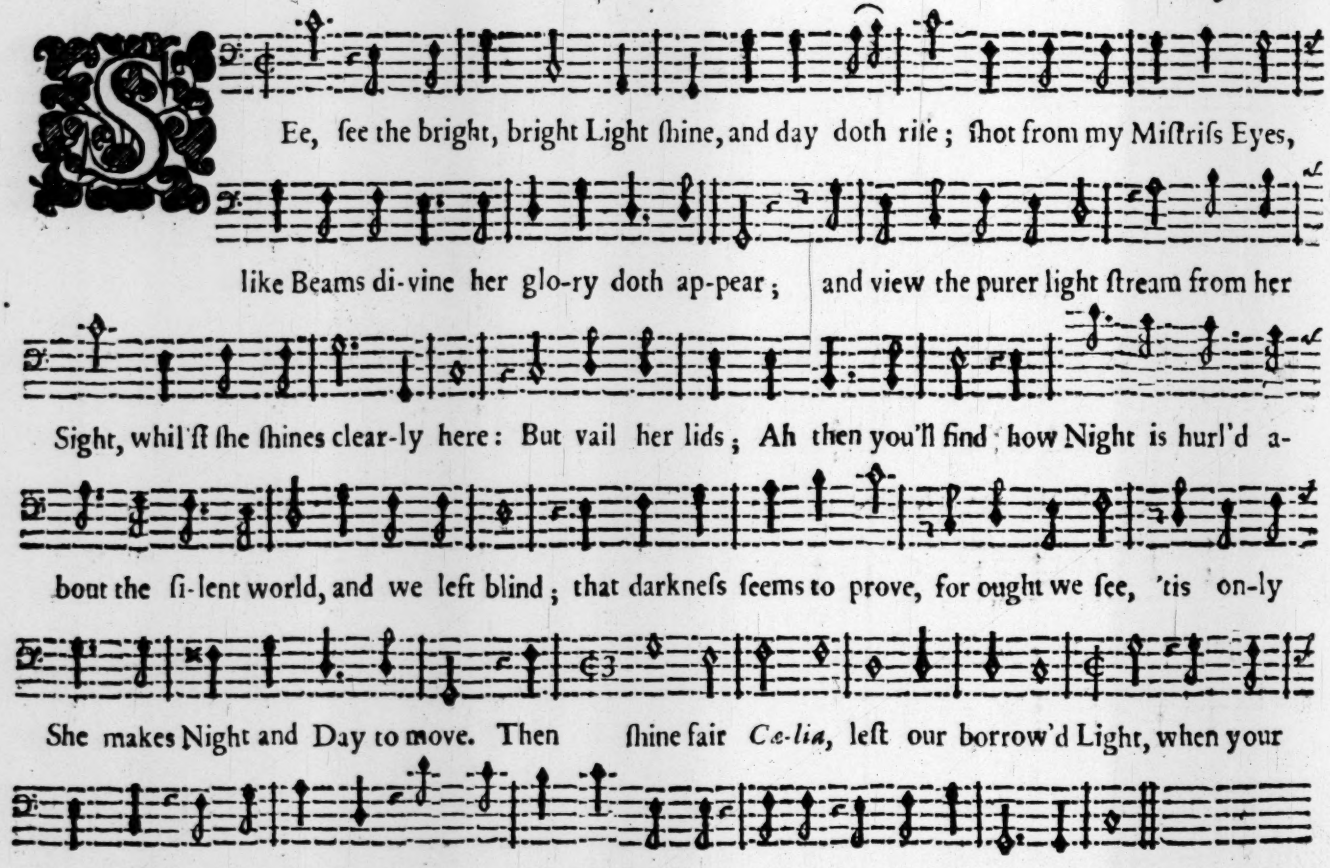
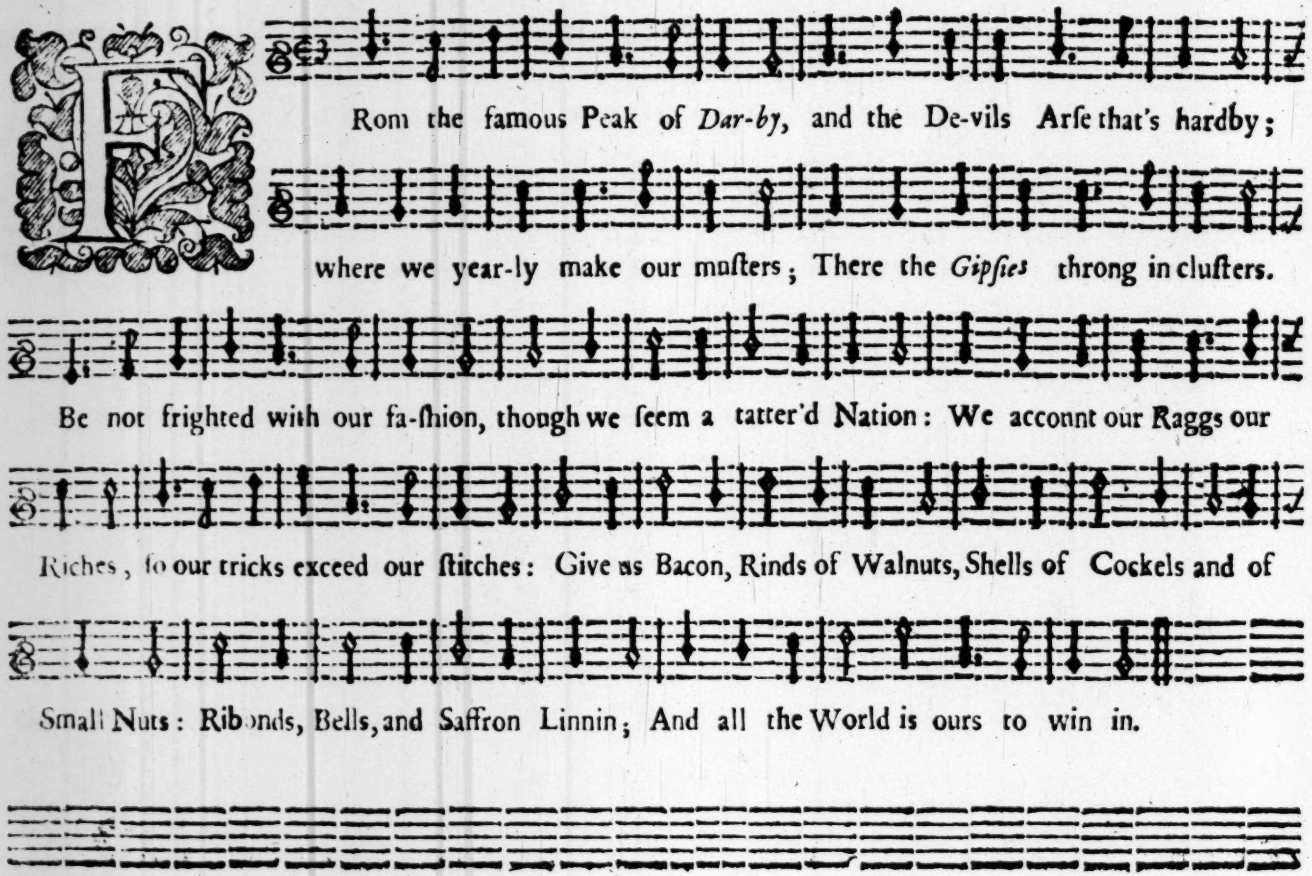
a. 2. Voc. *Tatu.* Mr. *Jenkins.*

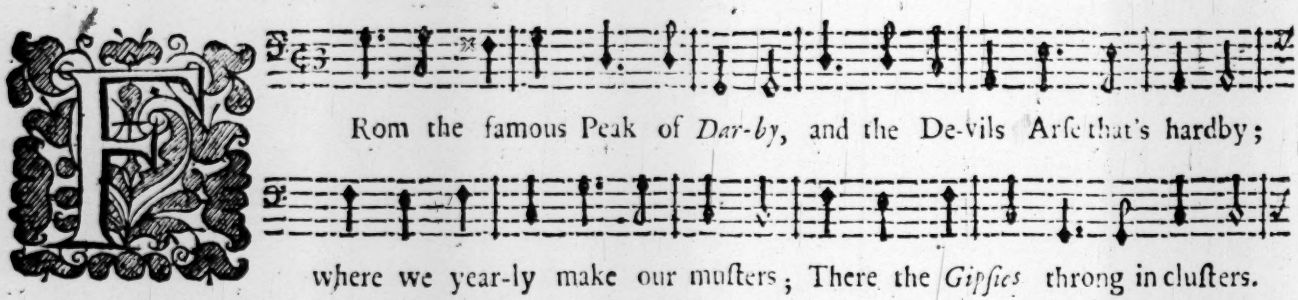


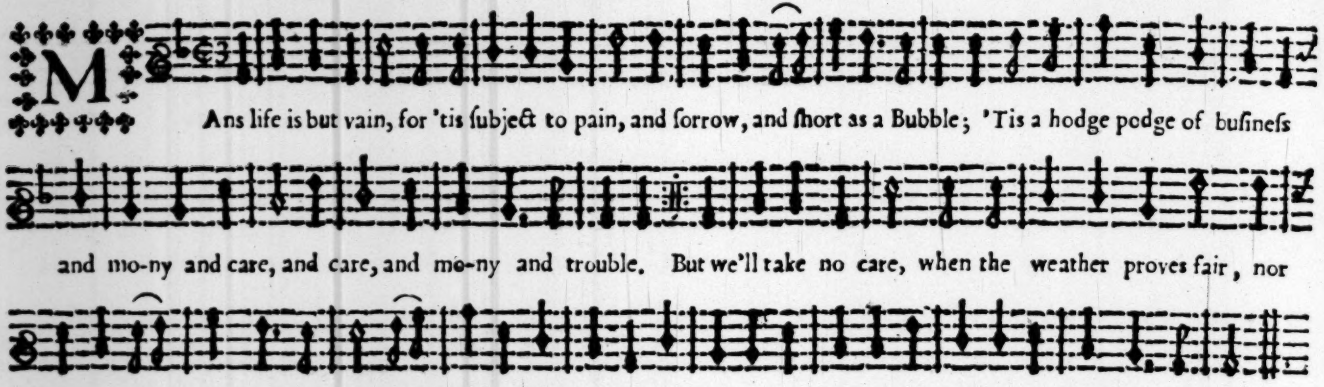

From the famous Peak of *Dar-by*, and the De-vils Arſe that's hardby;
where we year-ly make our muſters; There the *Gipſies* throng in cluſters.
Be not frighted with our fa-ſhion, though we ſeem a tatter'd Nation: We accounnt our Raggs our
Riches, ſo our tricks exceed our ſtitches: Give us Bacon, Rinds of Walnuts, Shells of Cockels and of
Small Nuts: Ribonds, Bells, and Saffron Linnin; And all the World is ours to win in.

P2490

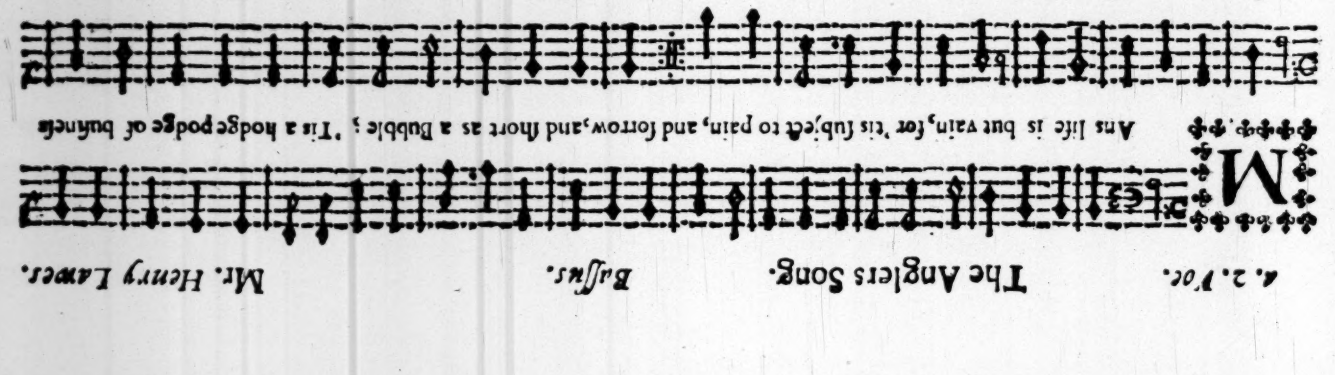
N

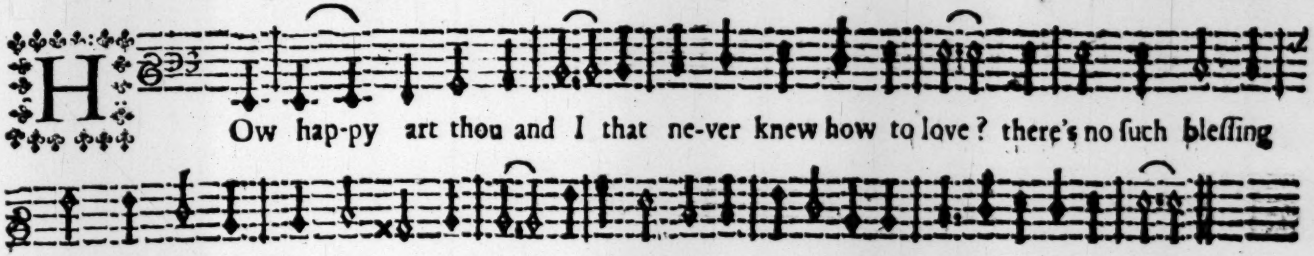
a. 2. Voc. (The Gipsies Song.) *Easie.* *Rob. Johnson.*





a. 2. *Voc.* The Anglers Song. *Baſſus.* Mr. *Henry Lawes.*





Out, out upon those Eyes that think to murder me:
And he's an Asse believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet to man but Liberty.

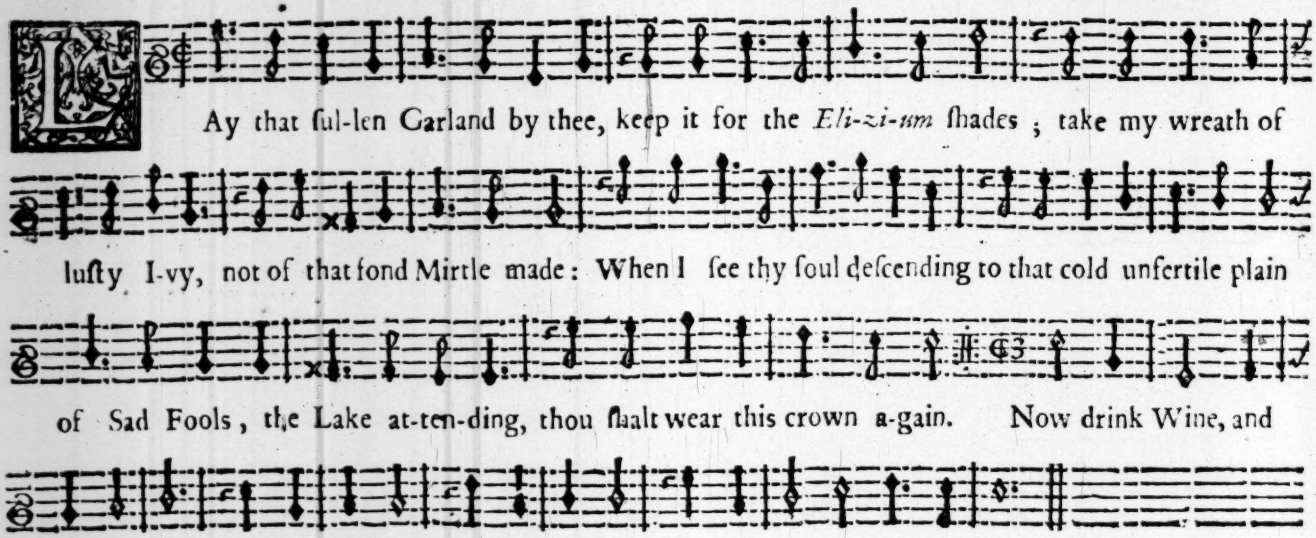
I'le tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,
But I will play my game so well, I'le never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

N 2

a. 2. Voc. (Liberty.) *Bassus.* Mr: *Henry Lawes.*

How happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love? there's no such blessing
here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-ber-ty, 'tis li-ber-ty that e-ve-ry wise man loves.

P2490



Rouſe thy dull and drowſie ſpirits,
Here's the ſoul reviving ſtreams:
The ſtupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

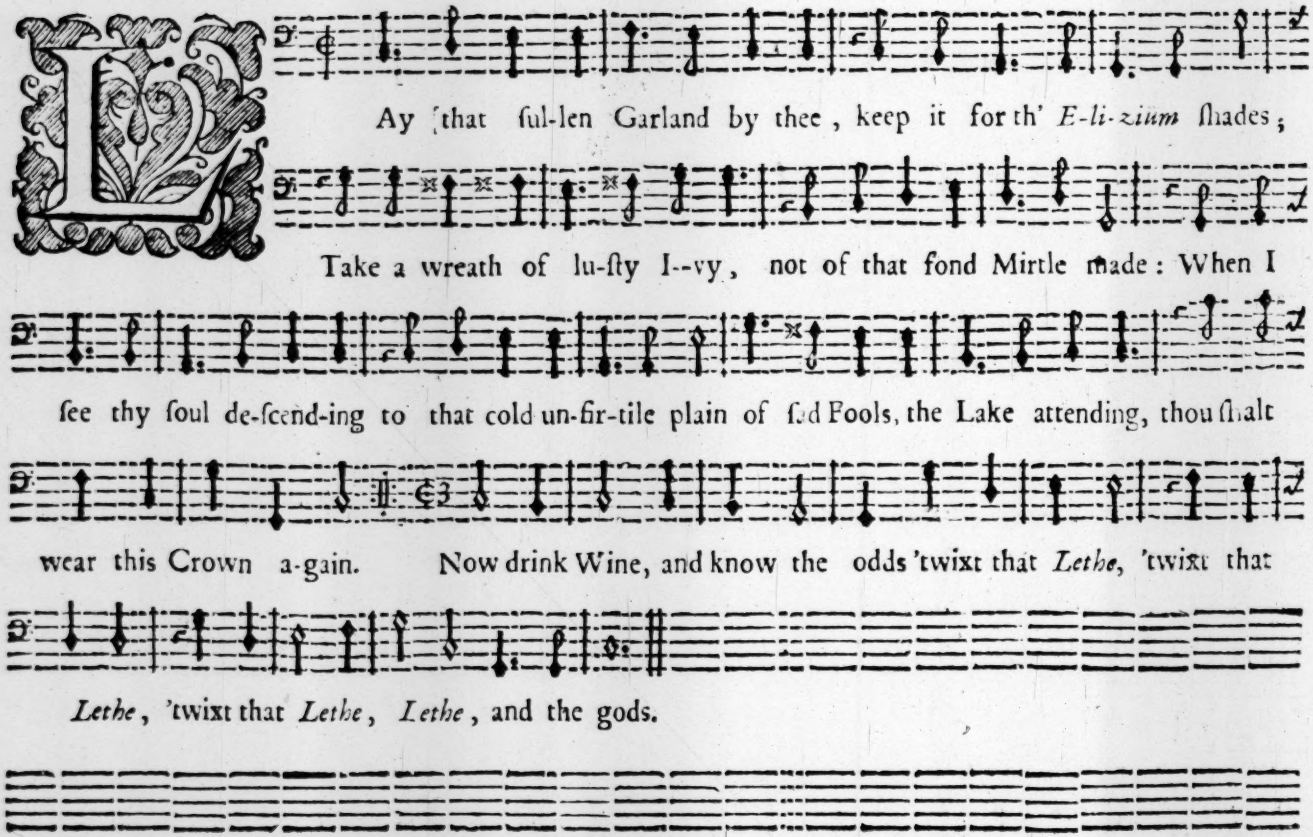
Think not thou theſe diſmal trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that Laughs, Sings and Dances,
Shall come ſooneſt to his end.

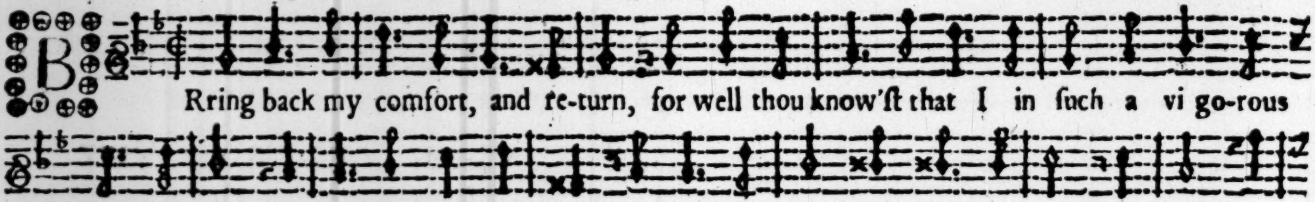
Chorus. Sadneſs may ſome pity move,
Mirth and Courage, Mirth and Courage,
Mirth and Courage conquers Love.

Fy then on that cloudy Fore-head,
Ope thou vainly croſſed arms:
Thou may'ſt as well call back the buried,
As raiſe by Love ſuch like charms.

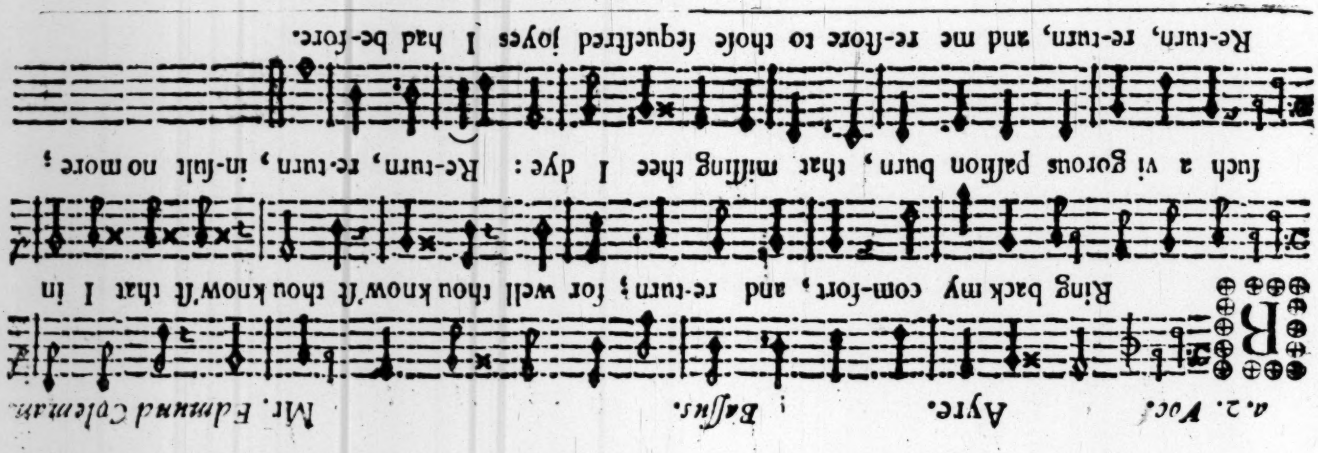
Sacrifice a glaſs of Clarret
To each letter of her Name:
Gods have oft deſcended for it,
Mortals muſt do more the ſame.

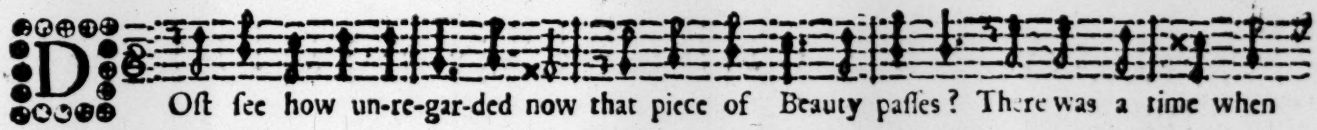
If ſhe comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, Sleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good.

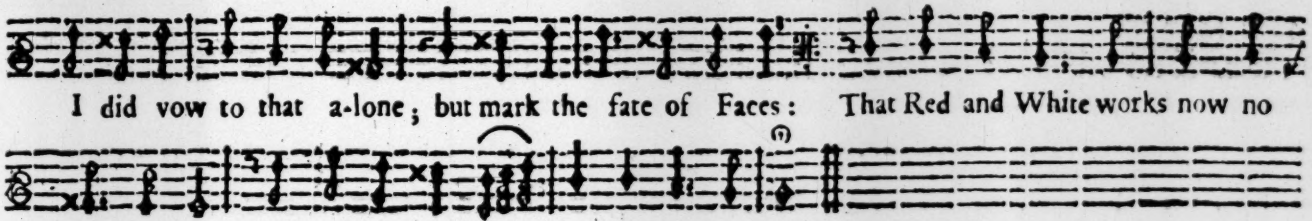

Ay that ſul-len Garland by thee, keep it for th' *E-li-zium* ſhades;
Take a wreath of lu-ſty I--vy, not of that fond Mirtle made: When I
ſee thy ſoul de-ſcend-ing to that cold un-fir-tile plain of ſad Pools, the Lake attending, thou ſhalt
wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink Wine, and know the odds 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that
Lethe, 'twixt that *Lethe*, *Lethe*, and the gods.



Abſence in moſt, that quenches Love,
And cools their warm deſires,
The Ardor of my heart improves,
And makes the flame aſpire.
The maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a Tyranny,
The Nurſe to Faith, to Love, to Conſtancy.







And yet the Face continues good,
and I have still desires:
Am still the self-same Fleth and blood,
as apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty or her Eyes.

She every day her man doth kill,
and I as often dye:
Neither her power then, nor my Will
Can question'd be, what is the Mystery?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

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From hunger and cold, who liveth more free, and who ſo richly cloathed as we? Our

Bellyes are full, and our Fleſh it is warm; and againſt pride our Rags is a charm:

Enough is a Feaſt, to morrow let Rich-men take care; we feel no for-row.

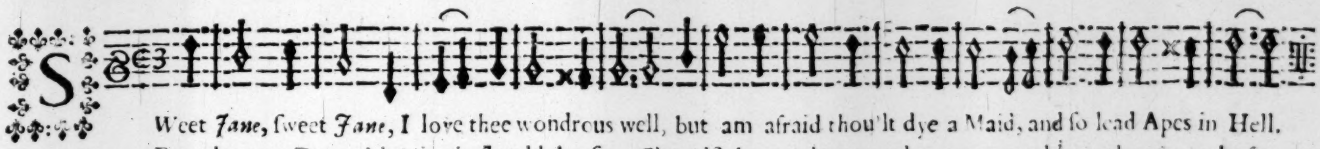
---

a. 2. Voc. A Glee. The Jovial Begger. *Baſſus.* *J. G.*

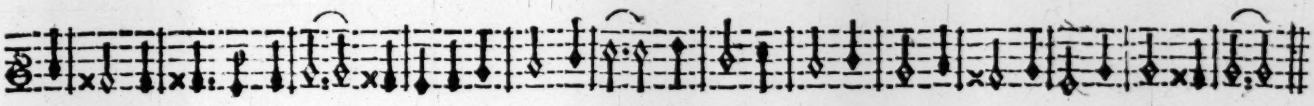
From hunger and cold, who liveth more free, and who ſo richly cloathed as we? Our

Bellyes are full, and our Fleſh it is warm; and againſt pride our Rags is a charm: Enough is a

Feaſt, to morrow let Rich-men take care; we feel no for-row.



Sweet *Jane*, ſweet *Jane*, I love thee wondrous well, but am afraid thou'lt dye a Maid, and ſo lead Apes in Hell.
For why, my Dear, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſo; Thou'dſt better then to take a man, and keep thee from the foe.



Thou art ſo pretty and fine, and wondrous handſom too; Then be not coy, let's get a boy, alaſs what ſhould we do.
I ſee thy brow and I know what colour it is below; Then do not jeſt, but ſmile the reſt, y'faith I know what I know.

---

a. 2. Voc. A Ballad. *Baſſus.* Mr. *J. Baniſter.*

Sweet *Jane*, ſweet *Jane*, I love thee wondrous well, but am afraid thou'lt dye a Maid, and ſo lead Apes in Hell:
For why, my Dear, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſo; Thou'dſt better then to take a man, and keep thee from the foe.

Thou art ſo pretty and fine, and wondrous handſom too; Then be not coy, let's get a Boy, alaſs what ſhould we do:
I ſee thy brow and I know what colour it is below; Then do not jeſt, but ſmile the reſt, y'faith I know what I know.

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Ome, come my *Cæ-li-a*, cloſe up thine eyes, cloſe up thine eyes, whilſt I for thee do off--er Sa-cri fice: Come twine thine arms about my neck, whilſt I give up, give up the ghoſt, and ſo deſ-pair-ing, deſ-pair-ing dye, and ſo deſ-pair-ing dye. And though in life thou wouldſt not yield to me, yet at my death let pi-ty flow from thee; yet at my death let pi--ty flow from thee. And though in life thou wouldſt not yield to me, yet at my death, my death let pi--ty flow from thee.

a. 2. Voc. *Baſſus.* *John Playford.*

Come, come my *Ce-li--a*, cloſe up thine eyes, cloſe up thine eyes, whilſt I, whilſt I for thee do of--fer Sa cri-fice: Come twine thine arms about my neck, my neck, whilſt I give up, give up the ghoſt, and ſo deſpairing, deſpairing dye, and ſo deſpairing dye. And though in life thou wouldſt not yield to me, yet at my death let pi-ty flow from thee; yet at my death, yet at my death, let pity flow from thee. And though in life thou wouldſt not yield to me, yet at my death, my death, let pi-ty flow from thee.

O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Miſtreſs whoſe thou art; If with love

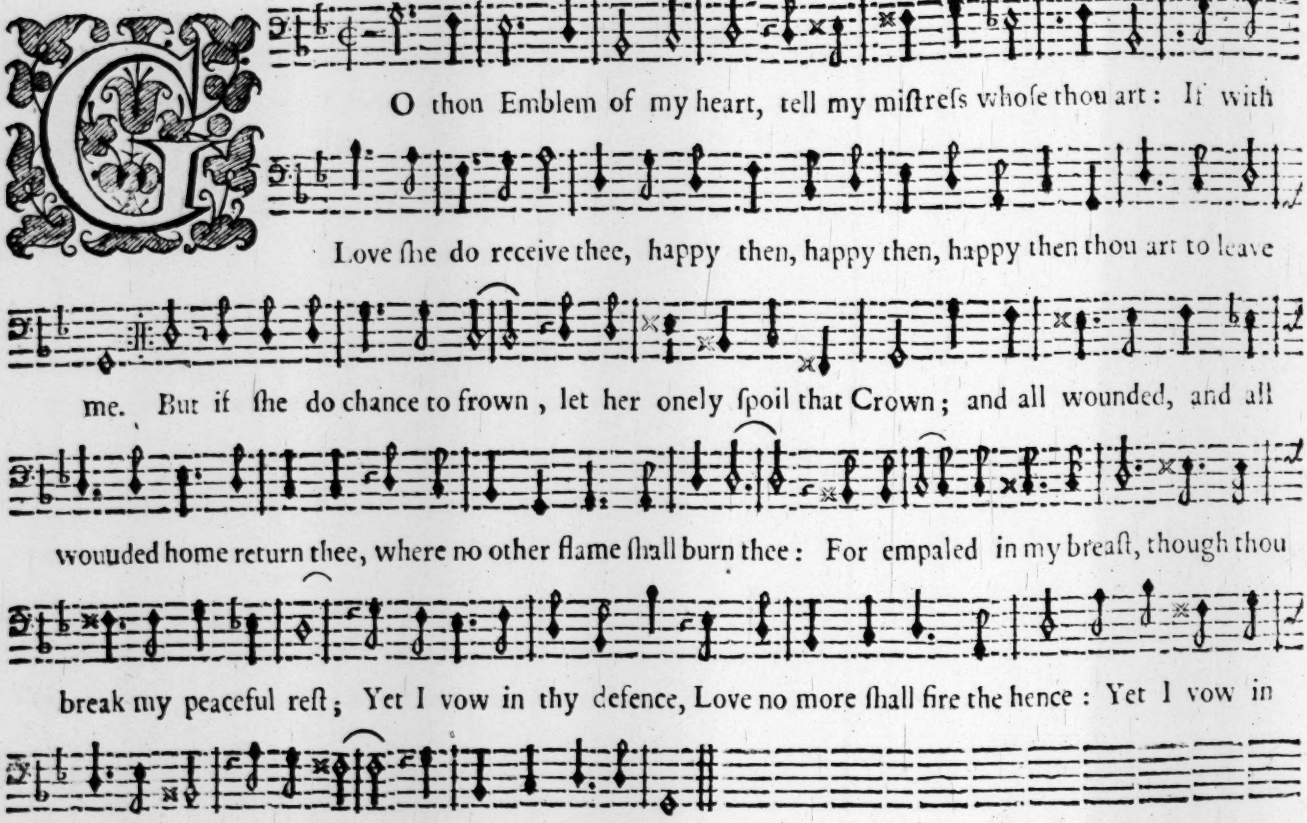
ſhe do re----ceive thee, hap-py then, hap-py then, hap-py then thou

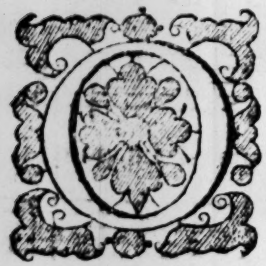
art to leave me. But if ſhe do chance to frown, let her only ſpoil that Crown: and all

wounded home re-turn thee, where no o--ther flame ſhall burn thee: For em-pal-ed in my

breaſt, though thou break my peaceful reſt; Yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more ſhall fire thee

hence; Yet I vow in thy defence, I ove no more, no more ſhall fire thee hence.


O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my miſtreſs whoſe thou art: If with
Love ſhe do receive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave
me. But if ſhe do chance to frown, let her onely ſpoil that Crown; and all wounded, and all
wounded home return thee, where no other flame ſhall burn thee: For empaled in my breaſt, though thou
break my peaceful reſt; Yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more ſhall fire the hence: Yet I vow in
thy defence, Love no more, no more ſhall fire the hence.



The fickle ſtate of Lovers! a heart perplext with hopes and fears, to day a world of joy diſcovers, And to morrow's drown'd in tears: A Lovers ſtate's like *April*, like *April* weather: Rain and Sun-ſhine, Rain and Sun-ſhine, Rain and Sun-ſhine both together. If his Miſtreſs do but ſmile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart; If her brow but frown a while, Hell can ſend no greater ſmart: In a Lovers breſt doth dwell ve-ry Heav'n, ve-ry Heav'n or ve-ry Hell.

The fickle ſtate of Lovers! a heart perplext with hopes and fears, to day a world of Joy diſcovers, and to morrow, and to morrow drown'd in tears:

A Lovers ſtate's like *April* Weather; Rain and Sun-ſhine, Rain and Sun-ſhine, Rain and Sun-ſhine both together. If his Miſtreſs do but ſmile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his Heart: If her brow but frown a while, Hell can ſend no greater ſmart: In a Lovers breaſt doth dwell ve ry Heav'n or ve-ry Hell, ve-ry Heav'n or ve-ry Hell.

Air *Cloris* chaunts it in ſuch ſort that ſhe from me doth me tranſport ; a mouthful of this Virgins

breath's a diſ-pen-ſa-ti-on ſure from death. But how can ſhe a Virgin be, who hath ſo of-ten raviſh'd me :

But how can ſhe a Virgin be, who hath ſo often raviſh'd me, ſo often raviſh'd me.

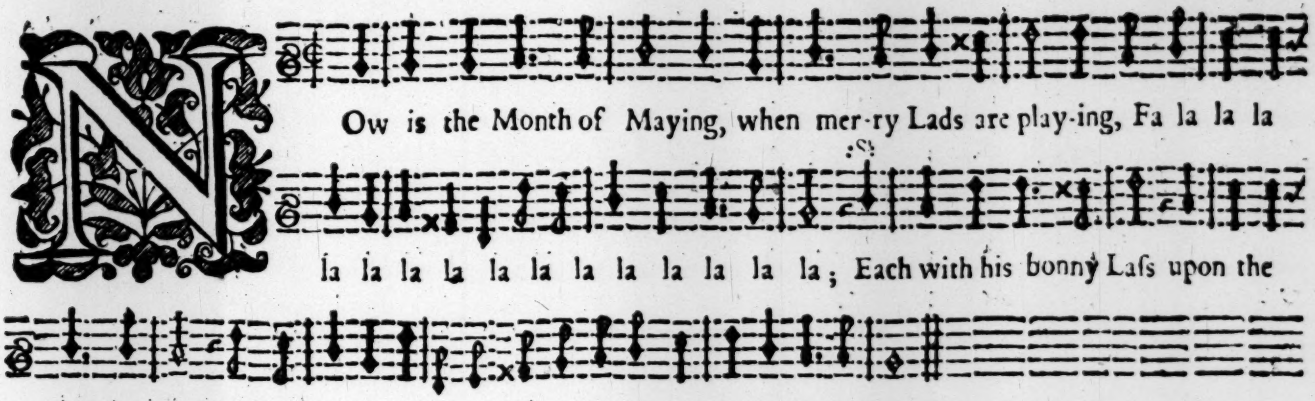
---

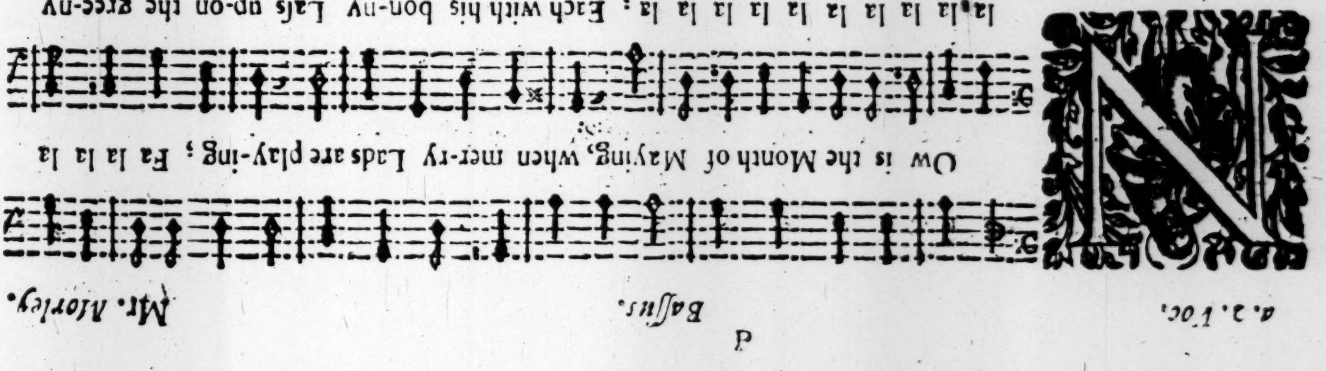
a. 2. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. George Holmes.

Air (*Loris* chaunts it in ſuch ſort, that ſhe from me doth me tranſport: A mouthful of this

Virgins breath's a diſ-pen-ſa-tion ſure from death. But how can ſhe a Virgin be, who hath ſo of-ten

raviſh'd me: But how can ſhe a Virgin be who hath ſo often raviſh'd me, ſo often raviſh'd me.


Now is the Month of Maying, when mer-ry Lads are play-ing, Fa la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la; Each with his bonny Lass upon the
greeny Grass, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.


Now is the Month of Maying, when mer-ry Lads are play-ing; Fa la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la; Each with his bon-ny Lads upon the gree-ny
Grass; Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

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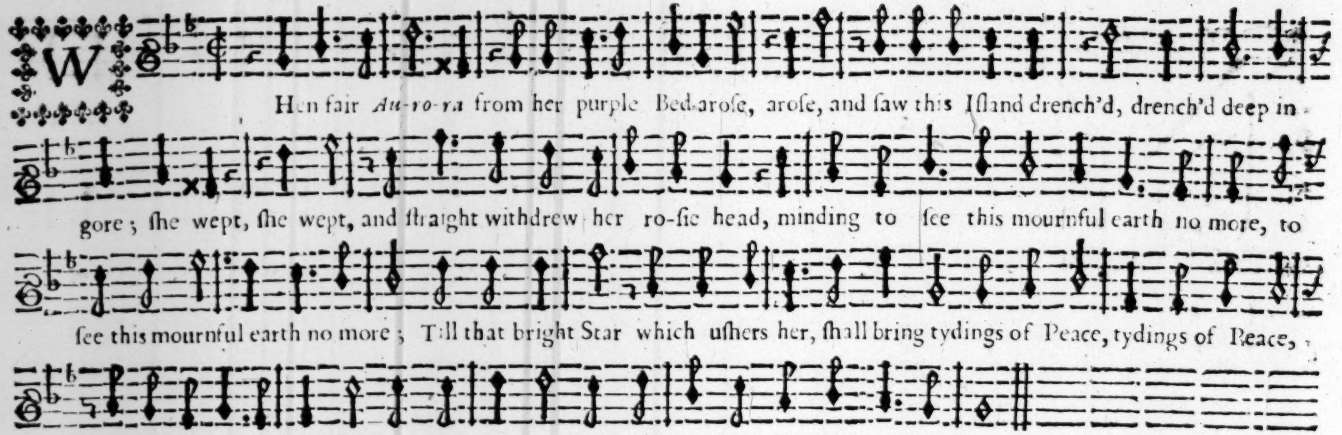

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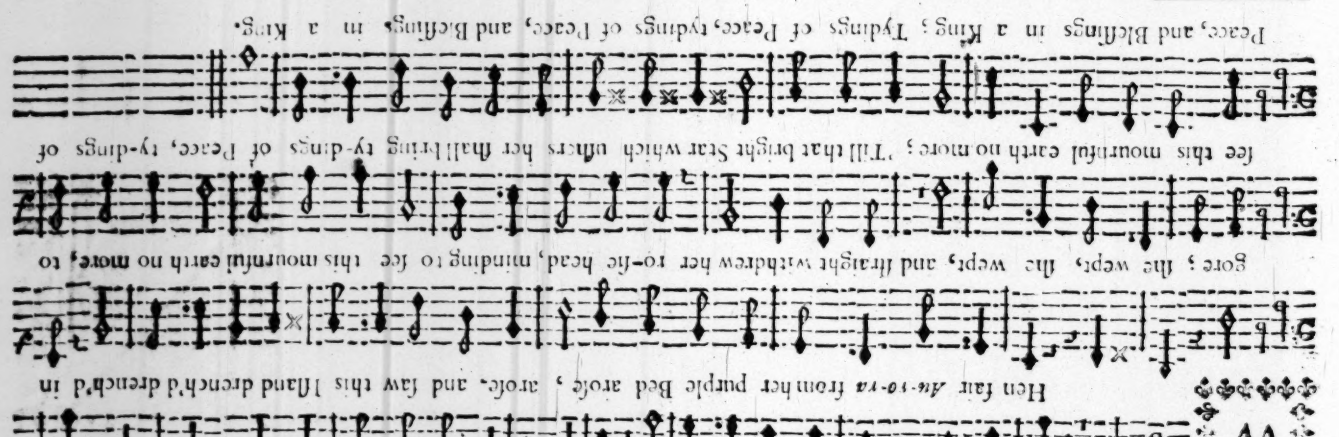
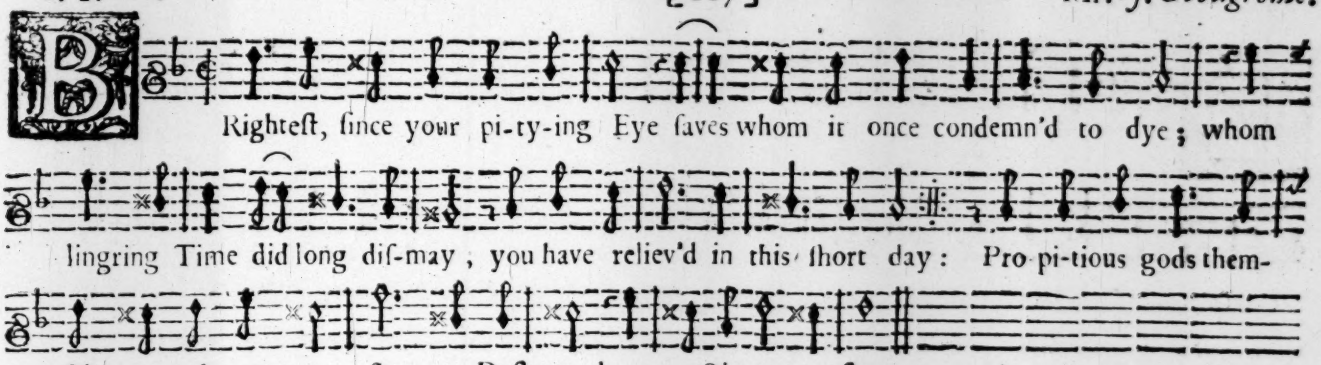
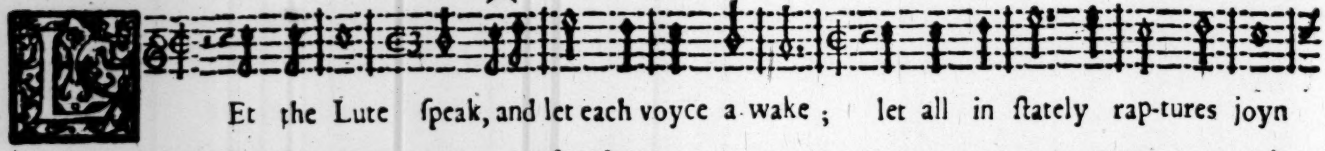
a. 2. Voc. *Bassus.* Mr. *Jenkins.*

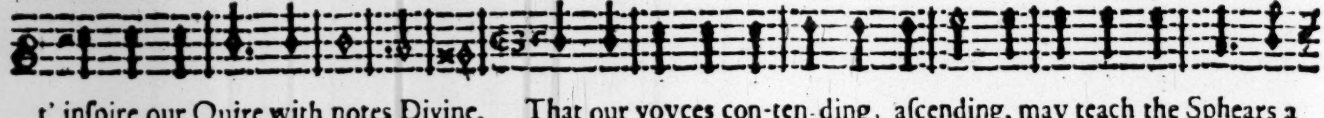


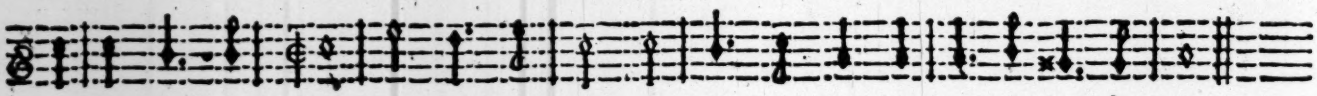


From your Fair, but abſent Look,
Cold Death her Pale Artillary took,
'Till Gentle Love that Dart ſuppreſt,
And Lodg'd a Milder in your breſt;
Like Fam'd *Achillis* myſtick ſpear, thus you
Both ſcatter Wounds, and ſcatter Balſome too.

P2490







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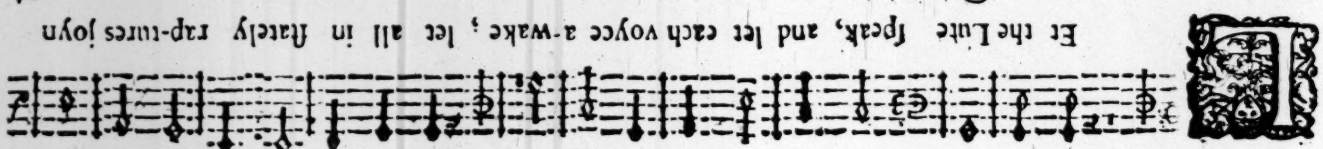
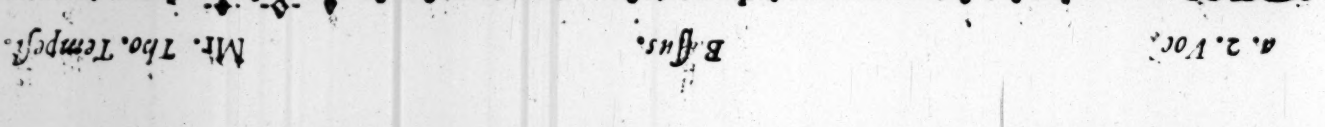
a. 2. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. Tho. Tempeſt.





a. 2. Voc. Baſſus.

P2190

Ré pre--ca--van las com--pa--nil--li--as en les ec-cle--ſi-a de li-on, en les ec--cle--ſi--a

de li--on. Il-las damas Sal--tan-do ba-li--an--do. Rom pen-di-lee--re, re--pre can dol--ſon

Rom pen--di-alee-re, Rom pen--di- lee--re, Re--pre can dol--ſon.

---

a. 2. Voc. Baſſus.

R E pre--ca--van las cam--pa--nil--li--as en les ec-cle-ſi--a, de li---on, en les ec-

cle--ſi--a de li--on. Il-las damas Sal tan-do ba--li an-do, Rom pen--di--lee--re, re--pre can dol--ſon.

Rom pen--di--lee--re, Rom pen--di--lee--re, re--pre can dol--ſon.

On bel ſe gella de ſe cretez-za le ro-ca ſe prende del bella belta la lingua ſe firma de

li ber-di--ti ——— de po--ni--ta Re ſto. La donna que bel-la che piache que ta-ce e ſo--ze vel

co-re ſen-ſa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e ſo-ve del core ſenſa ——— crezza da mo-re.

---

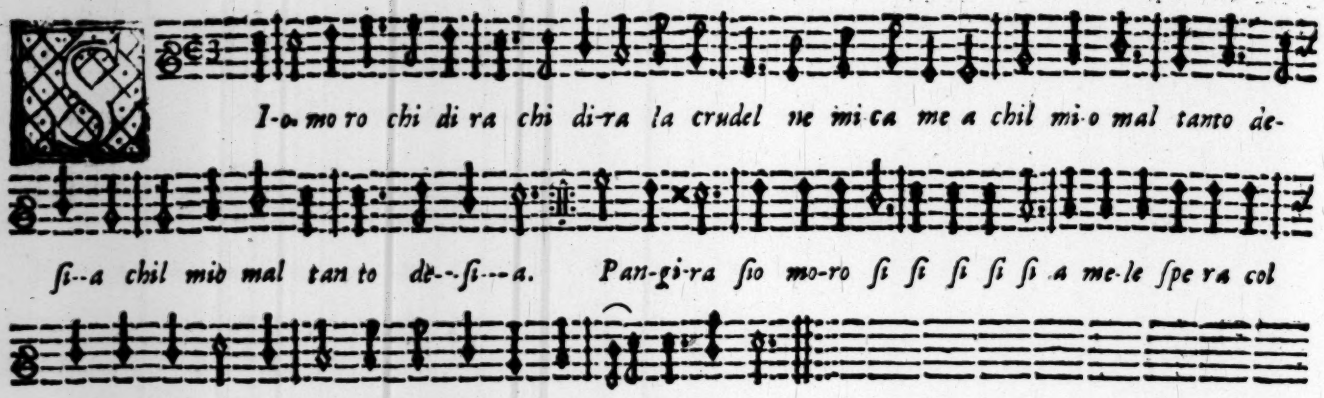
a. 2. Voc. Baſſus.

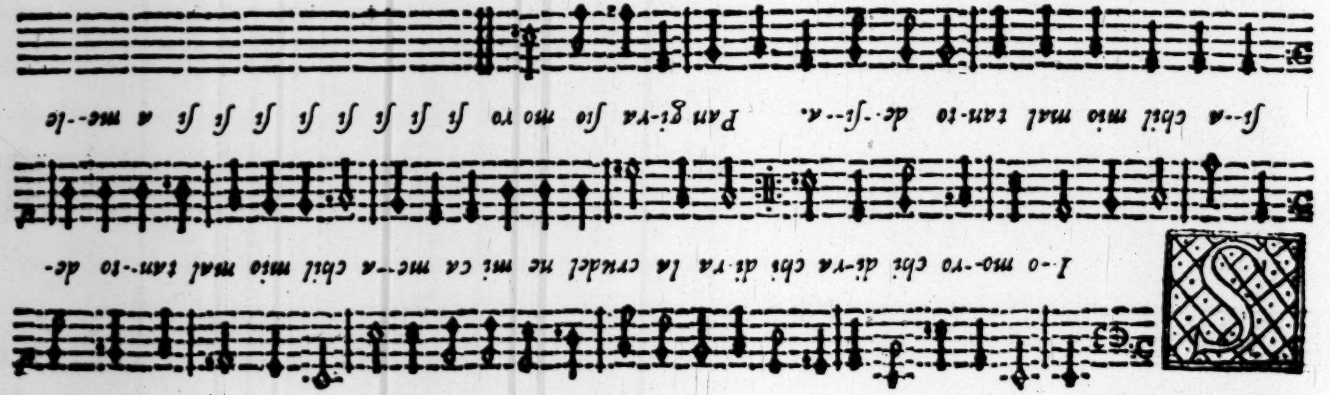
On bel ſe gel-la de ſe cre-tez-za le ro-ca ſe prende del bel la bel ta la lingua ſe firma de

li ber-di ti e ——— de po ni ta Reſto. La don-na que bel-la che piache que ta- ce e ſo---ze del

co-re ſen-ſa crez-za da mo re che piache che ta ce e ſo- ze del co-re ſen-ſa ——— crez--za da mo-re.

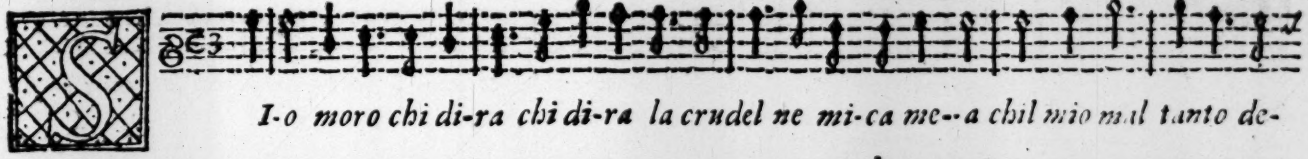
P2490





Here endeth the *Dialogues* and *Songs* for two Voyces.

The three former *Italian Ayres* originally were but of Two Parts; I have now by the requeſt of a friend, added to them an inward Part to complete Harmony, as occaſion requires.



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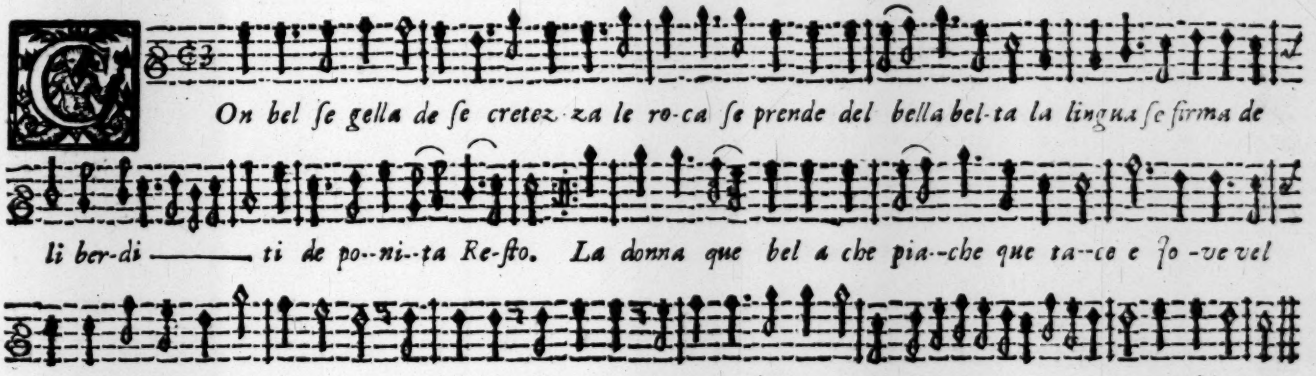
a. 3. Voc. Medius.



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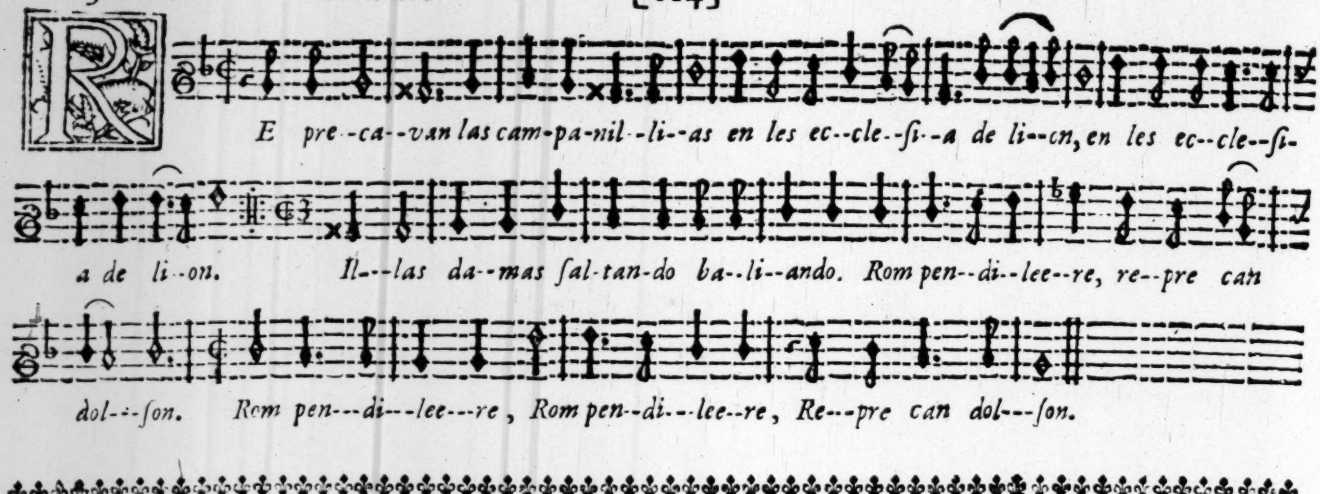
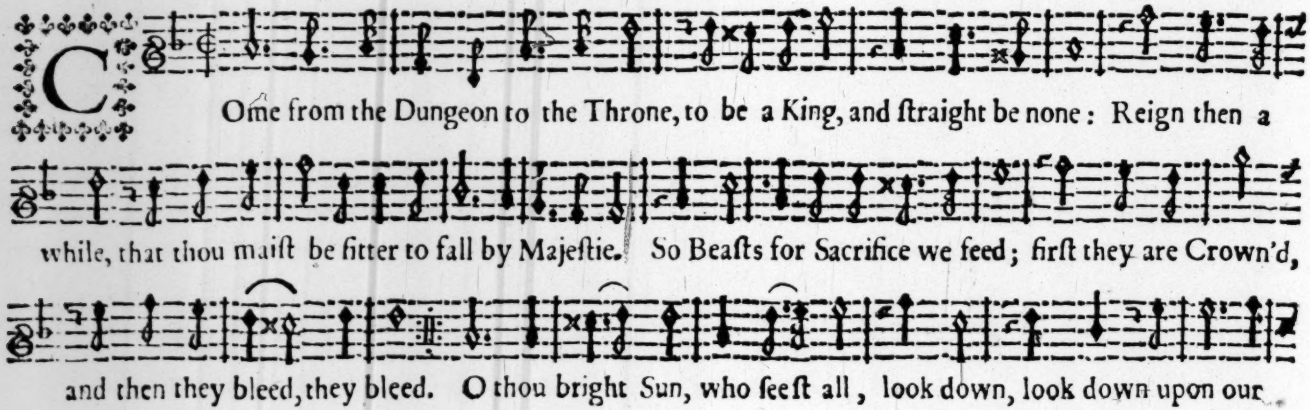
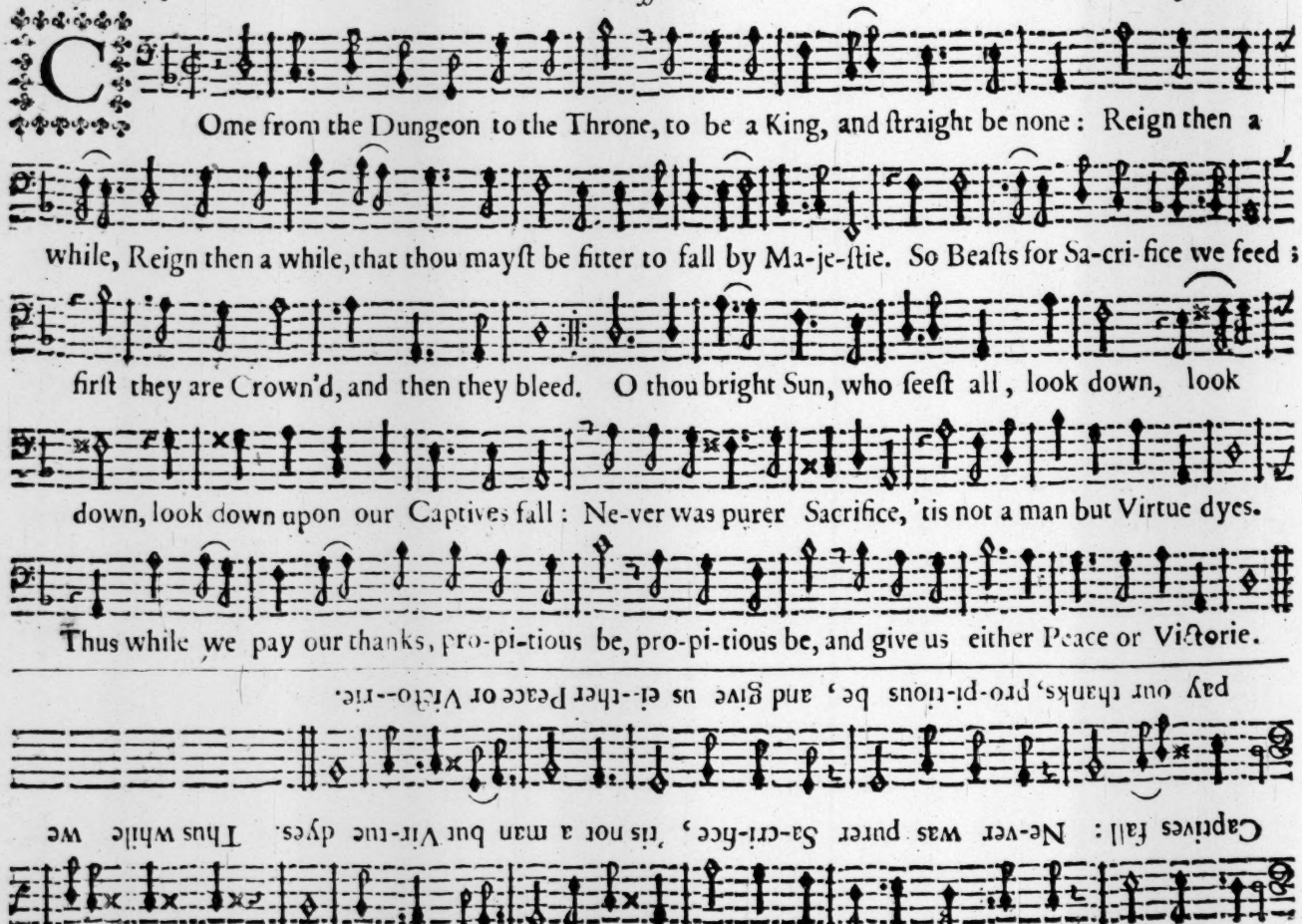


a. 2. Voc. *Cantus.* Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



4. 2. Voc. *Baſſus.* Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



Od *Cupid* for certain, as fooliſh as blind, to ſettle his heart upon people unkind;

his puniſhments juſt, for not having regard to the gentle Complyers, but un-

grateful and hard. And you'll find it for ever, like Oracle true, Love will fly the purſuer the flyer purſue.

---

a. 2. Voc. *Baſſus.* *John Playford.*

Od *Cupid* for certain, as fooliſh as blind, to ſettle his heart upon people unkind;

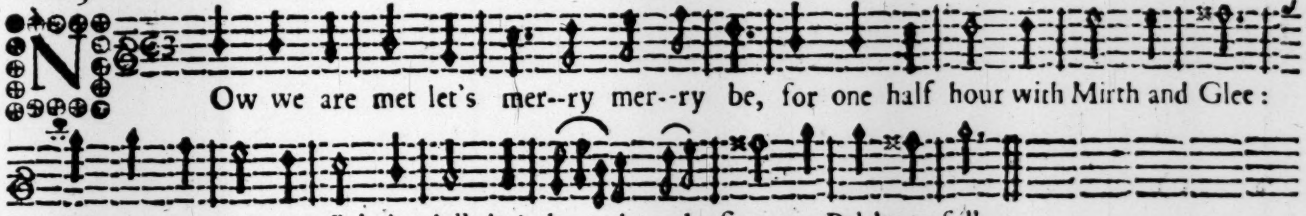
his puniſhments juſt, for not having regard to the gentle Complyers, but un-

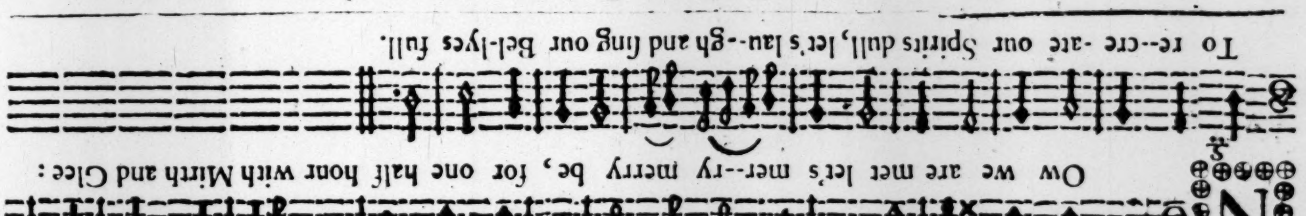
grateful and hard. And you'll find it for ever, like Oracle true, Love will fly the purſuer, the flyer purſue.

Here endeth the Songs for Two Voyces.

Here begineth the SONGS for Three Voyces.

a. 3. Voc. *A Glee.* Cantus Primus. Mr. *Sim. Ives.*





a. 3. Voc. *A Glee.* Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Sim. Ives.*

a. 3. Voc. *A Glee.* Baſſus. Mr. *Sim. Ives.*

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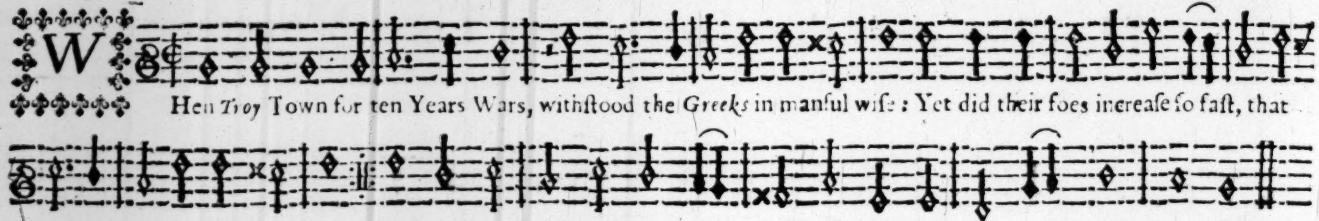
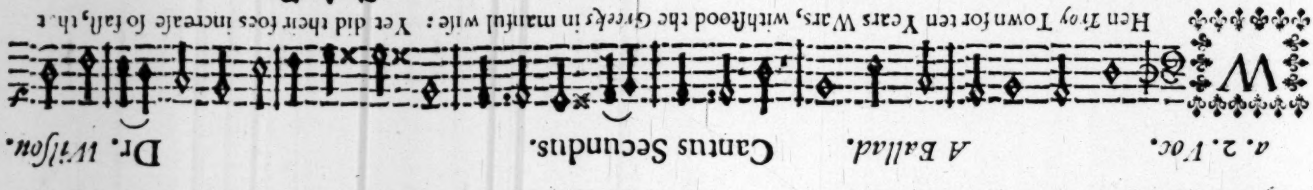


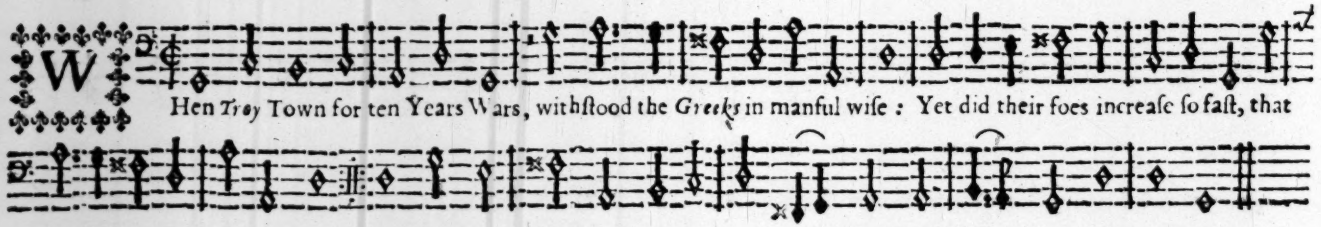
to resist none could suffice. Wast lay those Walls that were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.

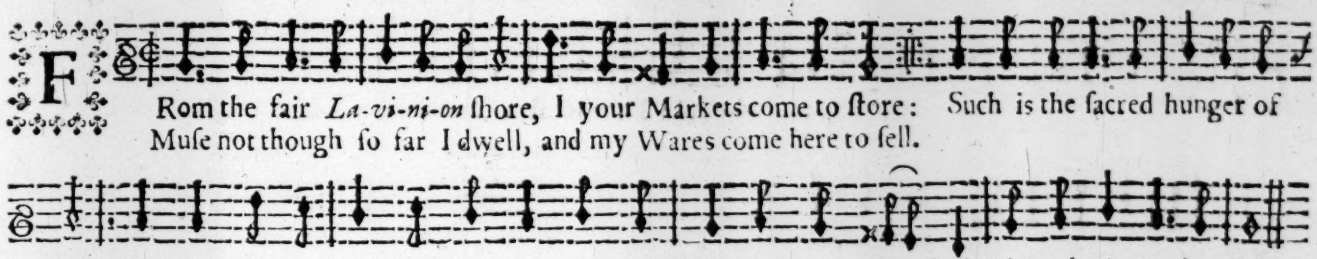


to resist none could suffice. Wast lay those Walls that were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.

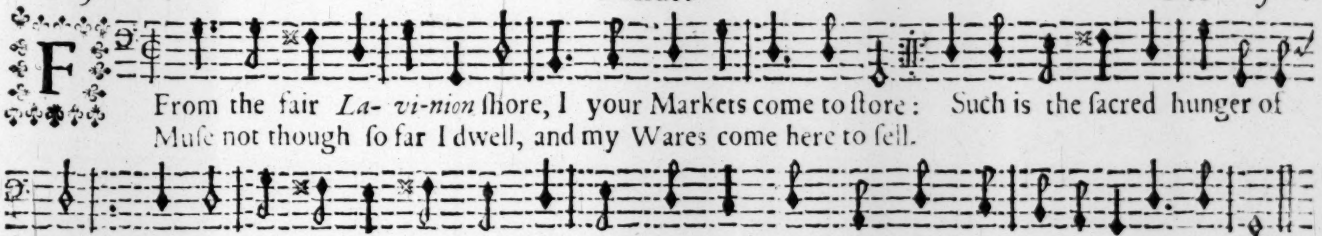
a. 2. Voc. A Ballad. Cantus Secundus. Dr. Wilson.

a. 3. Voc. A Ballad. Bassus. Dr. Wilson.





gold: Then come to my pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack? what d'ye buy? for here it is to be sold.
From the fair *La-vi-ni-on* shore, I your Markets come to store: Such is the sacred hunger of
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



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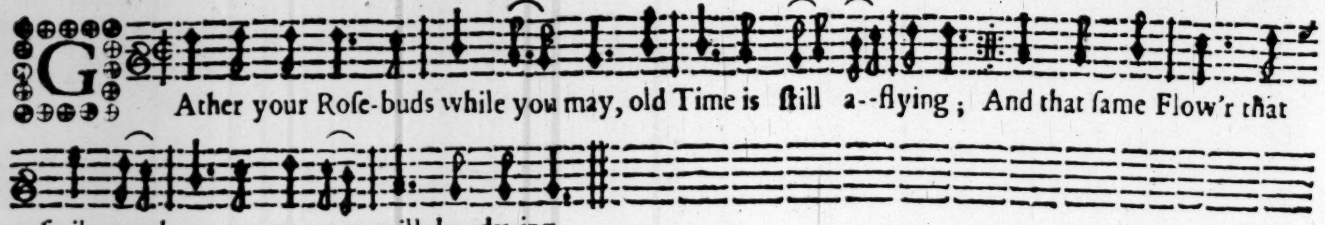
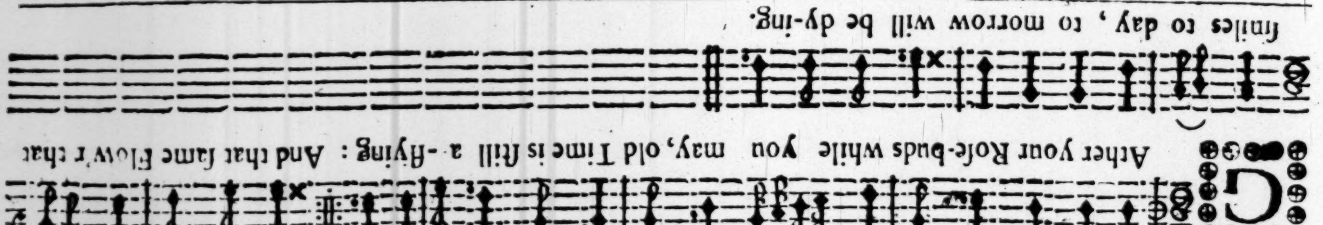
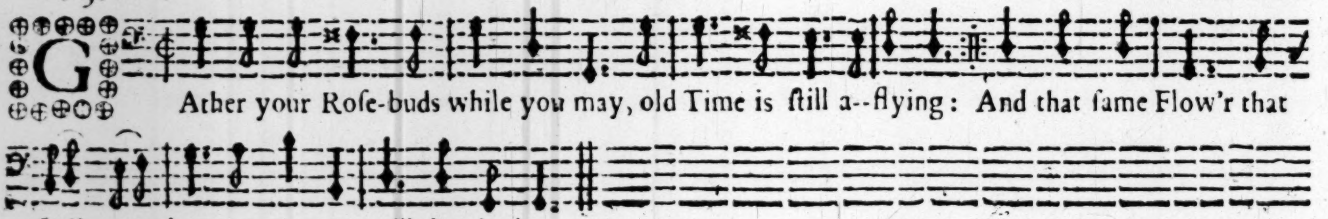


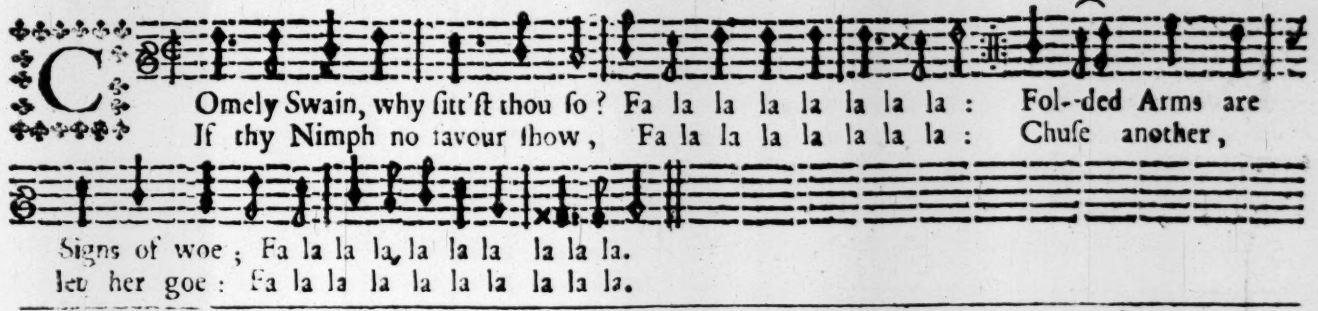
The Glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his Race be run,
And neerer he's to Setting

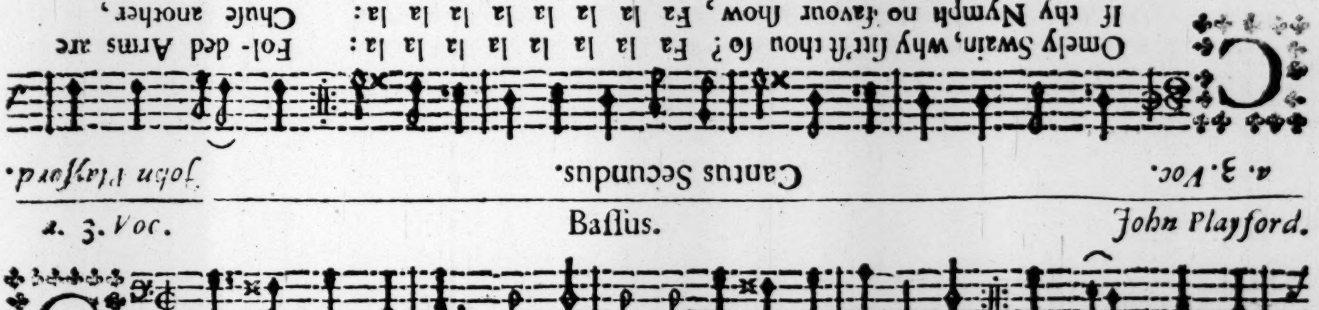
That age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer:
Expect not then the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

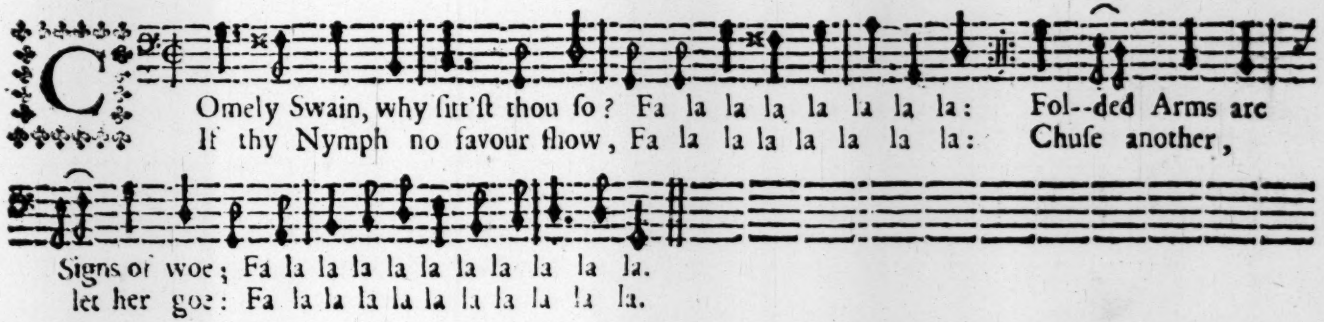
Then be not Coy, but use your Time,
And whilst you may go marry:
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.






Omely Swain, why ſitt'ſt thou ſo? Fa la la la la la la la la: Fol--ded Arms are
If thy Nimph no favour ſhow, Fa la la la la la la la la: Chuſe another,
Signs of woe; Fa la la la, la la la la la la.
let her goe: Fa la la la la la la la la la.


Omely Swain, why ſitt'ſt thou ſo? Fa la la la la la la la la: Fol- ded Arms are
If thy Nymph no favour ſhow, Fa la la la la la la la la: Chuſe another,
Signs of woe, Fa la la la la la la la la.
let her goe: Fa la la la la la la la la la.


Omely Swain, why ſitt'ſt thou ſo? Fa la la la la la la la la: Fol--ded Arms are
If thy Nymph no favour ſhow, Fa la la la la la la la la: Chuſe another,
Signs of woe; Fa la la la la la la la la la la.
let her goe: Fa la la la la la la la la la la.

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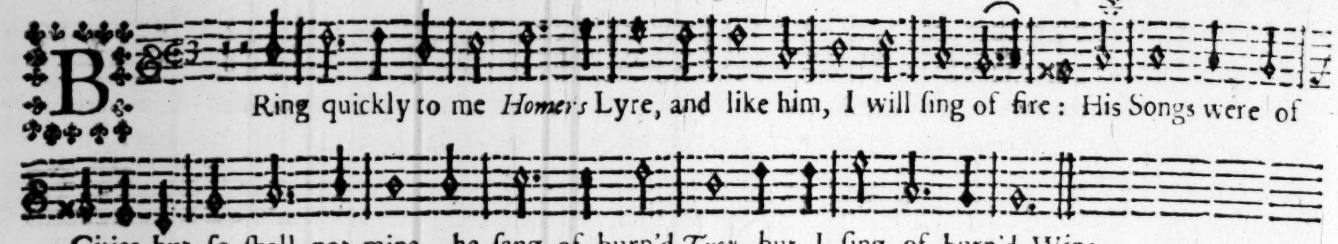
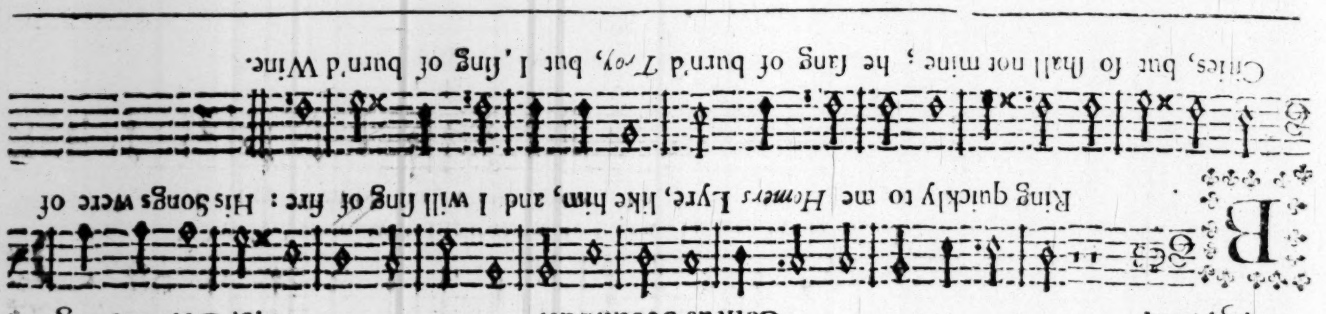
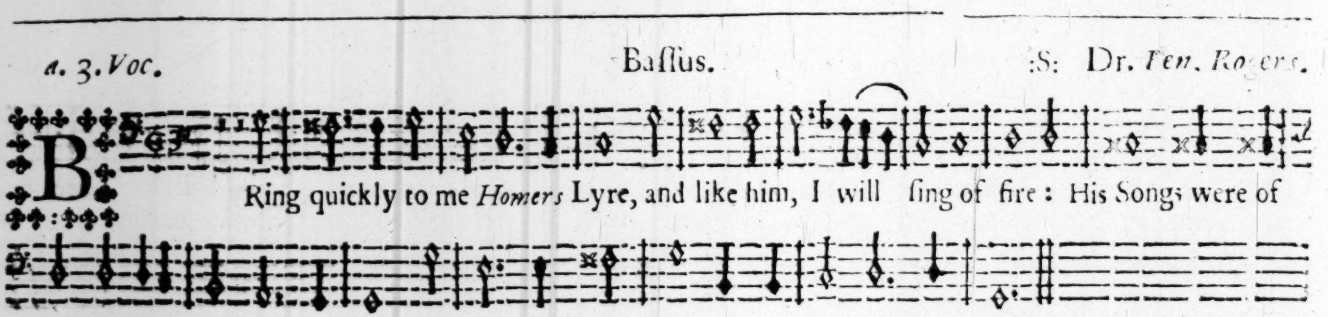
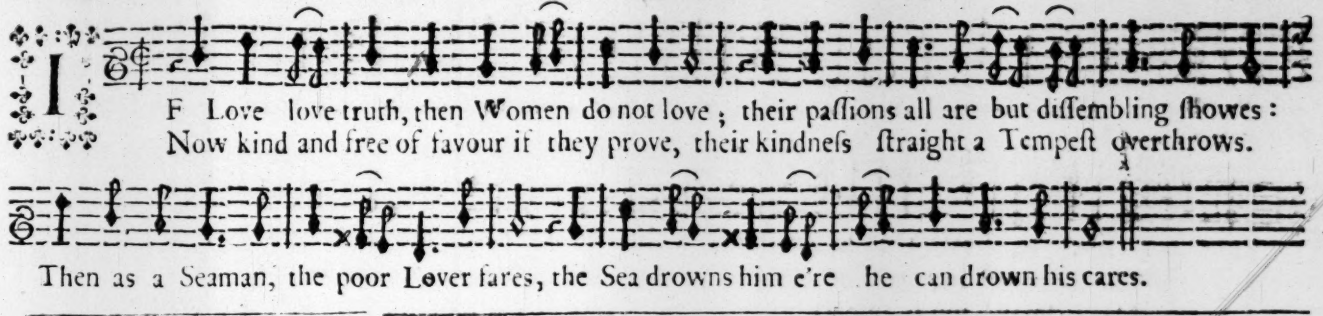

Ring quickly to me *Homers* Lyre, and like him, I will ſing of fire: His Songs were of
Cities, but ſo ſhall not mine; he ſang of burn'd *Troy*, but I ſing of burn'd Wine.

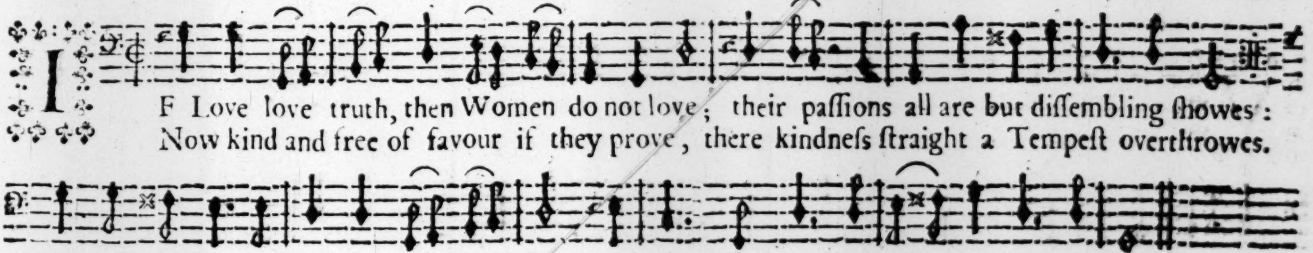

Cantus Secundus. S: Dr. Ben. Rogers.
a. 3. Voc.
Ring quickly to me *Homers* Lyre, like him, and I will ſing of fire: His Songs were of
Cities, but ſo ſhall not mine; he ſang of burn'd *Troy*, but I ſing of burn'd Wine.


a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. S: Dr. Ben. Rogers.
Ring quickly to me *Homers* Lyre, and like him, I will ſing of fire: His Songs were of
Cities, but ſo ſhall not mine; he ſang of burn'd *Troy*, but I ſing of burn'd Wine.



Then as the Seaman, the poor Lover fares, the Sea drowns him e're he can drown his cares.
Now kind and free of favour if they prove, there kindnes straight a Tempest overthrows.
IF Love loves truth, then Women do not love, there passions all are but dissembling showes:

4. 2. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Dr. *Campion.*



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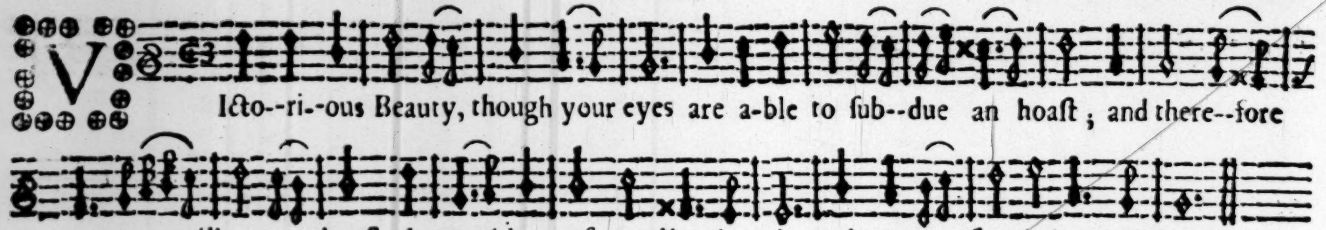
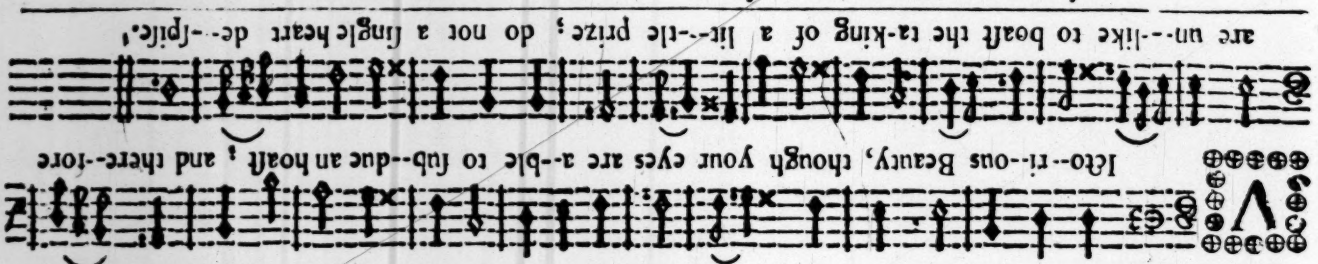
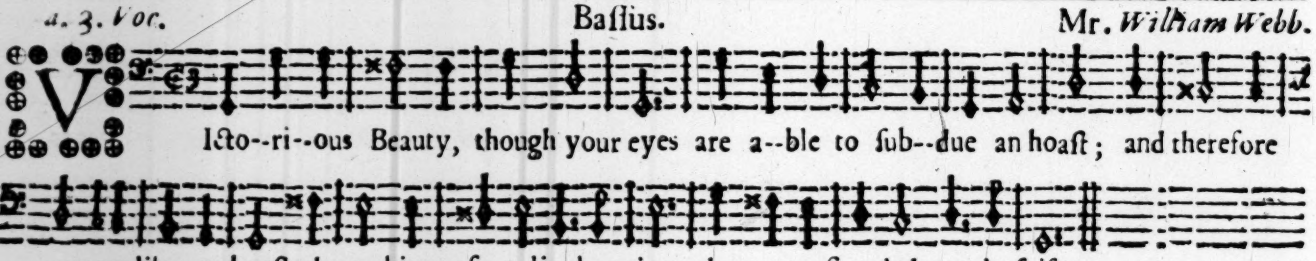


The Conqueſt in regard of me
Alas is ſmall! but in reſpect
Of her that did my Love protect
Were it divulg'd, deſerv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

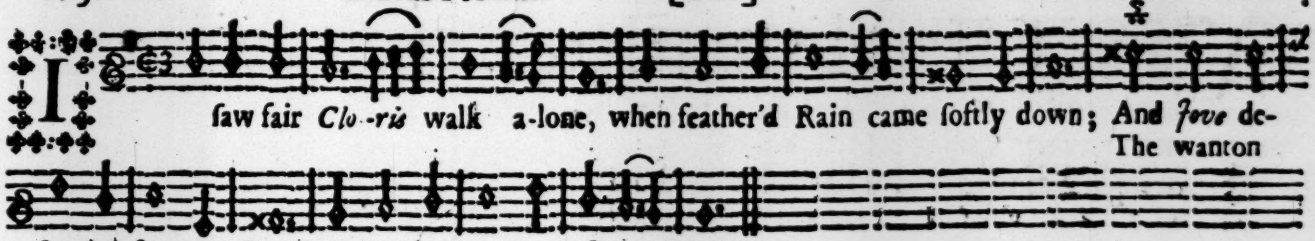
And ſuch a one as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may ſtay,
Though you have ſtole my heart away:
If all your ſervants prove not true,
May ſteal a heart or two from you.

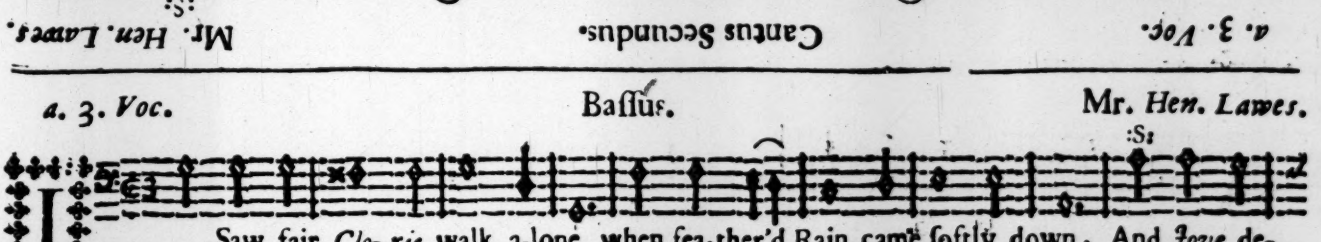


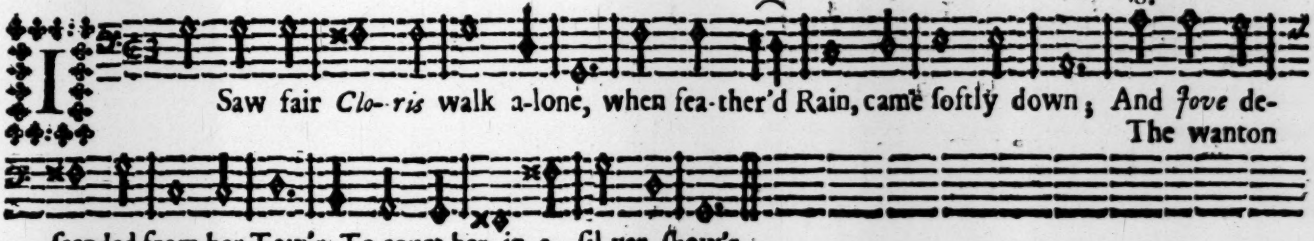
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *William Webb.*



a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. *William Webb.*


saw fair *Clo-ris* walk a-lone, when feather'd Rain came ſoftly down; And *Jove* de-
The wanton
ſcended from his Tow'r, To Court her in a ſil-ver ſhow'r.
Snow flew to her Breaſt, Like little Birds unto their Neſt.


Saw fair *Clo-ris* walk a-lone, when feather'd Rain came ſoft-ly down; And *Jove* de-
The wanton
ſcended from her Tow'r, To court her in a ſil-ver ſhow'r.
Snow flew to her Breaſt, Like lit-tle Birds in-to their Neſt.


Saw fair *Clo-ris* walk a-lone, when fea-ther'd Rain, came ſoftly down; And *Jove* de-
The wanton
ſcended from her Tow'r, To court her in a ſil-ver ſhow'r.
Snow flew to her Breaſt, Like little Birds into their Neſt.

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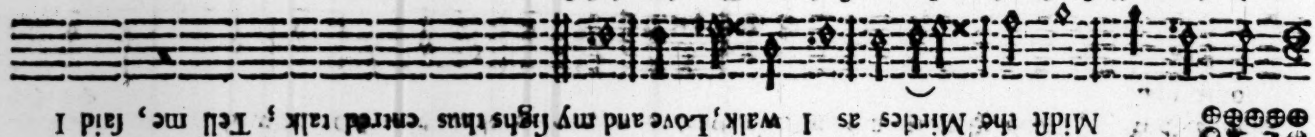
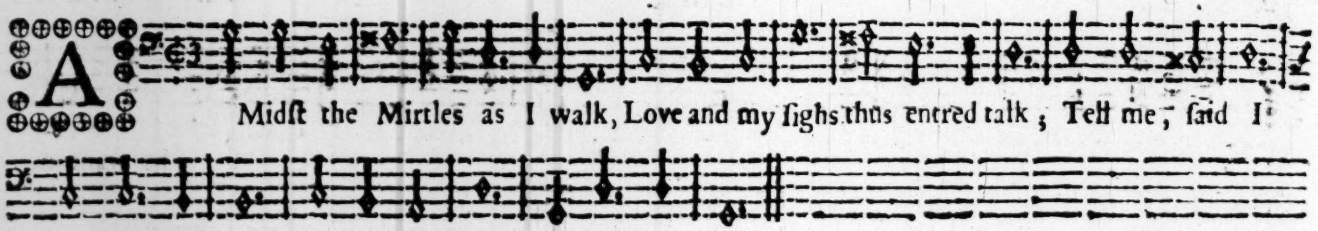
Then Fool (ſaid Love) know'ſt thou not this?
In every thing that's good ſhe is:
In yonder Tulip go and ſeek,
There thou ſhalt find her Lip and Cheek.

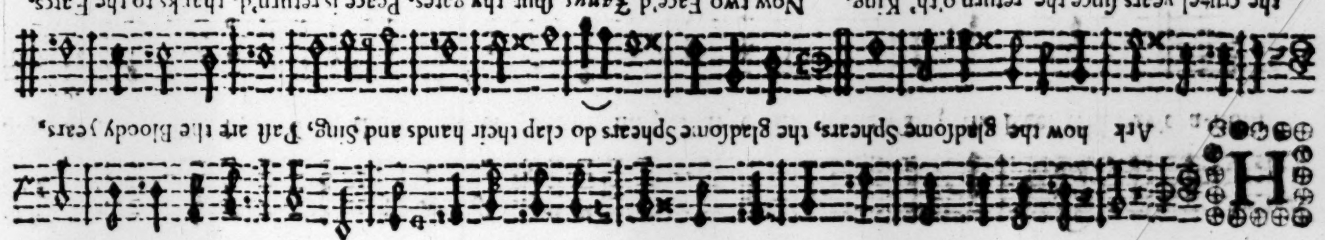
'Tis true, ſaid I, and thereupon,
And went and pluck'd them one by one
To make a part a Union,
But on a ſuddain all was gone.

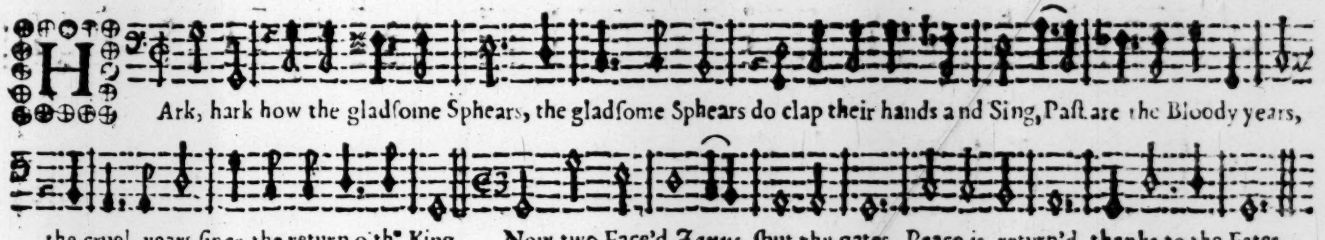
At which I ſtopt; ſaid Love, theſe be
Fond man, reſemblances of thee:
For as theſe Flowers, thy joy muſt dye,
Even in the turning of an eye.





Hark how the gladsome Sphears, the gladsome Sphears do clap their hands and sing, Past are the Bloody
years the cruel years, since the return o'th' King. Now two Face'd Janus shut thy gates, Peace is return'd, thanks to the Fates.


Hark how the gladsome Sphears, the gladsome Sphears do clap their hands and Sing, Past are the Bloody years,
the cruel years since the return o'th' King. Now two Face'd Janus shut thy gates, Peace is return'd, thanks to the Fates.


Hark, hark how the gladsome Sphears, the gladsome Sphears do clap their hands and Sing, Past are the Bloody years,
the cruel, years since the return o'th' King. Now two Face'd Janus shut thy gates, Peace is return'd, thanks to the Fates.

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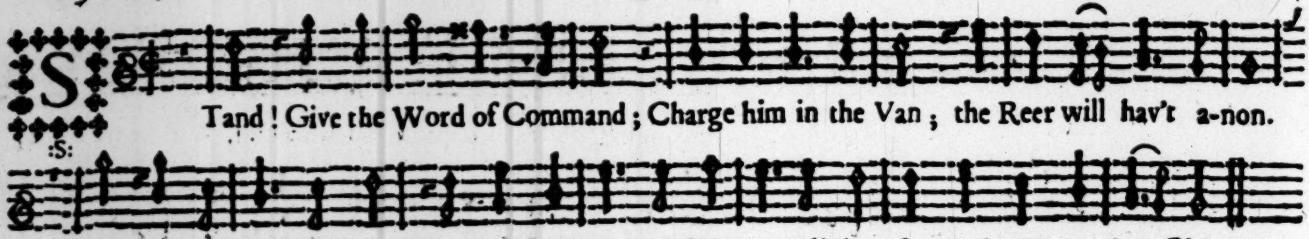
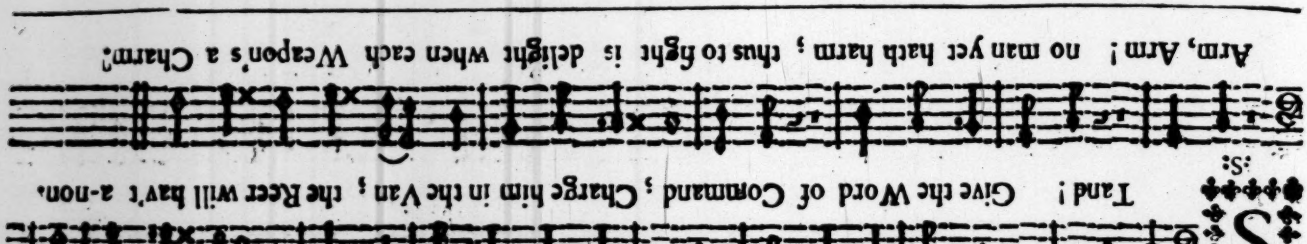
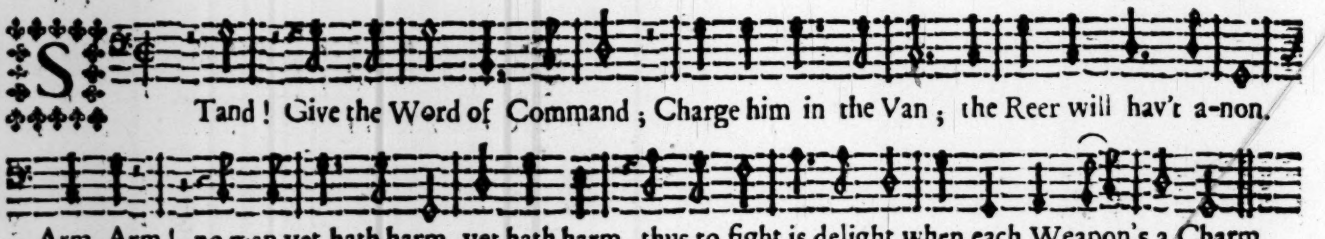
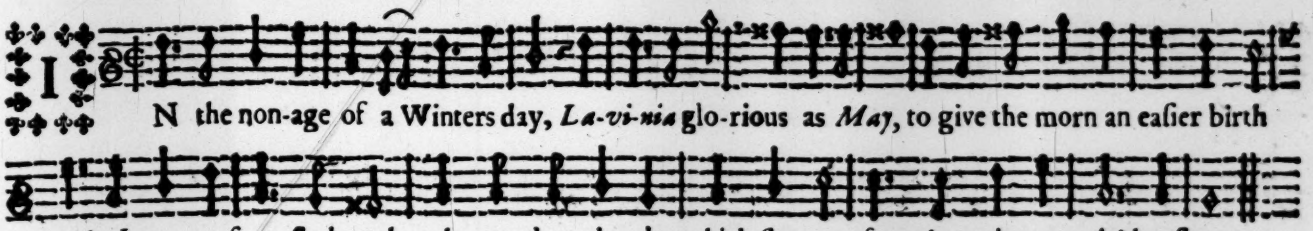
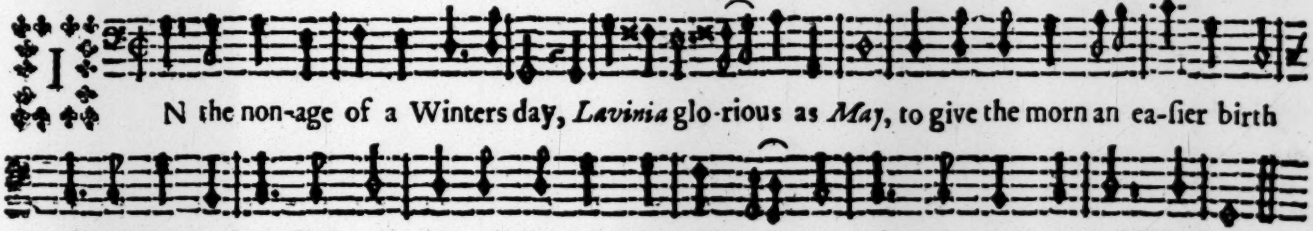

Tand! Give the Word of Command; Charge him in the Van; the Reer will hav't a-non.
Arm! no man yet hath harm; thus to fight thus to fight is delight, when each Weapon's a Charm.


Arm, Arm! no man yet hath harm; thus to fight is delight when each Weapon's a Charm!
Tand! Give the Word of Command; Charge him in the Van; the Reer will hav't a-non.


Tand! Give the Word of Command; Charge him in the Van; the Reer will hav't a-non.
Arm, Arm! no man yet hath harm, yet hath harm; thus to fight is delight when each Weapon's a Charm.



pac'd a League of crusted earth, when ev'ry place by which she came from her veins conceiv'd a flame.
IN the non-age of a Winters day, *Lavinia* glorious as *May*, to give the morn an ea--sier birth.
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



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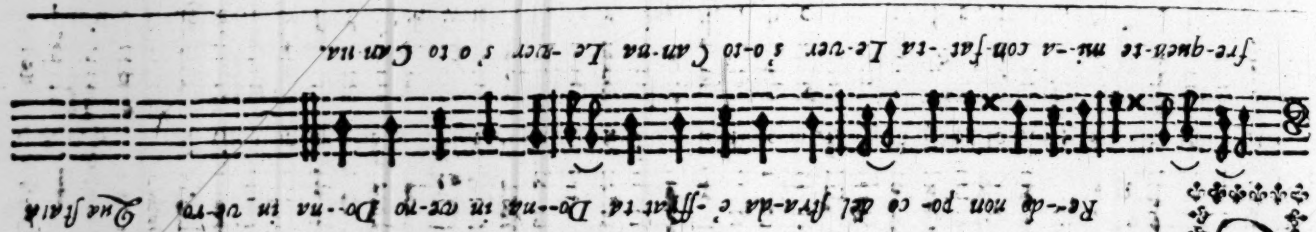
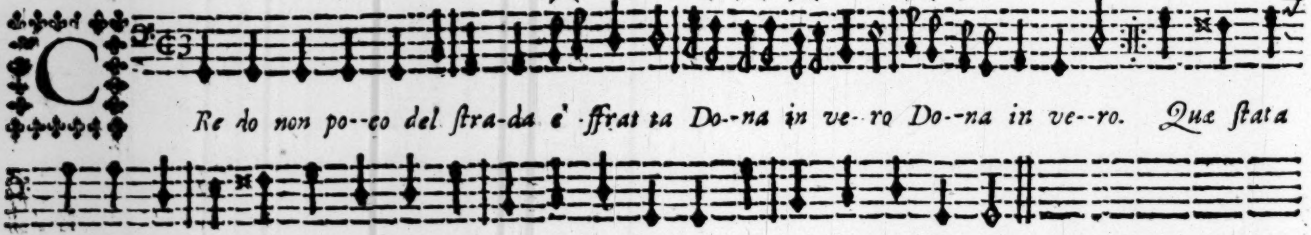
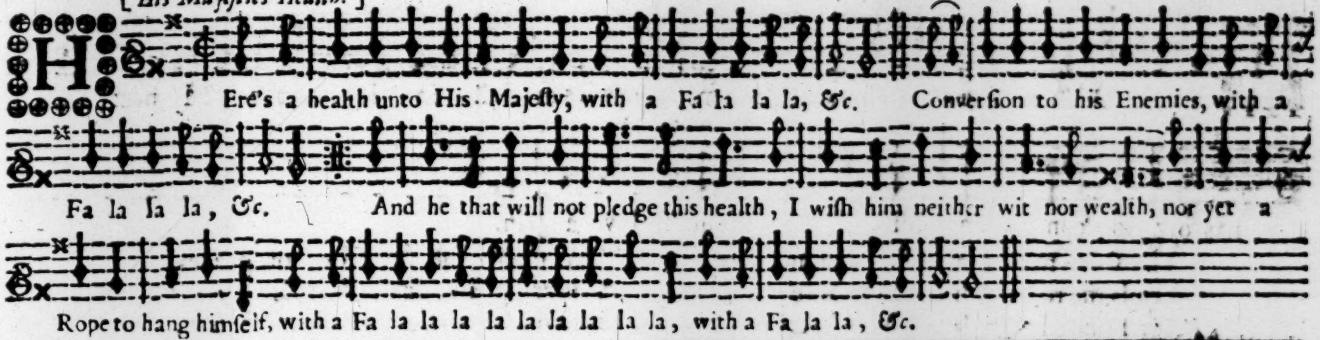


a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. G. H.

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. G. H.

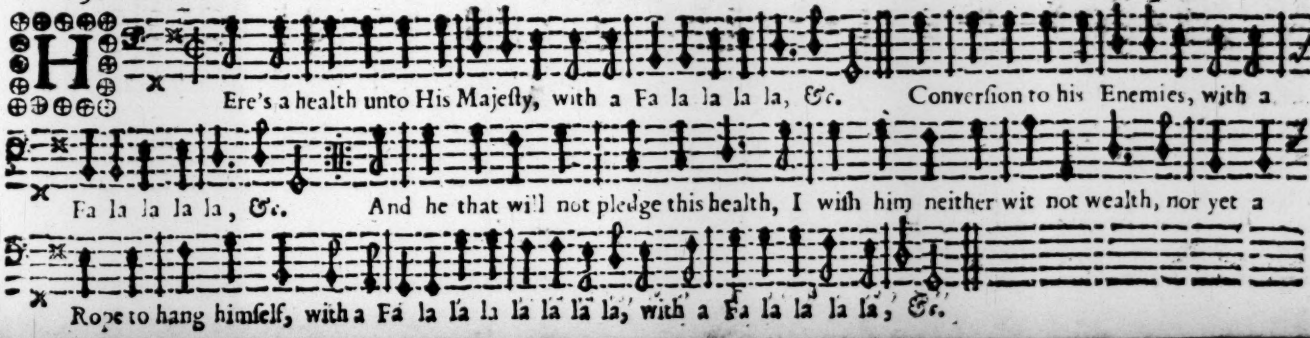


[His Majesties Health.]



Rope to hang himself, with a Fa la la la la la la la la la la, with a Fa la la, &c.
Fa la la la, &c. And he that will not pledge this health, I wish him neither wit nor wealth, nor yet a
Ere's a health unto His Majesty, with a Fa la la la, &c. Conversion to his Enemies, with a
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. Jer. Savile

a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. Jer. Savile.



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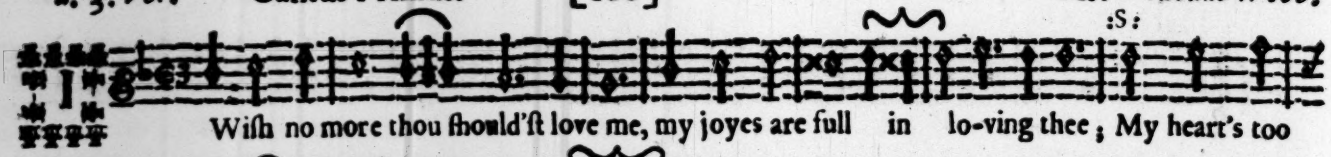
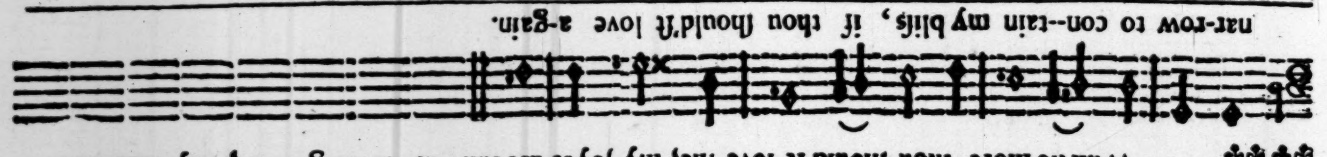
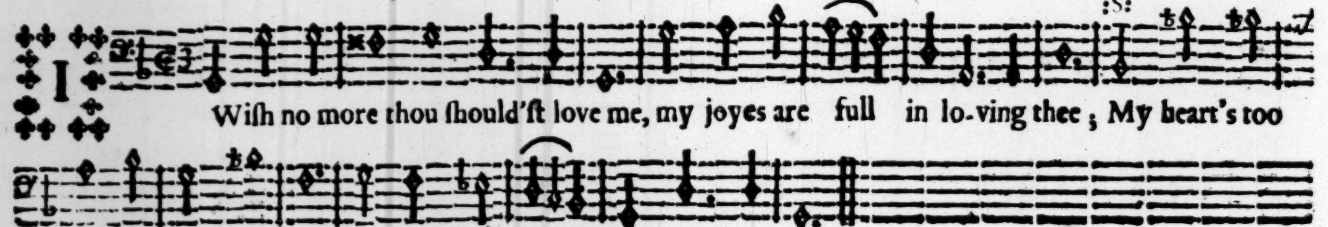
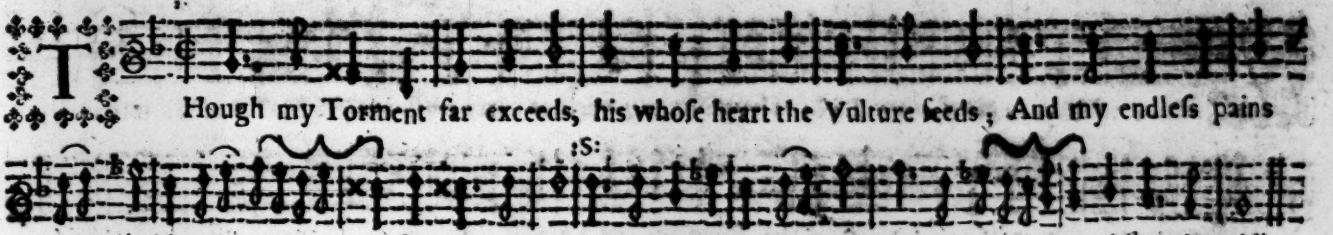


Thy ſcorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate:
Yet I muſt love while I have breath,
For not to love were worſe than death.

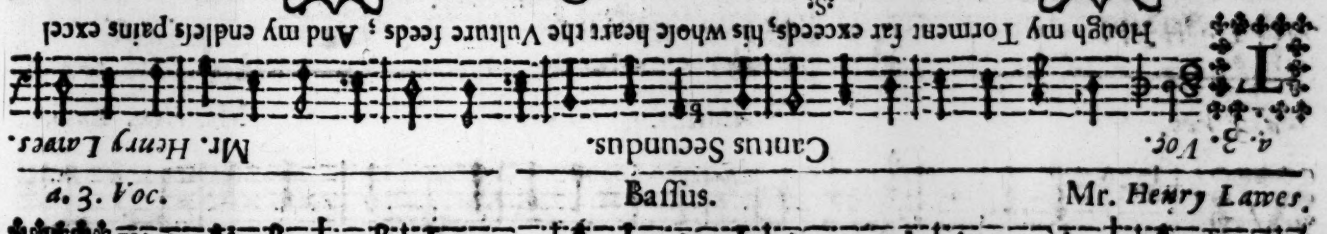
Then ſhall I ſue for ſcorn or grace,
A lingring life, or death embrace:
Since one of theſe I needs muſt try,
Love me but once, and let me dy.

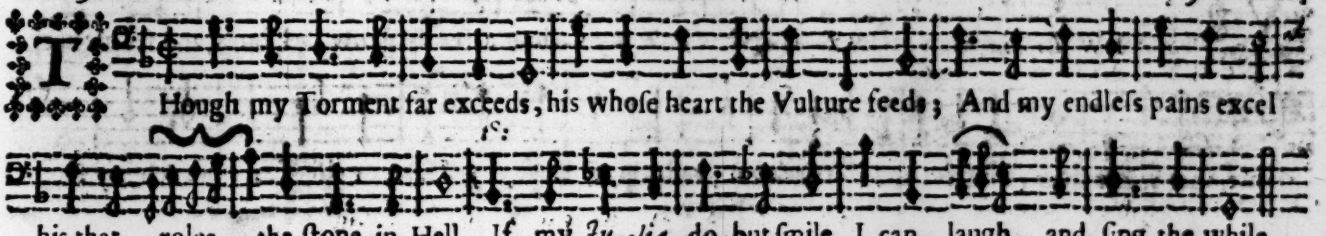


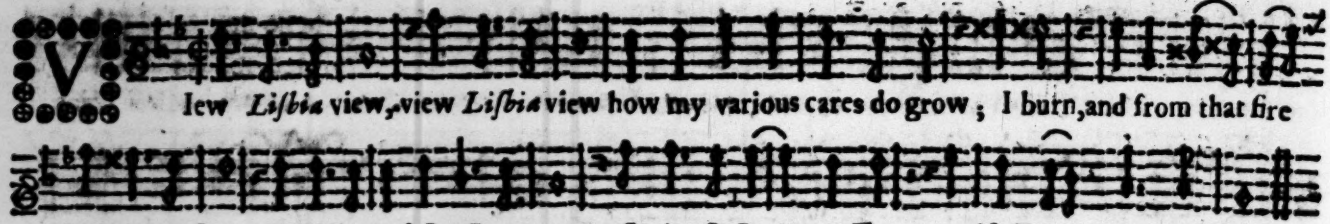




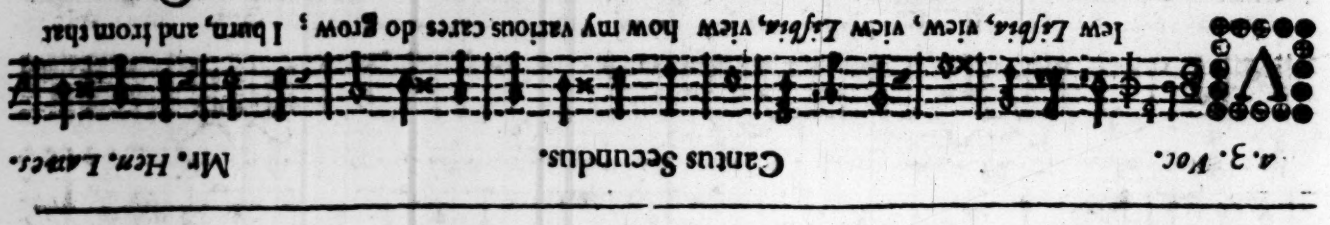
Though my Fortunes greater were
Than the *Macedonian* Heir;
Could I boast of greater glory
Than the *Scithians* Shepherds story:
If my *Julia* do but frown
All my Pomp is overthrown.



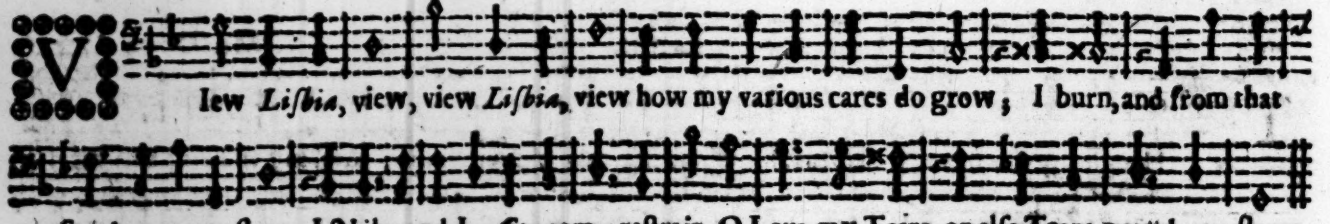


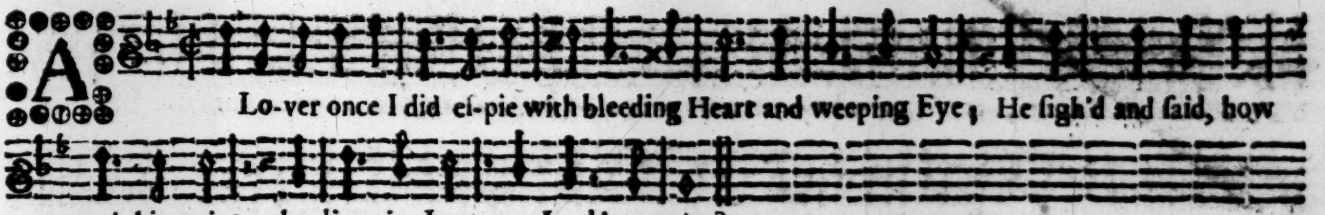


a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*



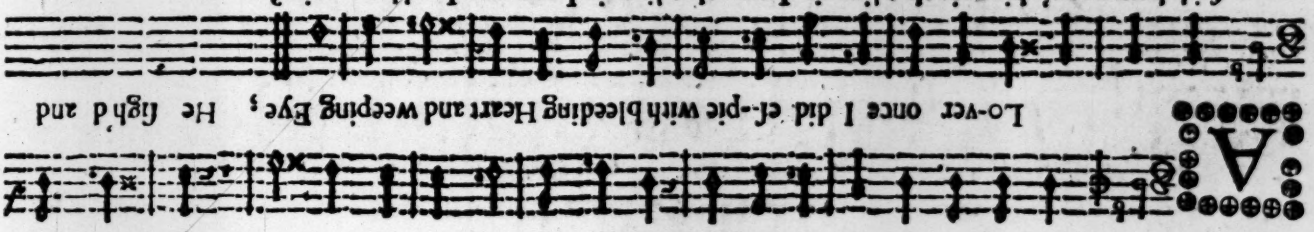
a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*

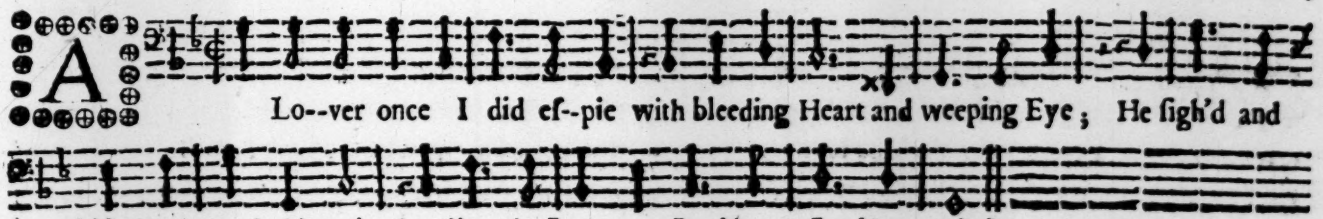




Can there (ſaith he) no Cure be found
But by the Hand that gave the Wound?
Then let me dye, which I'le endure,
Since She wants Charity to Cure,

Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To wiſh ſh' had Lov'd, but wiſh in vain:
For with'red Cheeks may chance recover
Some ſparks of Love, but not a Lover.

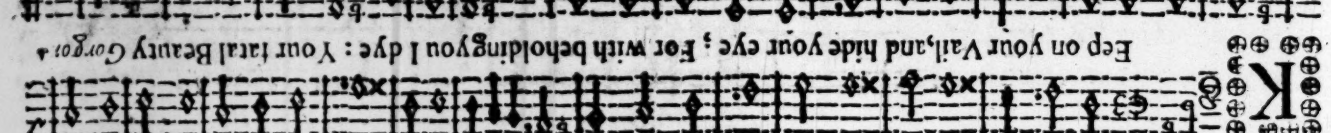


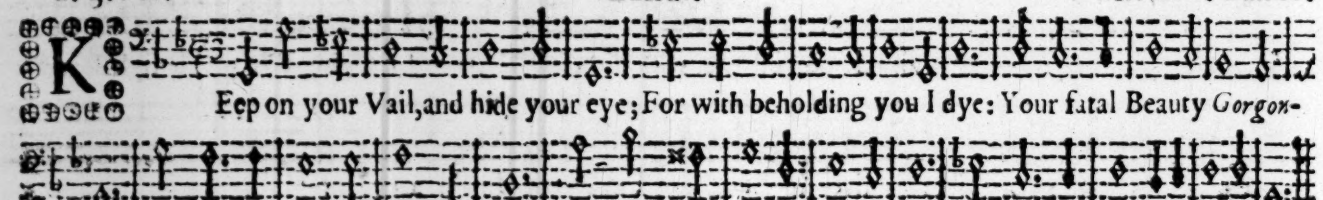


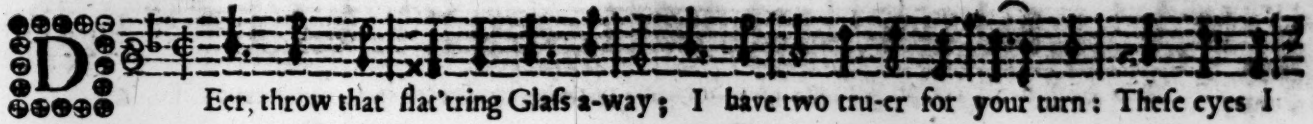
Hide from my ſight thoſe Hills of Snow,
Their melting Vallys do not ſhow;
Thoſe Azure paths leads to deſpair,
O vex me not! forbear, forbear:
For while I thus in torments dwell
The ſight of Heav'n is worſe than Hell.

Your dainty Voice, and warbling Breath
Sounds like a Sentence paſt for death;
Your dangling Treſſes are become
Like Inſtruments of final doom:
O if an Angel torture ſo!
When life is done, where ſhall I go?

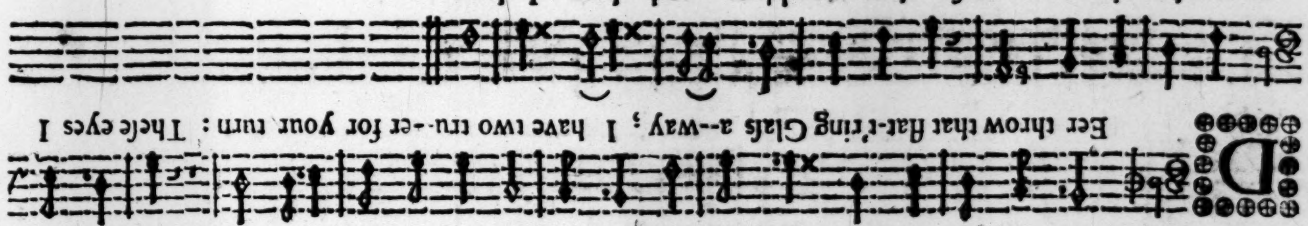
a. 3 Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*





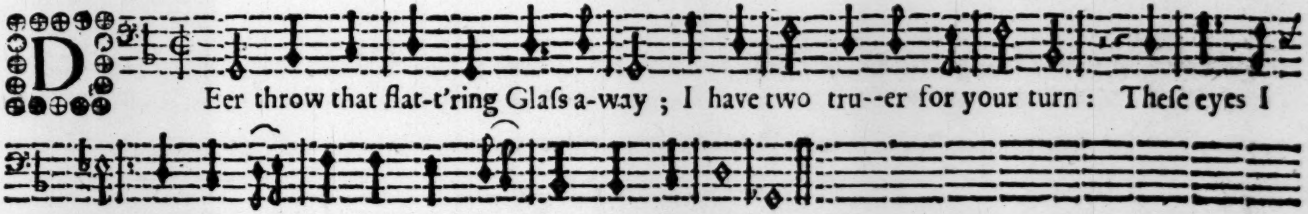


Ah! could you but as plainly there
My Faith as your own Face deſcry,
You'ld gaze your ſelf no otherwhere,
And burn (perhaps) as well as I.



a. 3. *Voc.* Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*

a. 3. *Voc.* Baſſus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*



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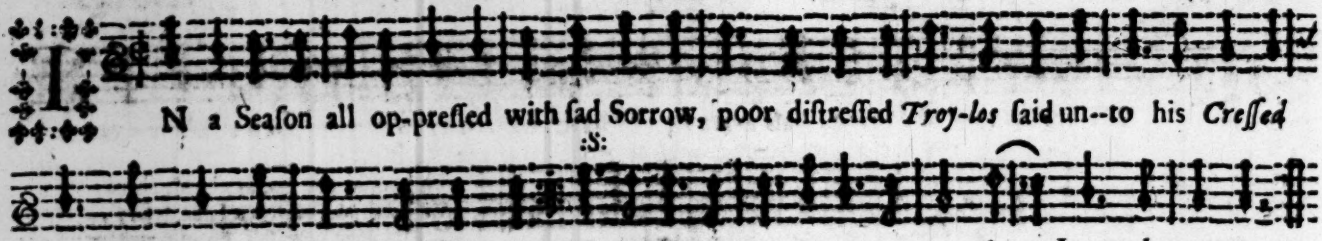
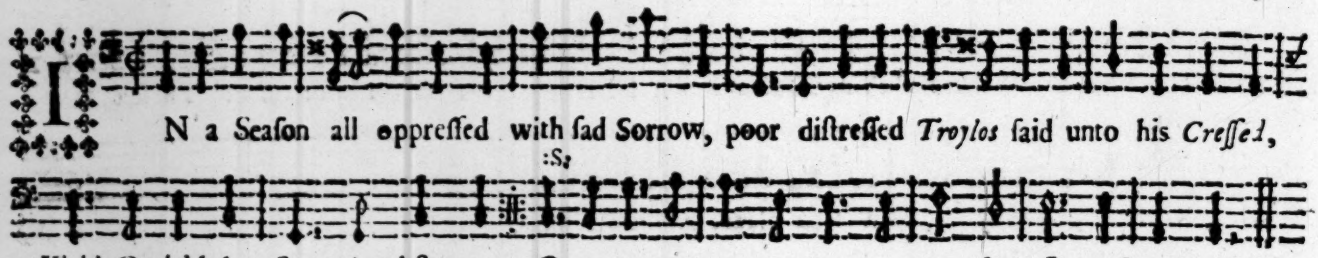
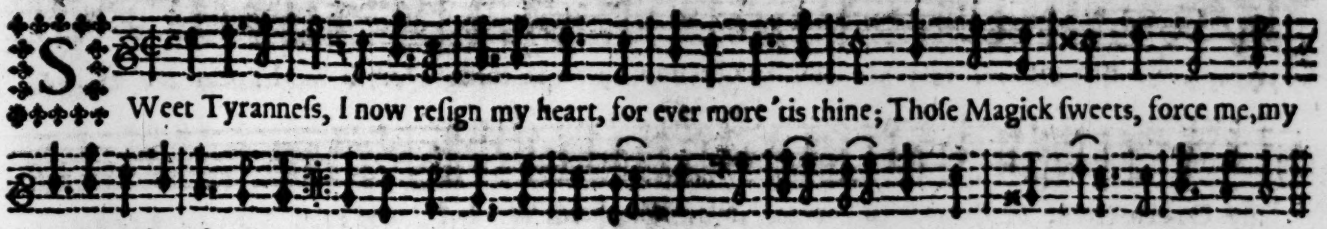


Yield, O yield thee, Sweet! and ſtay not; O no no no no no no no no, ſweet Love, I may not.
IN a Seaſon all op-preſſed with ſad Sorrow, poor diſtreſſed *Troylos* ſaid unto his *Creſſed*,
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Dr. *Wilson.*



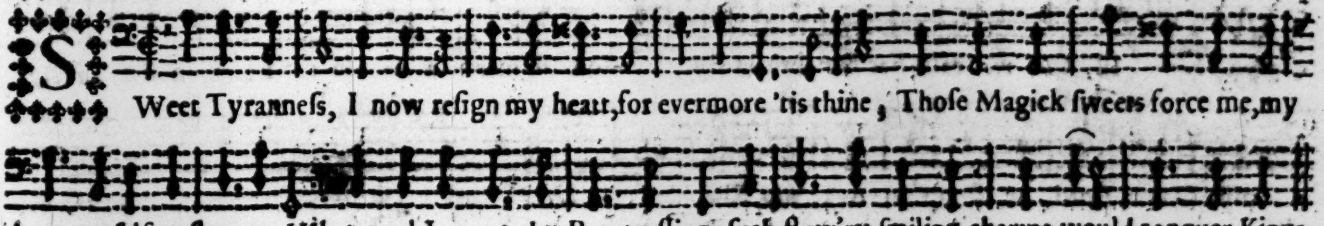


Arts, my ſelf to ſlavery: What need I care? thy Beauty flings ſuch flow'ry ſmiling charms would conquer Kings.
Sweet Tyranneſs, I now reſign my heart, for evermore 'tis thine; Thoſe Magick ſweets force me, my

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. M. Hen. Purſell.

Sweet Tyranneſs, I now reſign my heart, for evermore 'tis thine; Thoſe Magick ſweets force me, my
Arts, my ſelf to ſlavery: What need I care? thy Beauty flings ſuch flow'ry ſmiling charms would conquer Kings.

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. Hen. Purſell.



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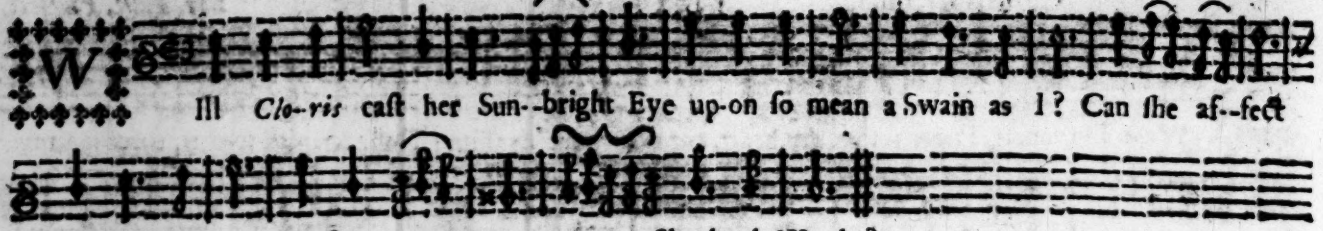
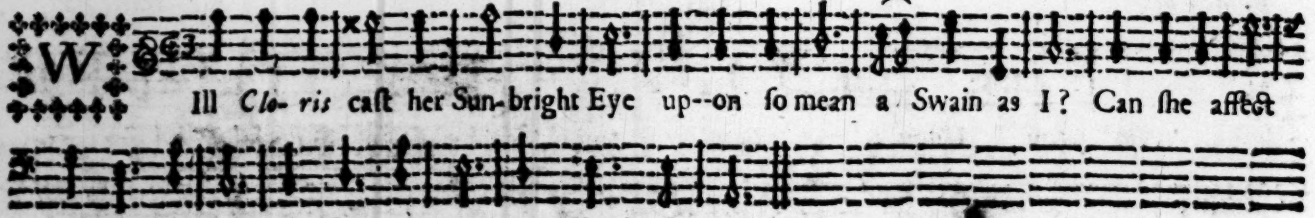
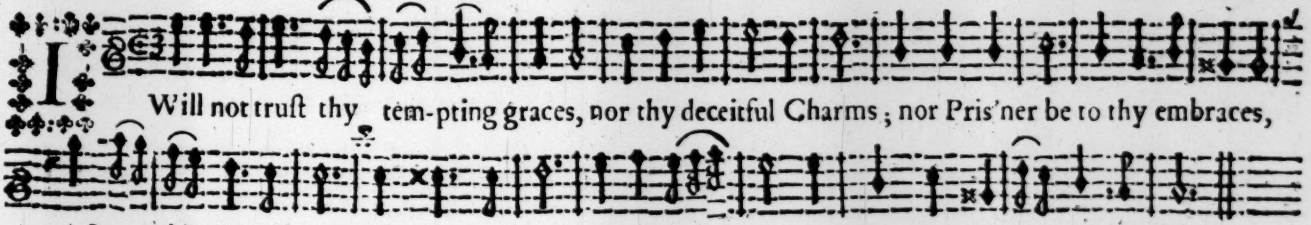


my Oa-ten Reed, or ſtoop to wear my Shepherds Weed?
Ill *Clo--ris* caſt her Sun--bright Eye up--on ſo mean a Swain as I? Can ſhe af--fect

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Jo. Goodgroom.*

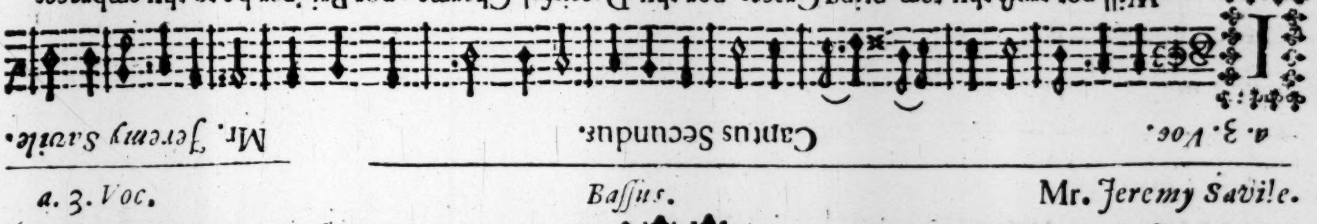
a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. *Jo. Goodgroom.*

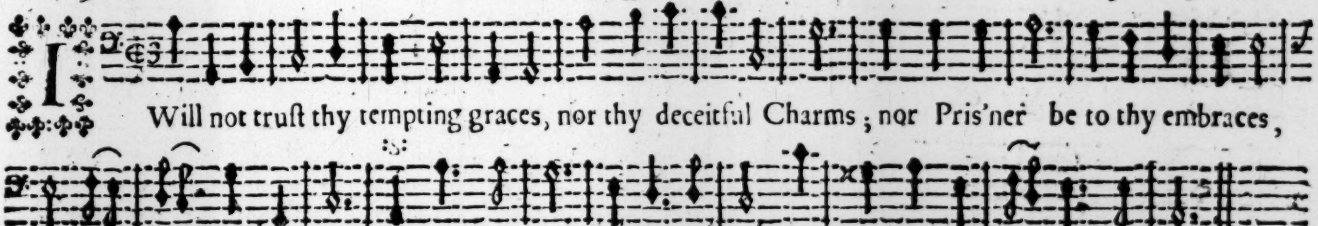




I will not gaze upon thine Eyes,
Nor wanton with thy Hair:
Leſt thoſe ſhould burn me by ſurprize,
Or theſe my ſoul inſnare.
Nor with thoſe ſmiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine:
If thou would'ſt mine ſhould captive be,
Thou muſt thine own reſign.
And Gratitude ſhall thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.





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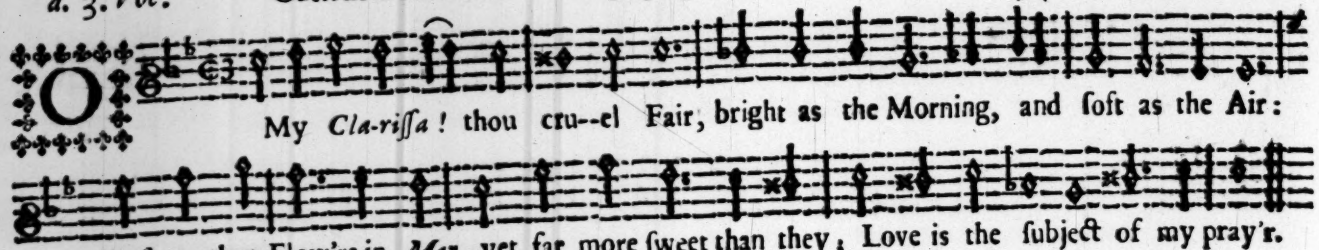
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. *William Lawes.*

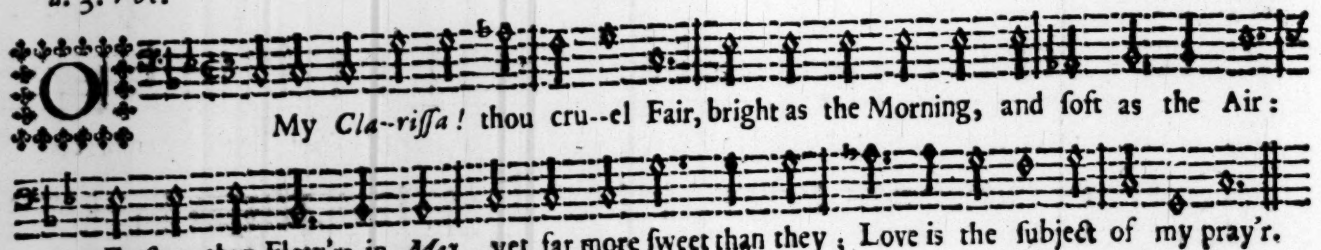


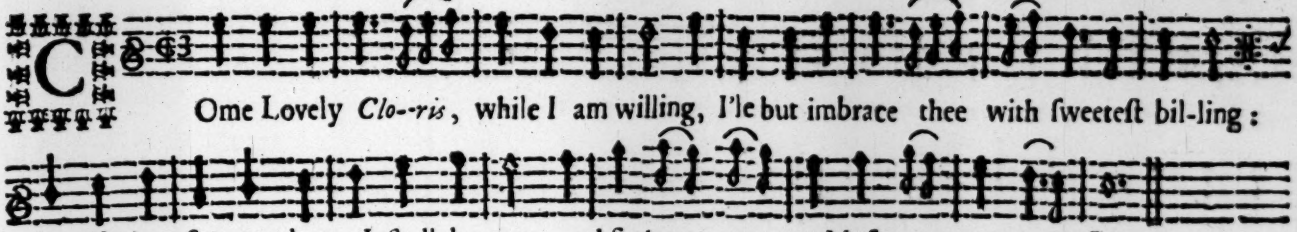
When Firſt I ſaw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like light'ning came;
Sure it was *Cupid*'s Dart,
It pierc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breaſt once feel the ſame!

Then would the God of Love equal bee,
Giving me eaſe as by wounding thee:
Then would you never ſcorn,
When like to me you burn;
At leaſt not prove unkind to me.

Freſher than Flow'rs in *May*, yet far more ſweet than they; Love is the ſubject of my pray'r.
My *Cla-riſſa!* thou cru--el Fair, bright as the Morning, and ſoft as the Air: O
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *William Lawes*

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. *William Lawes.*



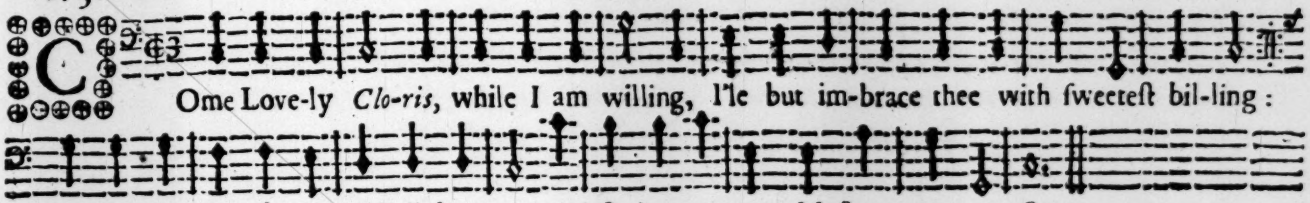


1. Thou shalt return thousands of Kisses,
I'le study how to number Blisses:
For there be many my love would enjoy,
Though *Cloris* neglect me, and prove so coy.

2. Lately on yonder brow I sat piping,
Where *Amarillis* lay by me sighing:
Some times her piteous moan methought did move me,
But I must her disdain, so much I love thee.

3 Oh Fairest, prove then kind, and I will serve thee!
Far more than all the Nimphs I will observe thee:
But if you now refuse, ne're will I wooe thee,
Nor sigh, when thou complain'st I did undoe thee.

Come Lovely Clo--ris, while I am willing, I'le but imbrace thee with sweetest bil-ling:
But if thou stay too long, I shall be gone, and find out a new Muse to crown my Song.



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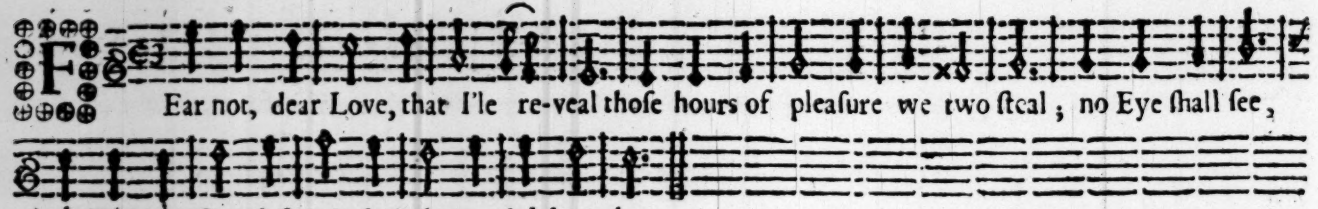
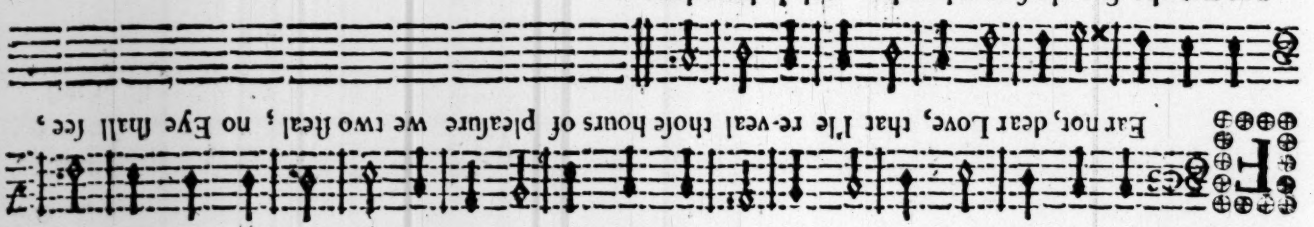
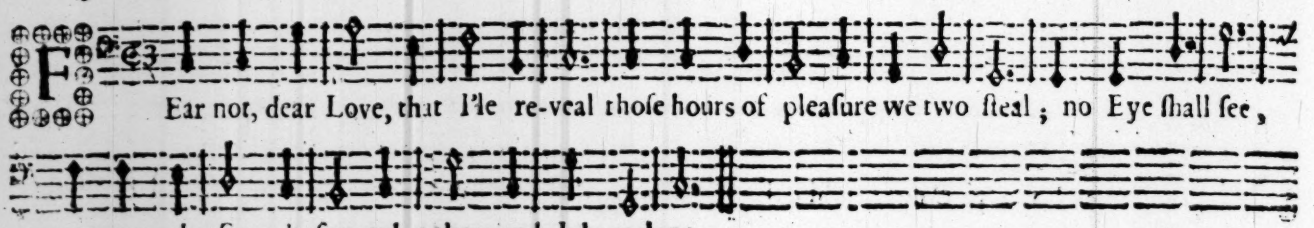


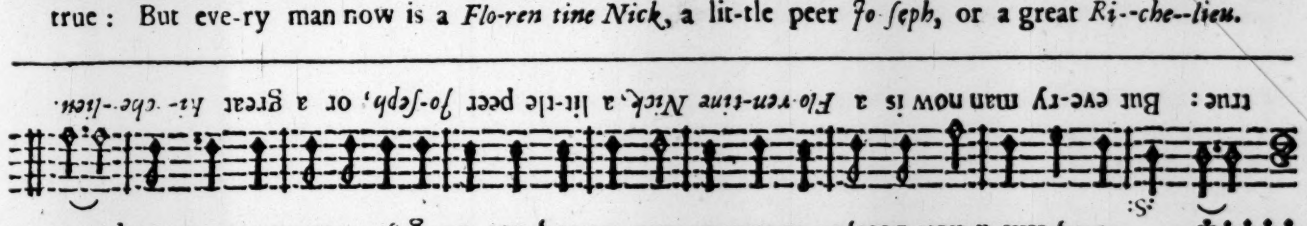
No ear ſhall hear our Love, but we
As ſilent as the night will be,
The God of Love himſelf, (whoſe dart
Did firſt wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know that we can tell,
What ſweets in ſtoln embraces dwell;
This only means may find it out,
If when I die, Phyſicians doubt
What cauſ'd my death; and then to view
Of all their Judgments which was true:
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The World will ſee thy picture there.

nor yet the Sun de-ſcry what thou and I have done.





Till, ſtill a new Plot, or at leaſt an old Trick; we *En-gliſh* were wont to be ſim-ple and
true: But eve-ry man now is a *Flo-ren tine Nick*, a lit-tle peer *Jo ſeph*, or a great *Ri--che--lieu.*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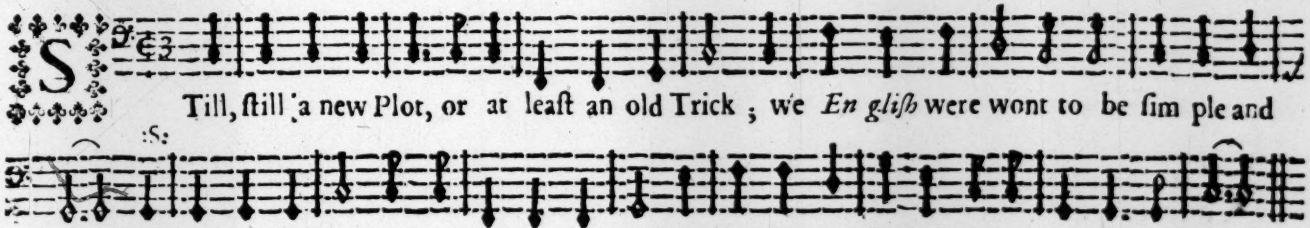
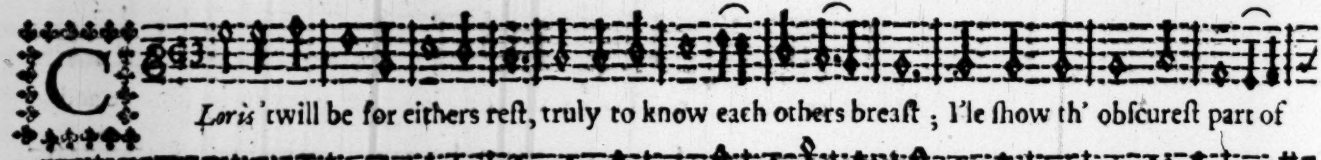
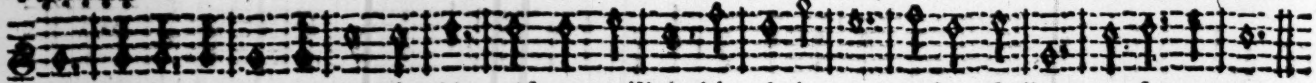

Till, ſtill a new Plot, or at leaſt an old Trick; we *En gliſh* were wont to be ſim ple and
true: But eve-ry man now is a *Flo-ren-tine Nick*, a lit--tle peer *Jo-ſeph* or a great *Ri--che-lieu.*



Loris 'twill be for eithers reſt, truly to know each others breaſt ; I'le ſhow th' obſcureſt part of



mine, as cleerly ' as I would ſee thine. If you will deal but ſo by me, we ſoon ſhall part, or ſoon a-gree.

Know then, though you were twice as fair
(If it could be,) as now you are ;
And though the graces of your mind
With a reſembling luſtre ſhin'd ;
Yet if you Lov'd me not you'd ſee
I'de value thoſe as you do me.

Though I a thouſand times have ſworn
My paſſion ſhould tranſcend your ſcorn :
And that your bright triumphant Eyes
Creates a flame which never dyes.
Yet if to me you prov'd untrue,
Thoſe Oaths ſhould prove as falſe as you.

If I vow'd to pay love for hate,
'Twas cauſe I knew 'twas not my fate :
Or that my flames would deathleſs prove
'Twas for to render ſo your love.
I bragg'd as Cowards uſe to do
At dangers they ne're run into.

mine, as cleerly as I would ſee thine. If you will deal but ſo with me, we ſoon ſhall part, or ſoon a gree.

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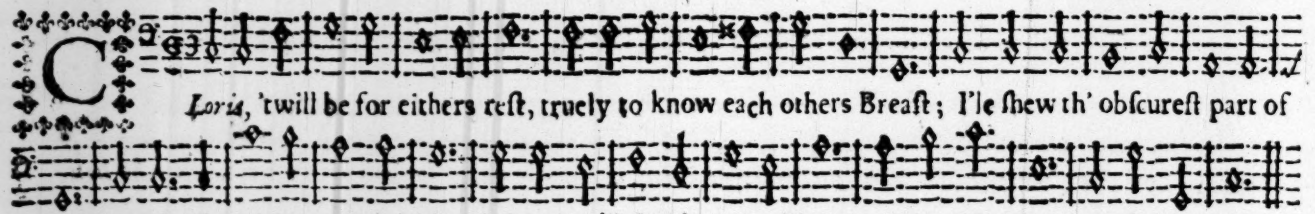
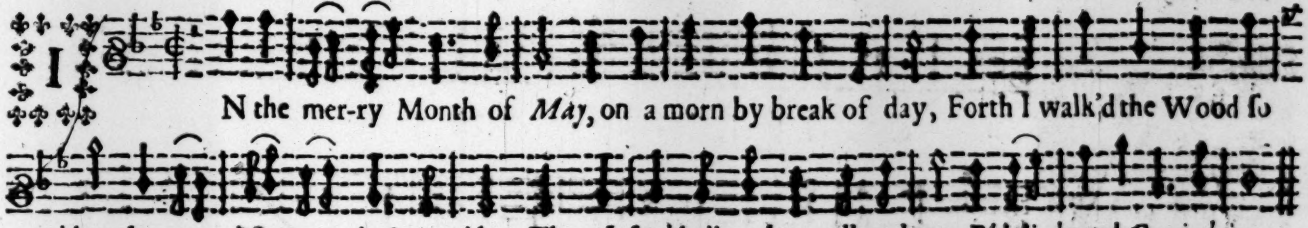
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*



Loris, 'twill be for eithers reſt, truely to know each others Breaſt ; I'le ſhew th' obſcureſt part of

mine, as cleerly as I would ſee thine. If you will deal but ſo with me, we ſoon ſhall part, or ſoon a-gree.

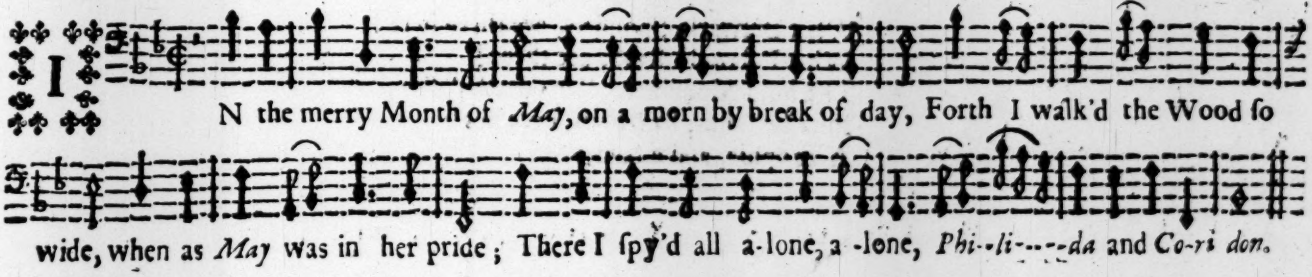


Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love but she could not;
He said his love was to wooe,
She said none was false to you:
He said he had lov'd her long,
She said love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kiss her then,
She said, Maids must kiss no Men,
Till they kiss for good and all:
Then she bad the shepherds call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne're was lov'd so fair a Youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse:
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded

wide, when as May was in her pride; There I spy'd all a-lone, all a-lone, Phi--li--da and Co ri don.
I N the mer--ry Month of May, on a morn by break of day, Forth I walk'd the Wood so
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Dr. John Wilson.



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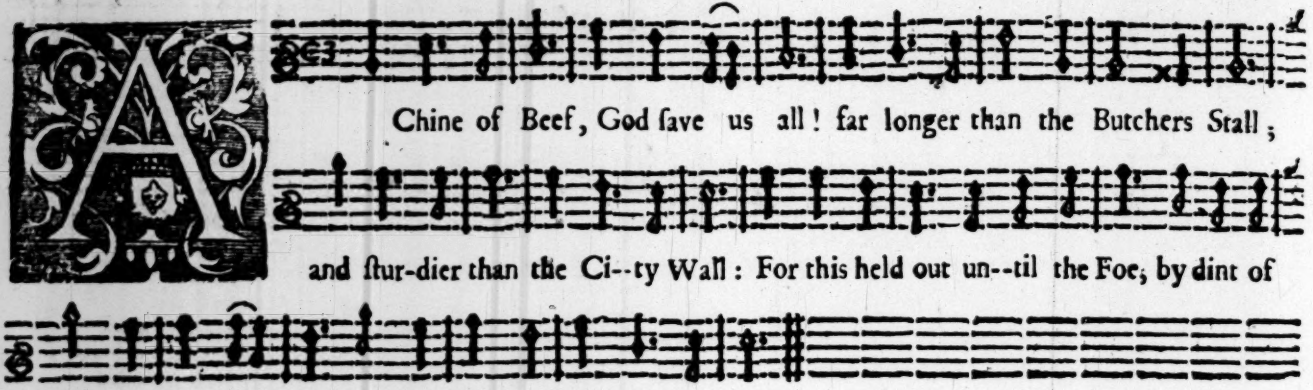

blade, and po--tent blow, fell in pell mell; that did not ſo.

II.

With Stomach ſharper than their Knives
They laid about them for their lives,
Well *Eaſt-cheap*-men beware your Wives:
Inraged weapons ſtorm'd it round,
Each wreaking from a grievous Wound,
That in's own Gravy it ſeems drown'd.

III.

Magnanimous Fleſh that did'ſt not fall
At firſt Aſſault, or ſecond Mall;
But a third time defi'ſt them all!
What ſtrength may Fates Decrees revoke,
It was ordain'd thou ſhould'ſt be broke:
Alaſs! in time, the ſturdy Oak.

IV.

What goodly ruines ſtill appear!
What Bulwark, Spondels, are there here!
What Palazado Ribbs are there!
The bold Monument, ſtern death defies,
Inſcribed thus, to Mirth, here lies
A Trophie, and a Sacrifice.

a. 2. or 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. *Edw. Coleman.*

Chine of Beef, God save us all! far longer than the Butchers Stall;

and stur-dier than the Ci--ty Wall: For this held out un--til the Foe by dint of

blade, and po-tent blow, fell in pell mell; that did not so.

A

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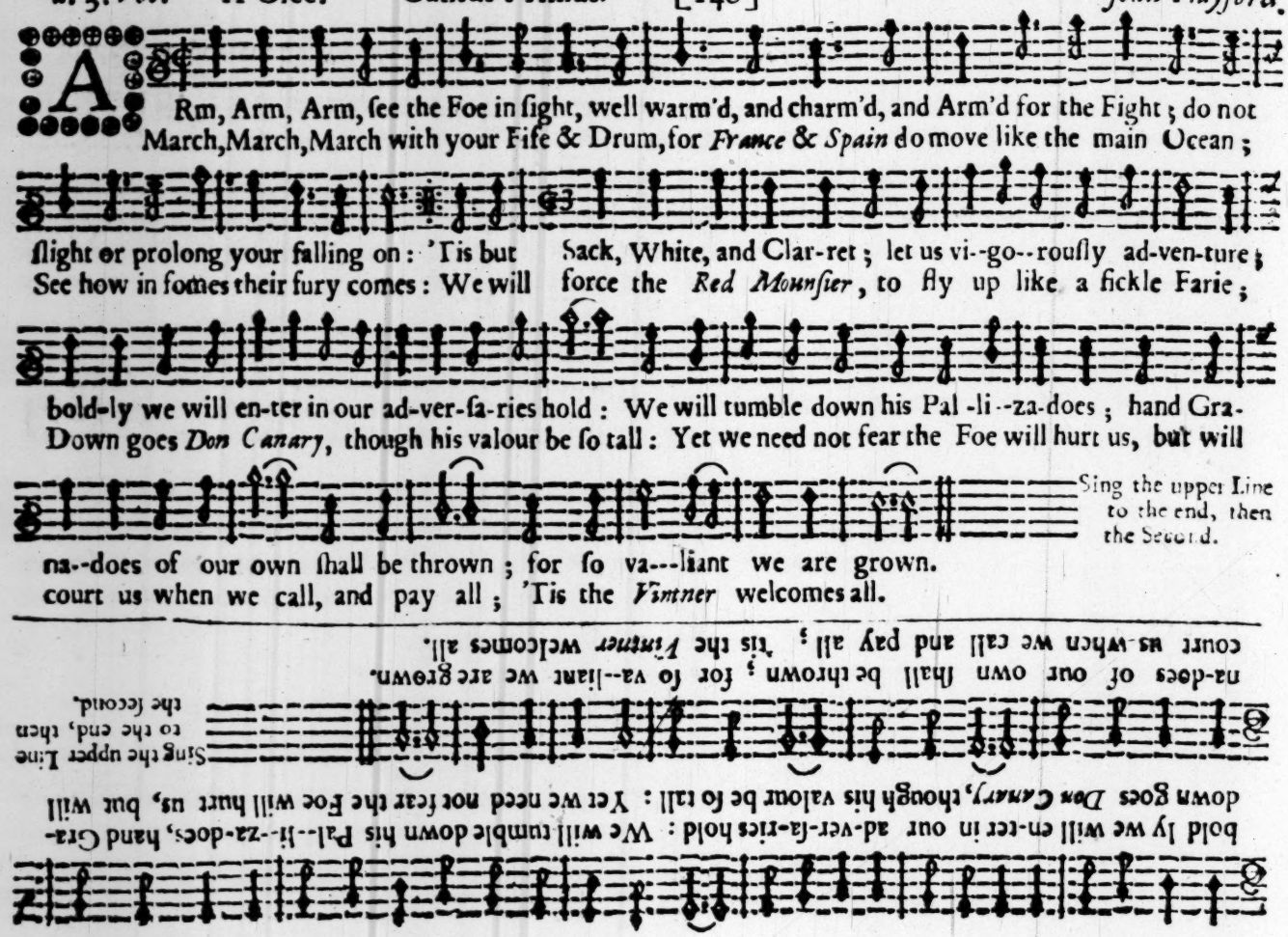
a. 2. or 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

Chine of Beef, God save us all! far longer than the Butchers Stall;

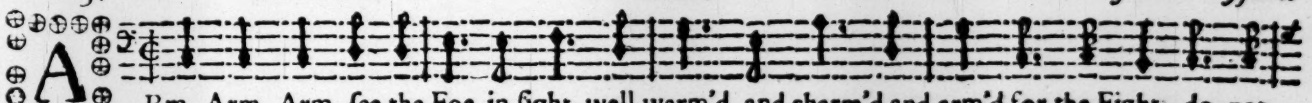
and stur-dier than the Ci--ty Wall: For this held out un--til the Foe by dint of

blade, and po-tent blow, fell in pell mell; that did not so.

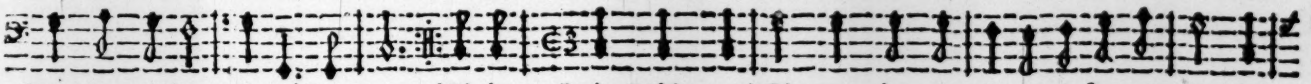


bold ly we will en-ter in our ad-ver-sa-ries hold: We will tumble down his Pal--li--za-does, hand Gra-
down goes *Don Canary*, though his valour be so tall: Yet we need not fear the Foe will hurt us, but will
Sing the upper Line to the end, then the Second.
na-does of our own shall be thrown; for so va--liant we are grown.
court us when we call and pay all; 'tis the *Vintner* welcomes all.

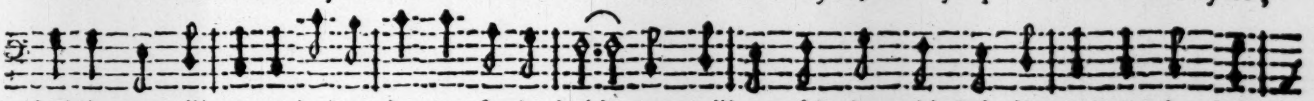
4. 3. Voc. A Glee. Baſſus. *John Playford.*



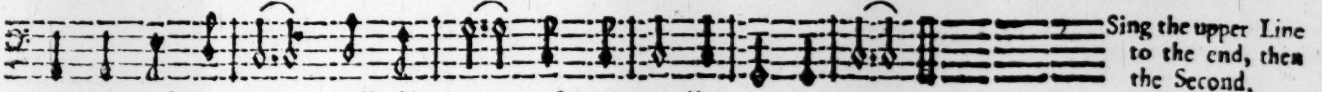
Rm. Arm, Arm, ſee the Foe in ſight, well warm'd and charm'd and arm'd for the Fight; do not
March, March, March with your Fife & Drum, for *France* & *Spain* do move like the main Ocean;



flight or prolong your falling on: 'Tis but Sack, White, and Clarret; let us vi go-rouſly ad-venture;
See how in fomes their fury comes: We will force the *Red Mounſier*, to fly up like a fickle Fayrie;



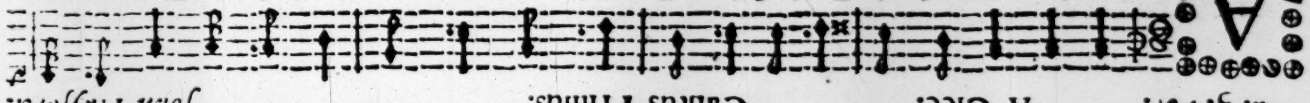
boldly we will en-ter in our ad--ver--ſa-ries hold: We will tum-ble down his Pal--li--za-does, hand Gra-
down goes *Don Canary*, though his valour be ſo tall: Yet we need not fear the Foe will hurt us, but will



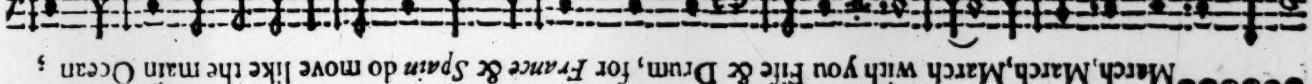
Sing the upper Line to the end, then the Second.

na--does of our own ſhall be thrown; for ſo va-liant we are grown.
court us when we call, and pay all; 'tis the *Vintner* welcomes all.

4. 3. Voc. A Glee. Cantus Primus. *John Playford.*

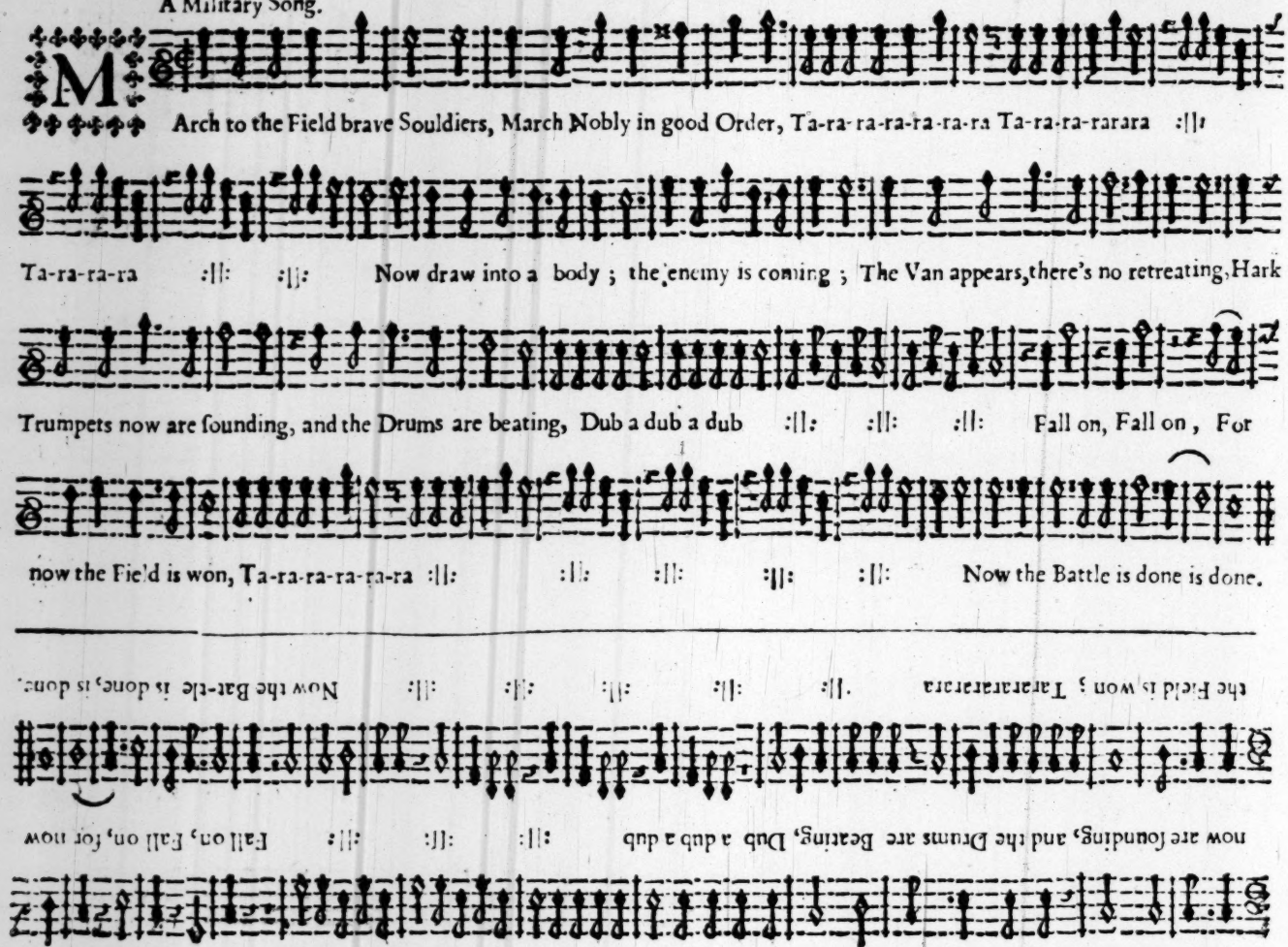


Rm, Arm, Arm, ſee the Foe in ſight well warm'd and charm'd and Arm'd for the Fight; do not
March, March, March with you Fife & Drum, for *France* & *Spain* do move like the main Ocean;



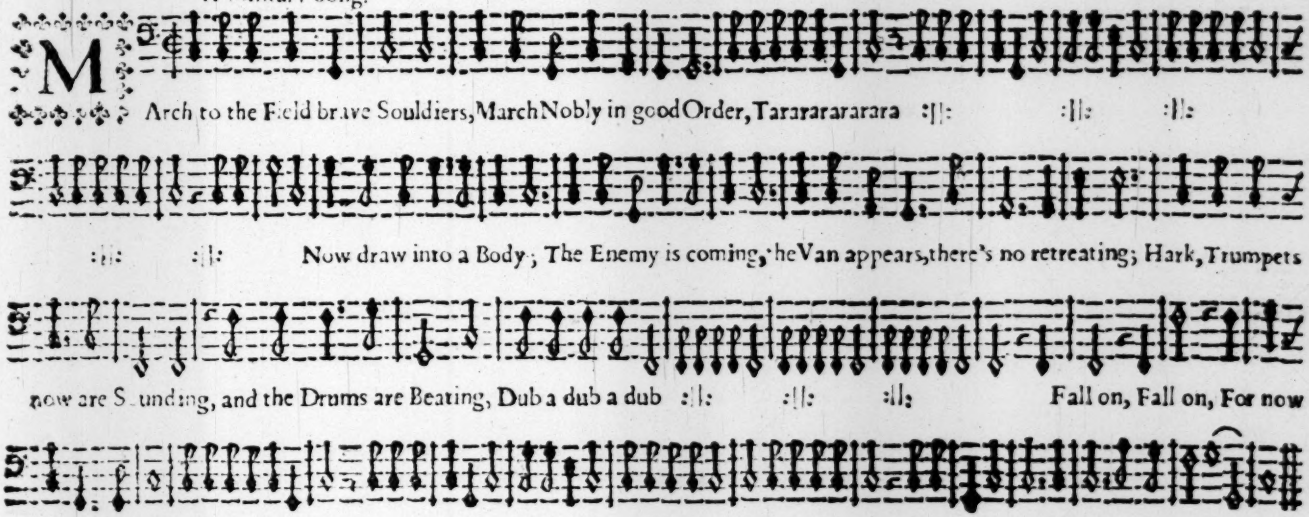
Night or prolong your fal--ling on: 'Tis but Sack, White, and Clar-ret; let us vi--go rouſly ad-venture;
See how in fomes their fury comes: We will force the *Red Mounſier*, to fly up like a fickle Fayrie;

A Military Song.



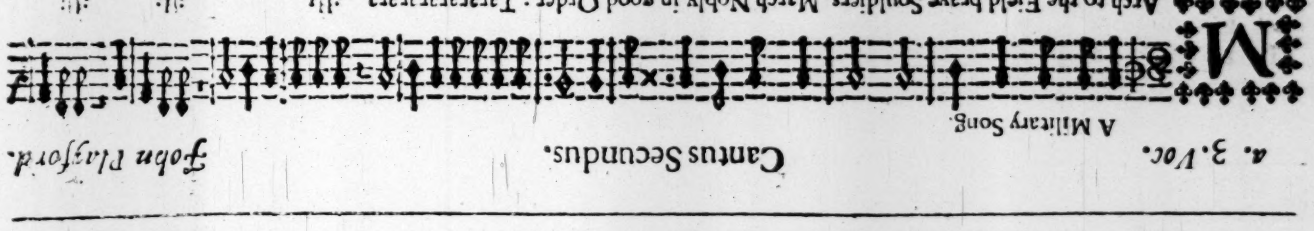
a. 3. Voc. Bassus. *John Playford.*

A Military Song.



a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

A Military Song.



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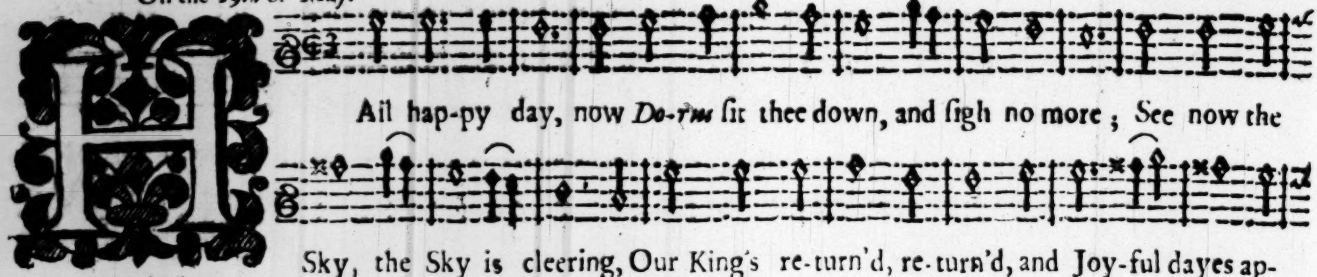
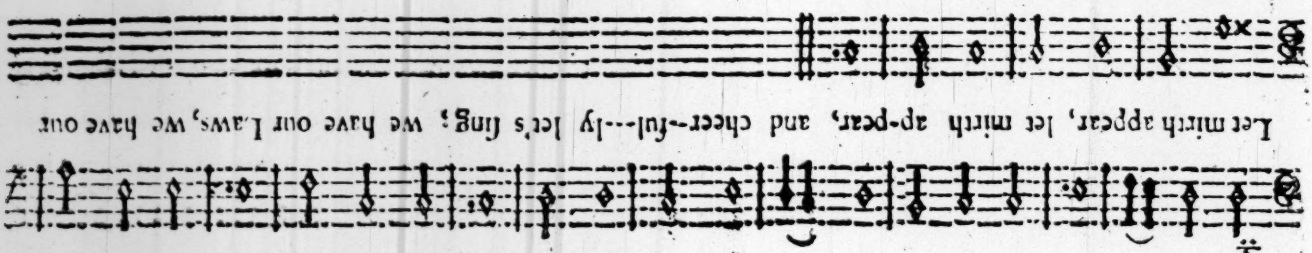
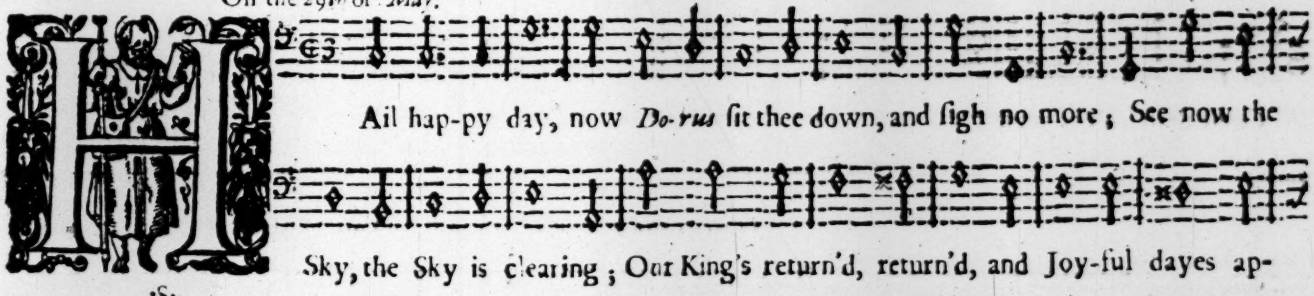
On the 29th of *May*.





a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

On the 29th of *May.*



Let mirth ap-pear, let mirth ap-pear, and cheer-ful--ly let's ſing ; we have our Laws, we have our Laws, our Laws, we have our King.

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. *John Playford.*

On the 29th of *May.*

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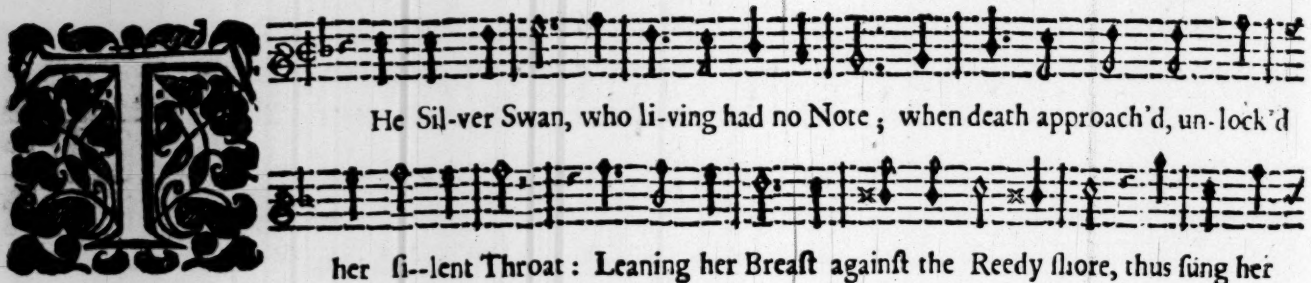
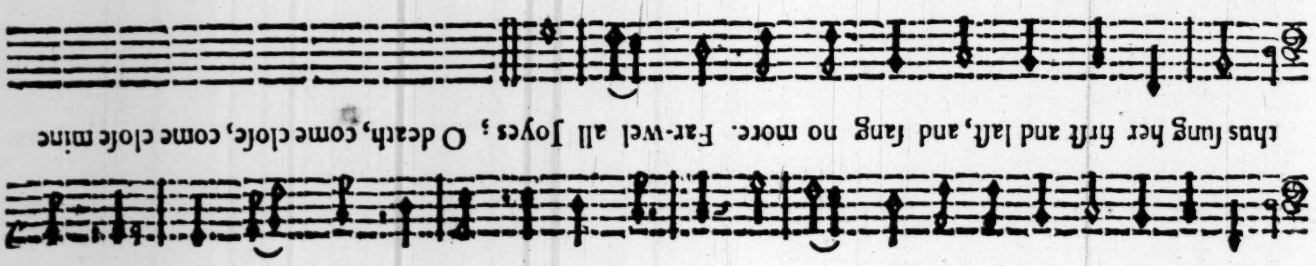
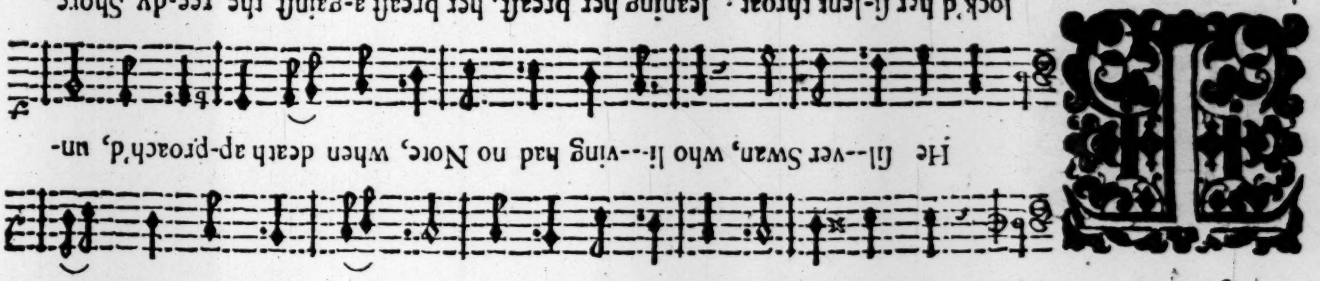
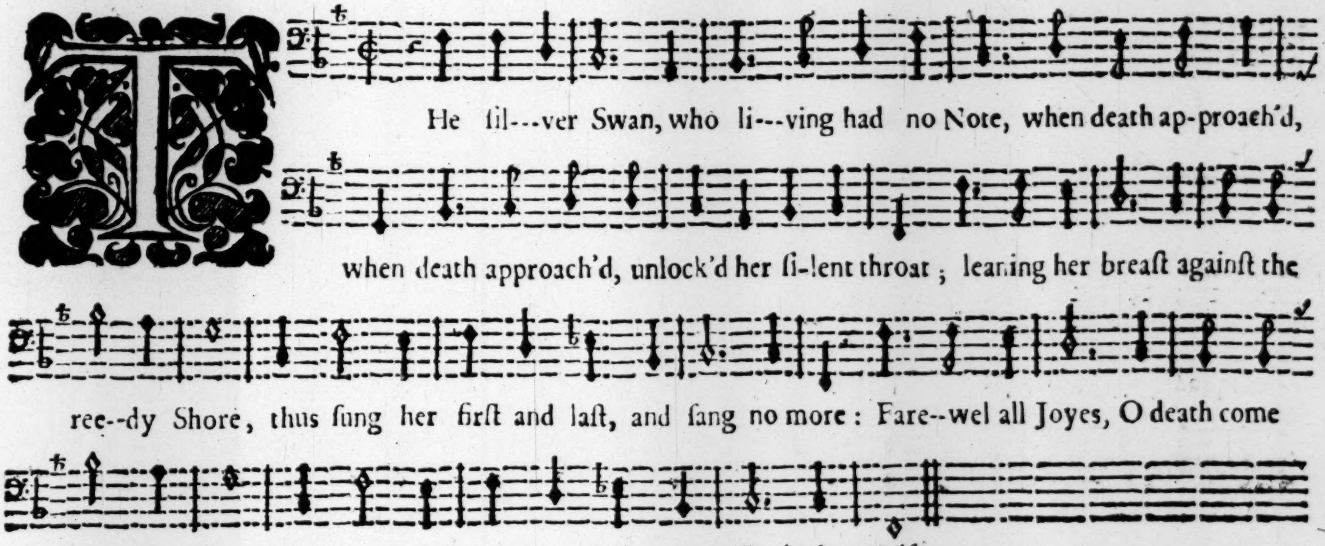

THe Sil-ver Swan, who li-ving had no Note; when death approach'd, un-lock'd
her ſi--lent Throat: Leaning her Breaſt againſt the Reedy ſhore, thus ſung her
firſt and laſt, and ſang no more. Far--wel all Joyes; O death, come cloſe mine eyes! more
Geeſe than Swans now live, more Fools than Wiſe.


thus ſung her firſt and laſt, and ſang no more. Far-wel all Joyes; O death, come cloſe, come cloſe mine
eyes! more Geeſe than Swans now live, more Fools than Wiſe.

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Orlando Gibbons*


He ſil--ver Swan, who li---ving had no Note, when death ap-proach'd, un-
lock'd her ſi-lent throat; leaning her breaſt, her breaſt a-gainſt the ree-dy Shore,

a. 3. *Voc.* Baſſus. Mr. *Orlando Gibbons.*


He ſil---ver Swan, who li---ving had no Note, when death ap-proach'd,
when death approach'd, unlock'd her ſi-lent throat; leaning her breaſt againſt the
ree--dy Shore, thus ſung her firſt and laſt, and ſang no more: Fare--wel all Joyes, O death come
cloſe mine eyes, more Geeſe than Swans now live, more Fools than Wiſe.

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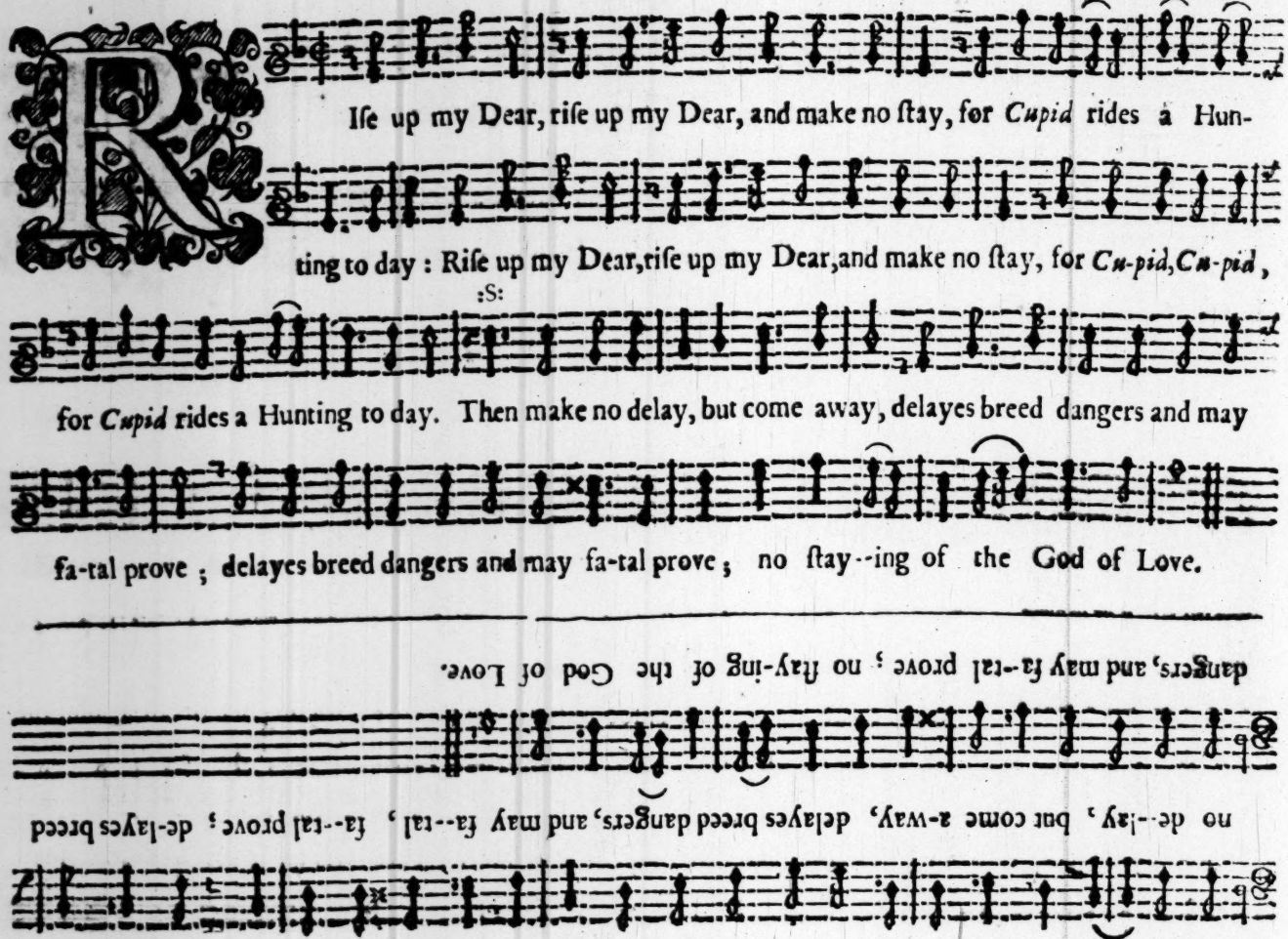
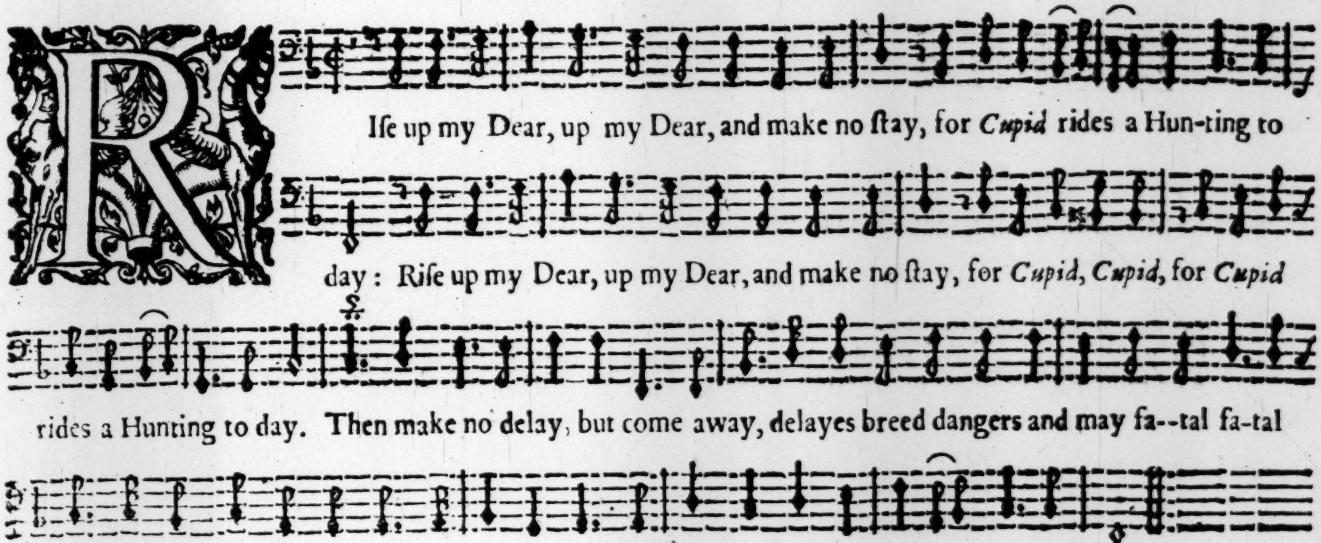

Rise up my Dear, rise up my Dear, and make no stay, for Cupid rides a Hunting to day : Rise up my Dear, rise up my Dear, and make no stay, for Cu-pid, Cu-pid, for Cupid rides a Hunting to day. Then make no delay, but come away, delayes breed dangers and may fa-tal prove ; delayes breed dangers and may fa-tal prove ; no stay--ing of the God of Love.

a. 3. Voc. Bassus. *John Playford.*



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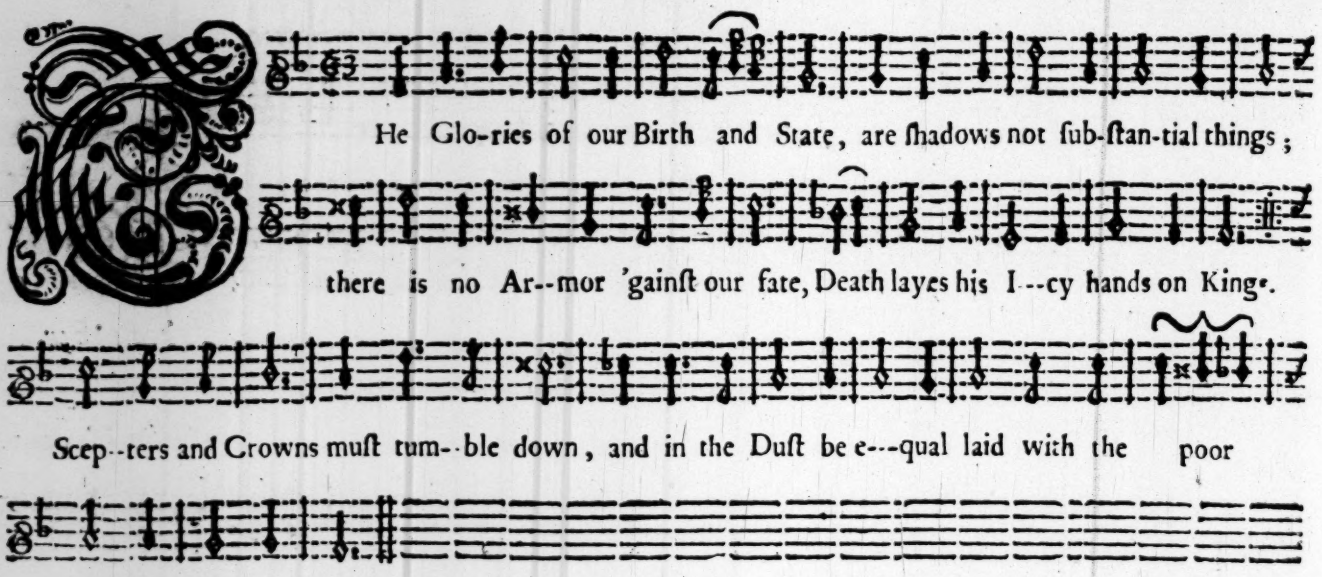
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

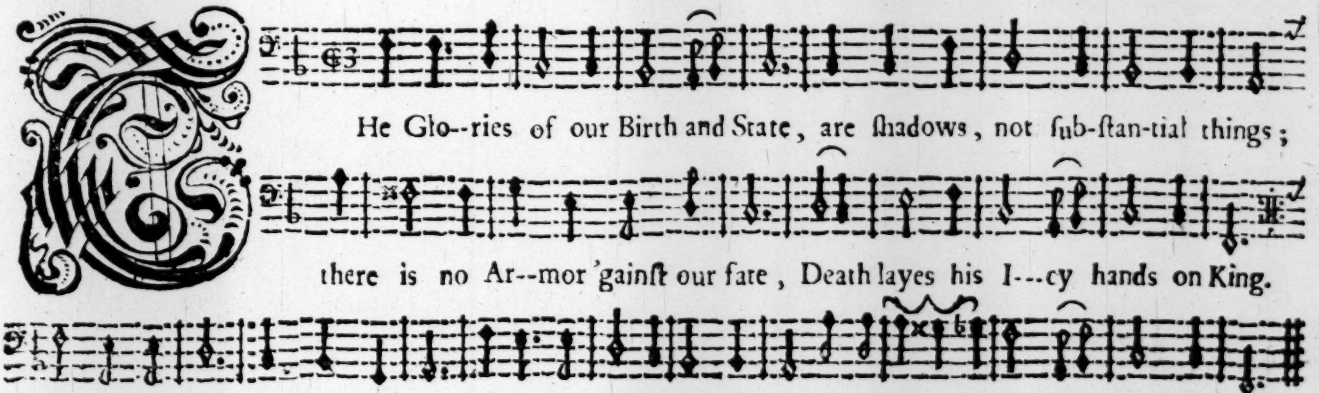
Rise up my Dear, and make no stay, for Cupid rides a Hunting to day: Rise up my
Dear, and make no stay, for Cupid, Cupid, Cupid rides a Hunting to day. Then make



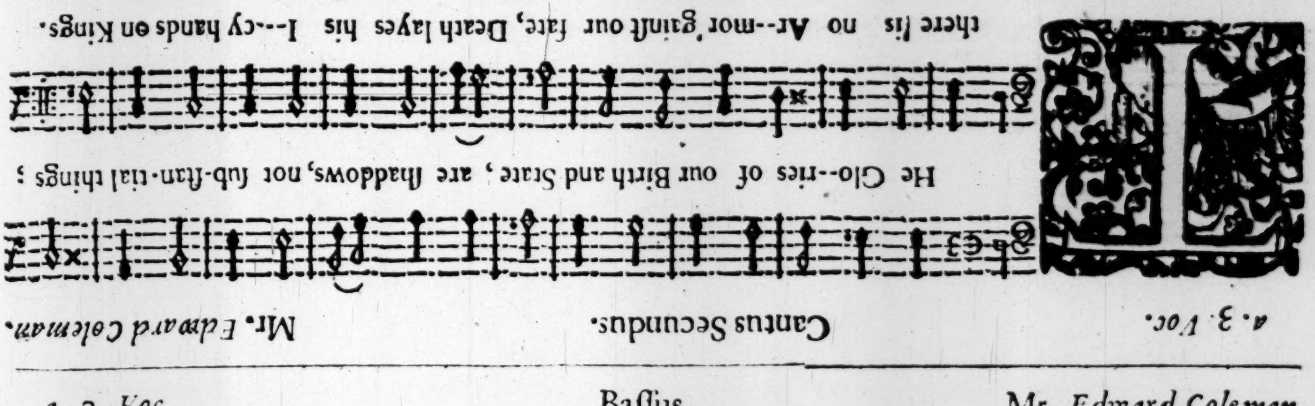
Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
And Plant freſh Lawrels where they kill'd:
But their ſtrong Nerves at laſt muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill.
Early, or late, they bend to fate,
And muſt give up their murmering Breath,
While the pale Captive creeps to Death.

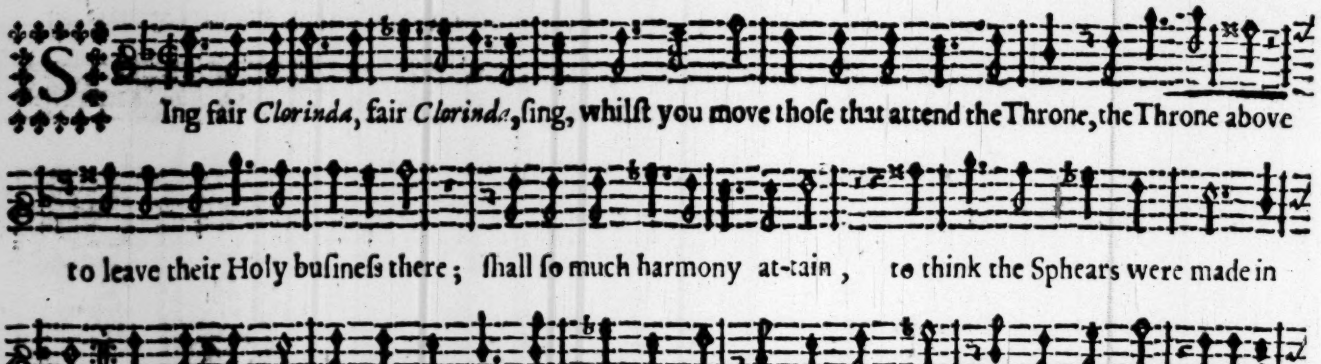
The Garland withers on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty Deeds:
Upon Death's Purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.
All Heads muſt come to the cold Tomb,
Only the Actions of the Juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in their Duſt.

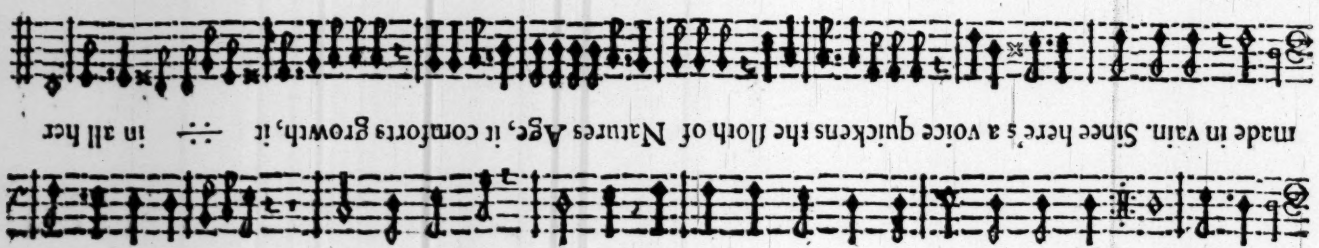
a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. *Edward Coleman.*



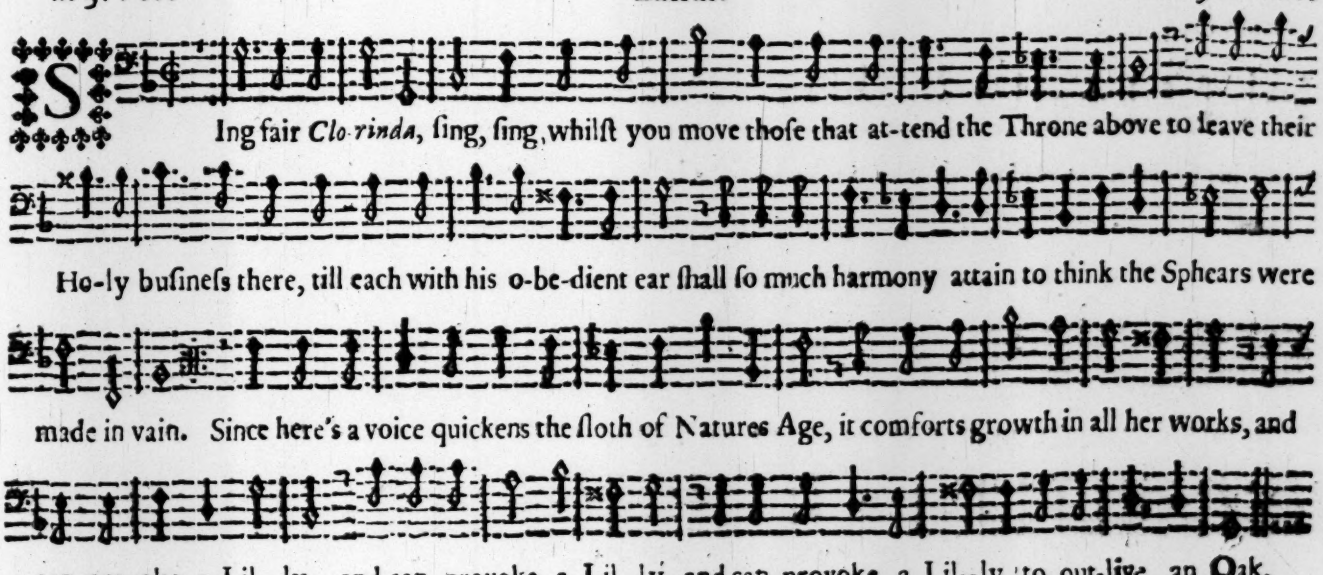
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Edward Coleman.*




Sing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda*, ſing, whilſt you move thoſe that attend the Throne, the Throne above
to leave their Holy buſineſs there; ſhall ſo much harmony at-tain, to think the Sphears were made in
vain. Since here's a voice quickens the ſloth of Natures Age, it comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her
works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oak, and can ÷ can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oak.


works, and can provoke a Lilly, and can ÷ and can ÷ can ÷ and can ÷ to out-live an Oak.
made in vain. Since here's a voice quickens the ſloth of Natures Age, it comforts growth, it ÷ in all her

a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



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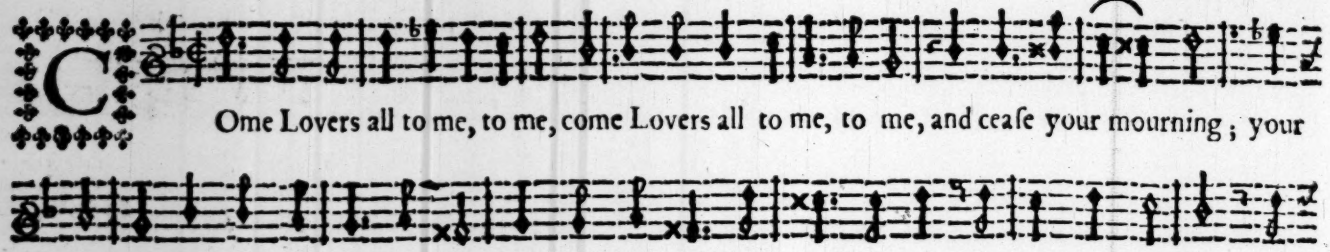
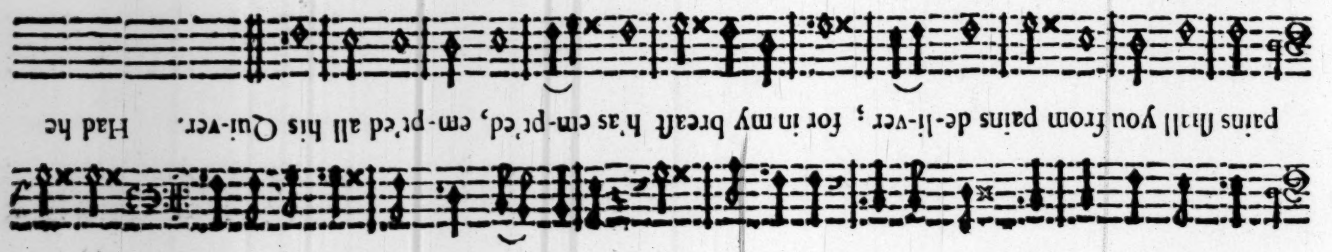
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Henry Lawes*

Sing fair *Clo--rin-da*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the Throne above to leave their

Ho-ly busines there, till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain, to think the Sphears were



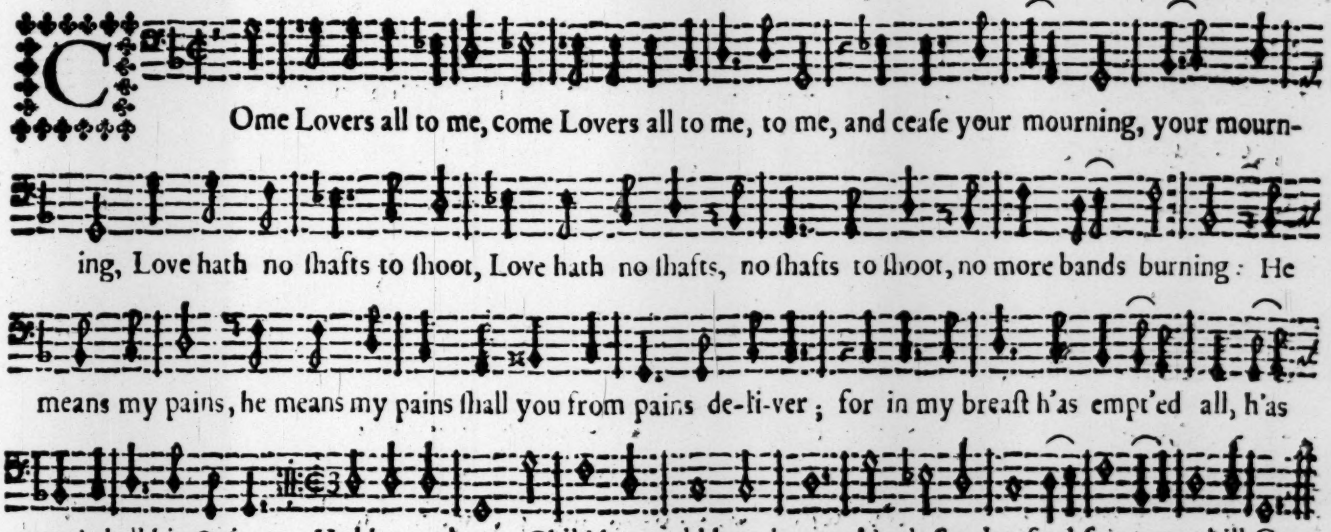
COme Lovers all to me, to me, come Lovers all to me, to me, and ceaſe your mourning; your mourning, Love hath no ſhafts to ſhoot, Love hath no ſhafts, no ſhafts to ſhoot, no more bands burning: He means my pains, he means my pains ſhall you from pains deliver; for in my breaſt h'as empt'ed all, h'as empt'ed all his Quiver. Had he not been a Child, he would have known h'as loſt a Thouſand Servants to kill One.



a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

Come Lovers all to me, come Lovers all to me, to me, and ceaſe your mourning, your mourning, Love hath no ſhafts to ſhoot, no ſhafts to ſhoot, no more bands burning: He means my pains, my pains ſhall you from pains.

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. *John Playford.*



Come Lovers all to me, come Lovers all to me, to me, and ceaſe your mourning, your mourning, Love hath no ſhafts to ſhoot, Love hath no ſhafts, no ſhafts to ſhoot, no more bands burning: He means my pains, he means my pains ſhall you from pains de-li-ver; for in my breaſt h'as empt'ed all, h'as empt'ed all his Quiver. Had he not been a Child he would have known h'as loſt a thouſand ſervants to kill One.

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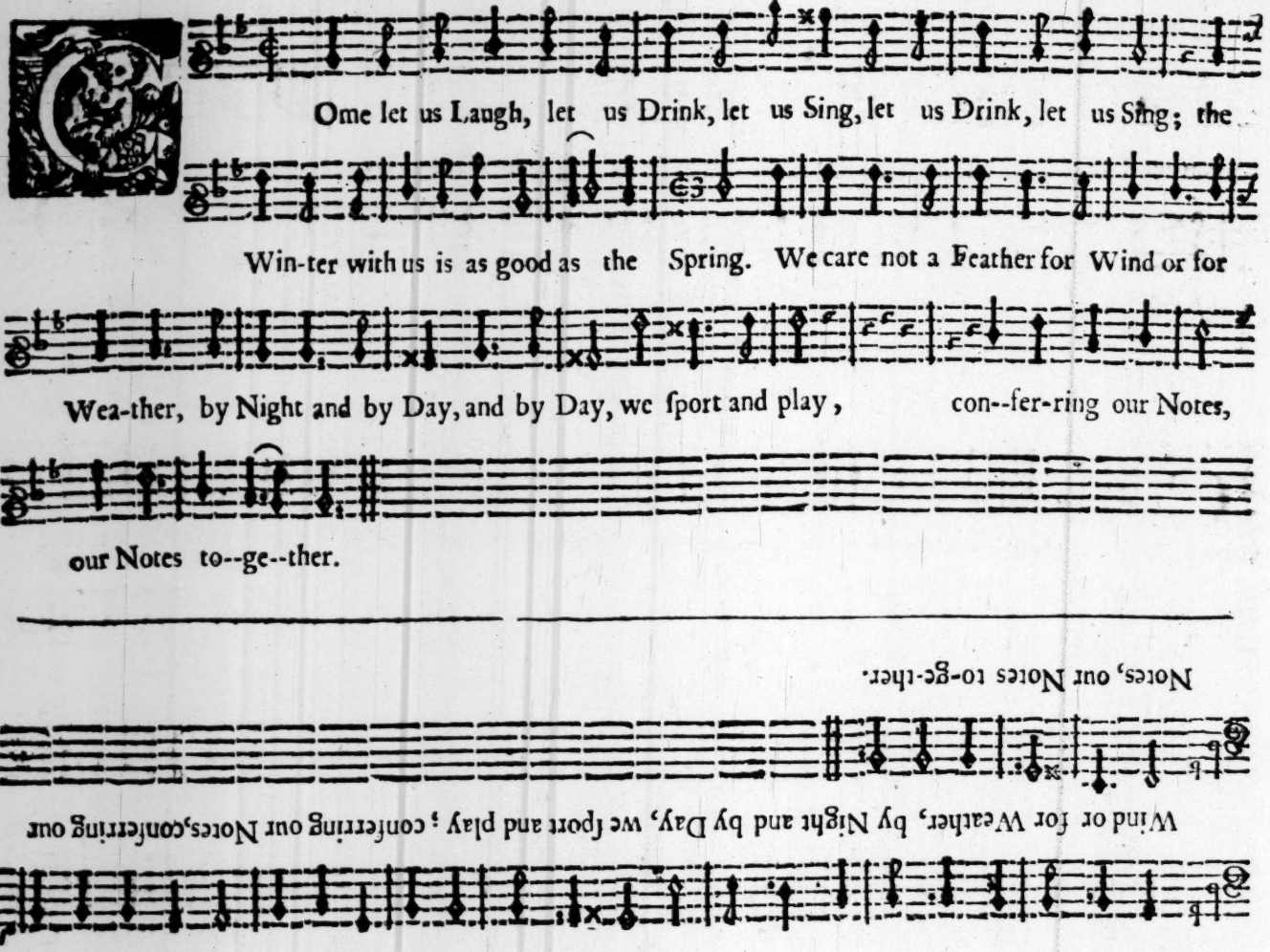
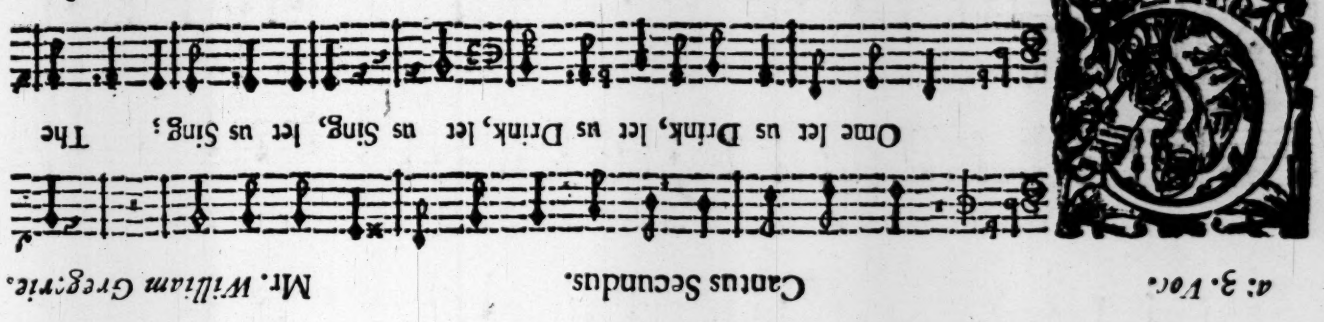

Come let us Laugh, let us Drink, let us Sing, let us Drink, let us Sing; the
Win-ter with us is as good as the Spring. We care not a Feather for Wind or for
Wea-ther, by Night and by Day, and by Day, we ſport and play, con--fer-ring our Notes,
our Notes to--ge--ther.



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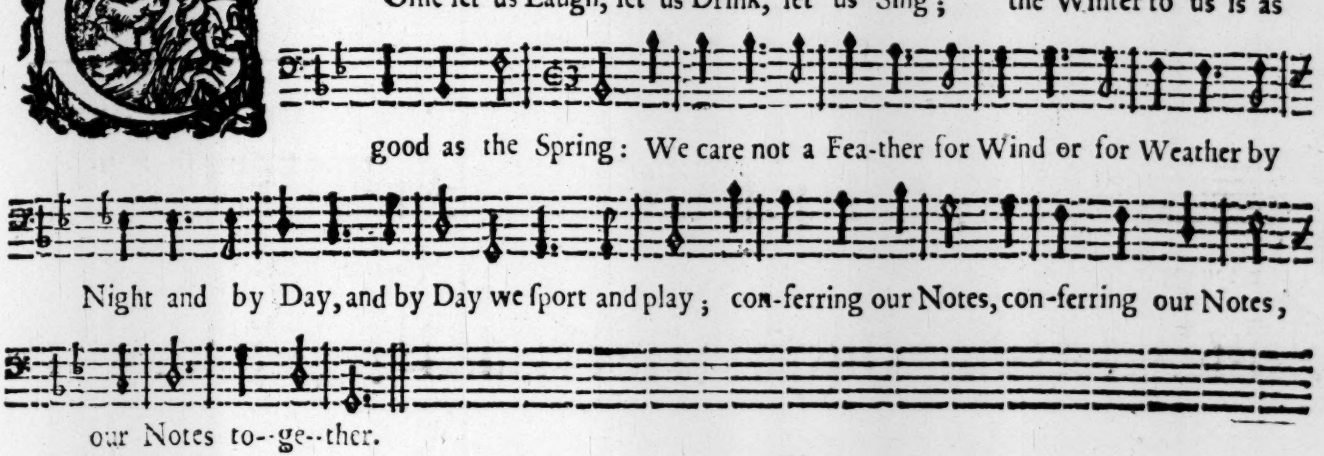
a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. *William Gregorie.*



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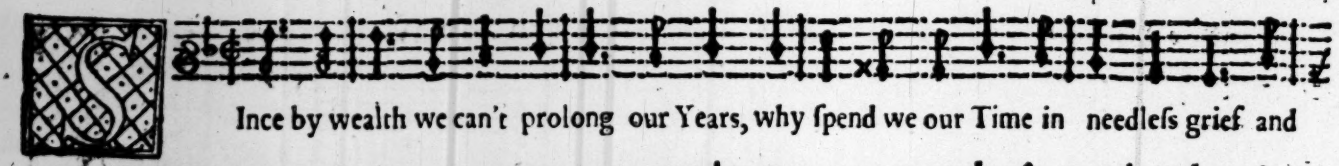
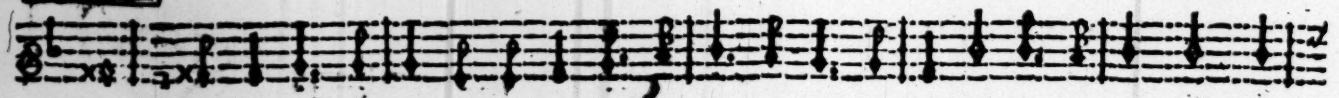
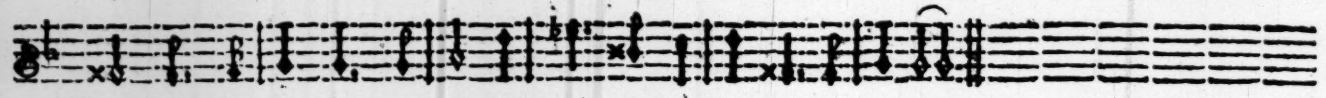
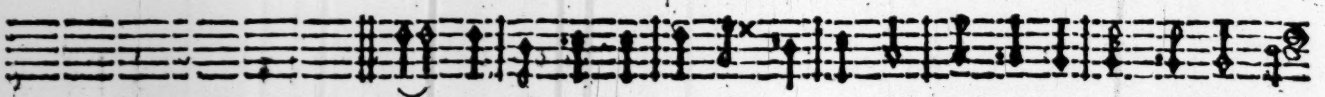
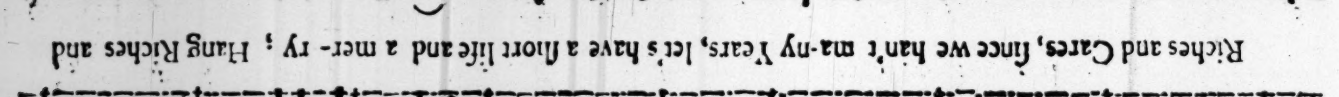

Since by wealth we can't prolong our Years, why spend we our Time in needless grief and


fears? For since De-sti-ny has de--creed us to dye, and all must pass o--ver the Fer-ry: Hang

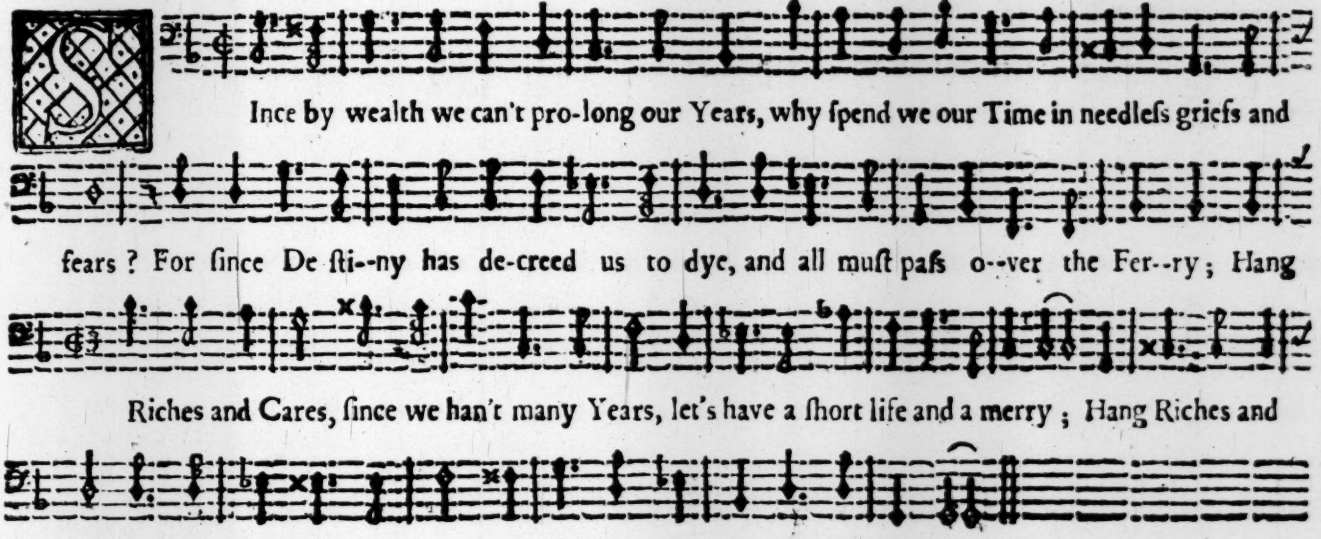
Riches and Cares, since we han't many Years, let's have a short life and a mer--ry; Hang Riches and


Cares, since we han't ma-ny Years, let's have a short Life and a mer--ry.


Cares, since we han't ma-ny Years, let's have a short life and a mer- ry.


Riches and Cares, since we han't ma-ny Years, let's have a short life and a mer- ry; Hang Riches and

a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. *Matthew Locke.*



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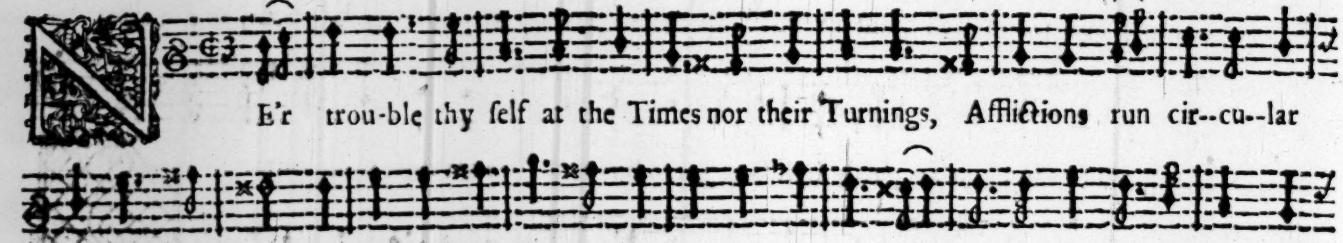
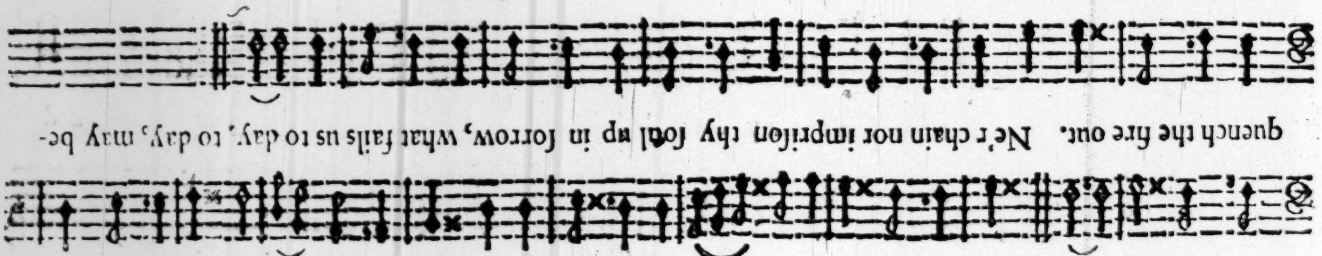
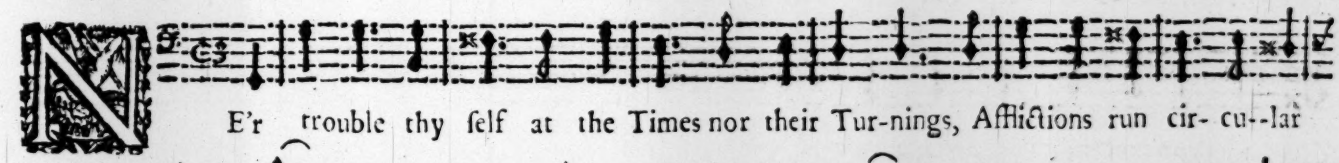
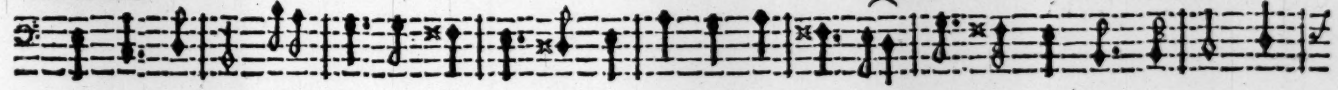
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. Matthew Locke.
Since by wealth we can't prolong our Years, why spend we our Time in needless Grief and
fears? For since De--sti--ny has decreed us to dye, and all must pass o--ver the Fer--ry; Hang

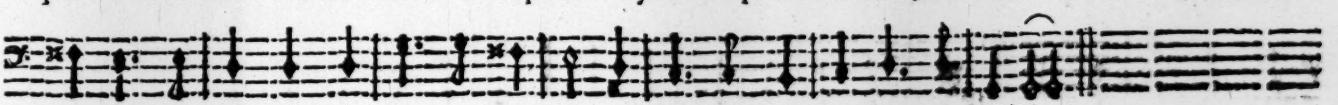

Ne'r trou-ble thy ſelf at the Times nor their Turnings, Afflictions run cir--cu--lar
and wheel a--bout: A-way with thy Mur-mur-ing, and thy heart bur-ning, with the juice of the Grape we'll
quench the fire out. Ne'r chain nor im-priſon thy ſoul up in ſorrow, what fails us to day, to day, may be-
friend us to mor-row; what fails us to day, may befriend us to mor--row.


friend us to morrow; what fails us to day, may befriend us, befriend us to morrow.
quench the fire out. Ne'r chain nor imprifon thy foul up in forrow, what fails us to day, to day, may be-

a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. Matthew Locke.





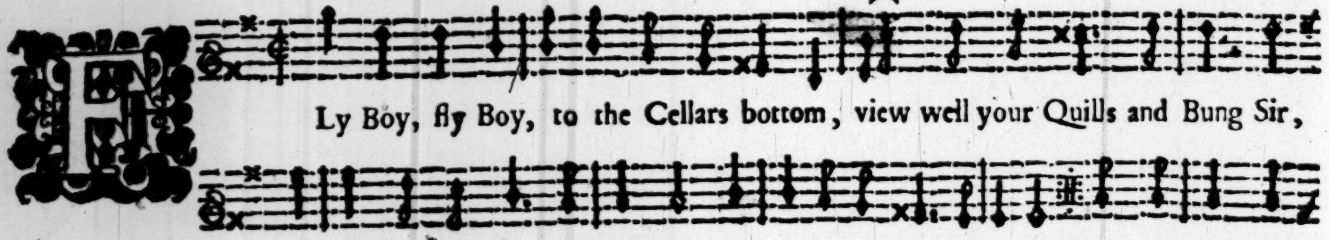


P2490

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. Matthew Locke.

E'r trou-ble thy ſelf at the Times nor their Turnings, affliti-ons run cir--cu--lar

and wheel 2-bout : Away with thy Murmuring, and thy heart bur-ning, with the juice of the Grape we'll



FLy Boy, fly Boy, to the Cellars bottom, view well your Quills and Bung Sir,

Draw Wine to preſerve the Lungs, Sir; not raſcally Wine to rot um. If the Quil run

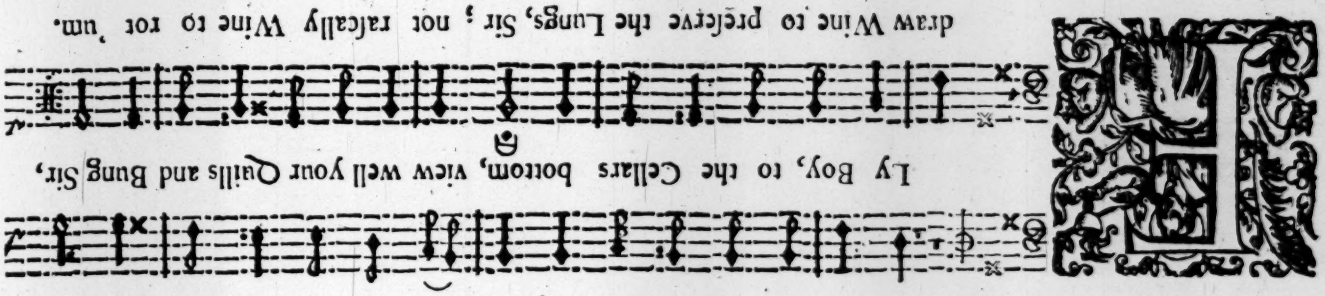
foul, be a tru--ſty Soul, and Cane it; for the Health is ſuch, an ill drop will much, an

ill drop will much pro--fane it.

If the Quill run foul, be a tru--fty Soul, and Cane it; for the Health is ſuch, an ill drop will

much, an ill drop will much pro--fane it.

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. Simon Ives



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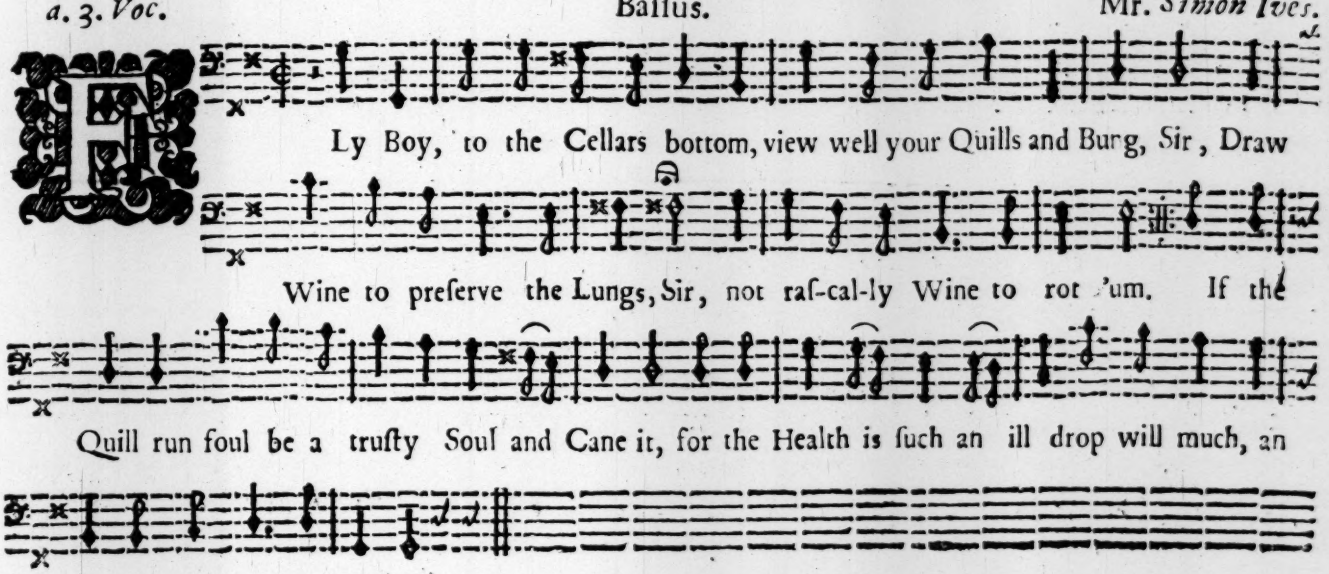
a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. Simon Ives.



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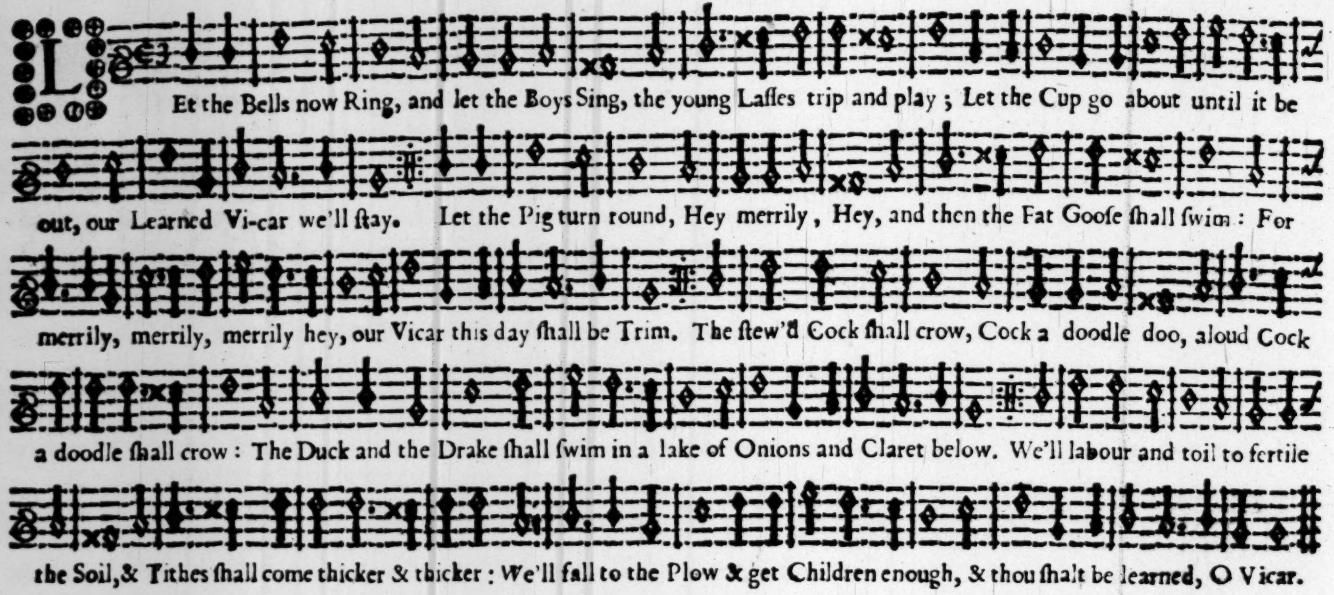
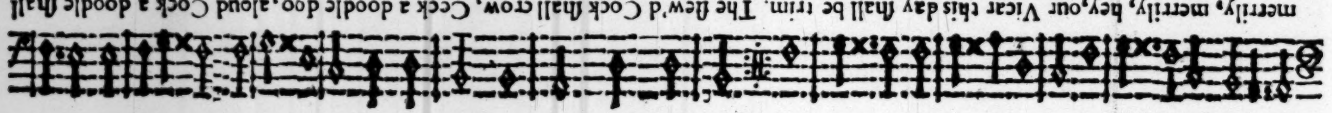
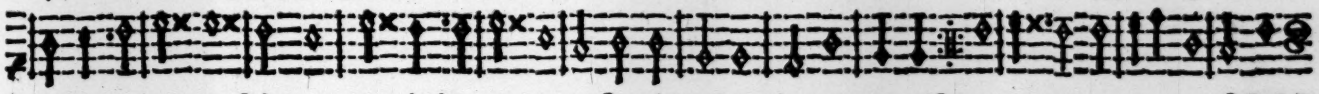
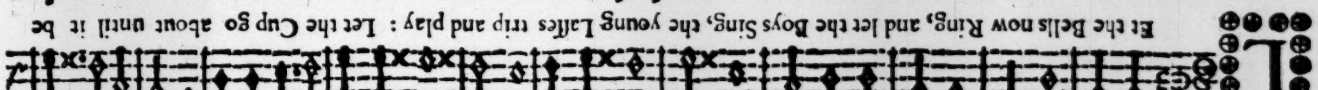

Let the Bells now Ring, and let the Boys Sing, the young Lasses trip and play; Let the Cup go about until it be
out, our Learned Vi-car we'll stay. Let the Pig turn round, Hey merrily, Hey, and then the Fat Goose shall swim: For
merrily, merrily, merrily hey, our Vicar this day shall be Trim. The stew'd Cock shall crow, Cock a doodle doo, aloud Cock
a doodle shall crow: The Duck and the Drake shall swim in a lake of Onions and Claret below. We'll labour and toil to fertile
the Soil, & Tithes shall come thicker & thicker: We'll fall to the Plow & get Children enough, & thou shalt be learned, O Vicar.


merrily, merrily, hey, our Vicar this day shall be trim. The stew'd Cock shall crow, Cock a doodle doo, aloud Cock a doodle shall
crow: The Duck and the Drake shall swim in a Lake of Onions and Claret below. We'll labour and toil to fertile the Soil
and Tithes shall come thicker and thicker: We'll fall to the Plow, and get Children enough, and thou shalt be Learned, O Vicar.



out, our Learned Vicar we'll ſtay. Let the Pig turn round, Hey merrily, hey, and then the fat Gooſe ſhall ſwim: For mer-ri-ly



Et the Bells now Ring, and let the Boys Sing, the young Laſſes trip and play: Let the Cup go about until it be

a. 3. *Voc.* Cantus Secundus. *A Glee to the Jolly Vicar.* Dr. *Rogers.*

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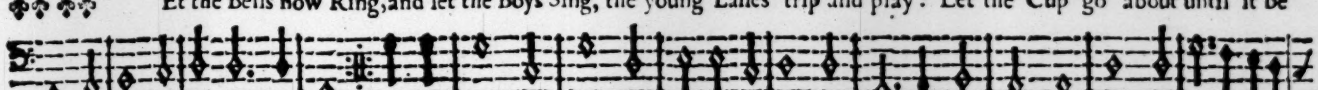
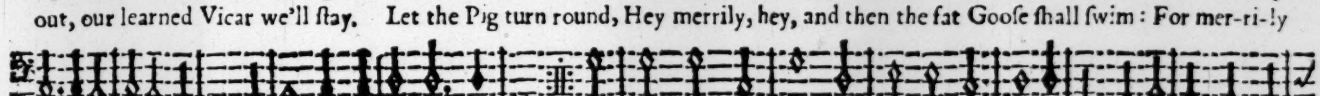
a. 3. *Voc.* Baſſus. *A Glee to the Jolly Vicar.* Dr. *Rogers.*

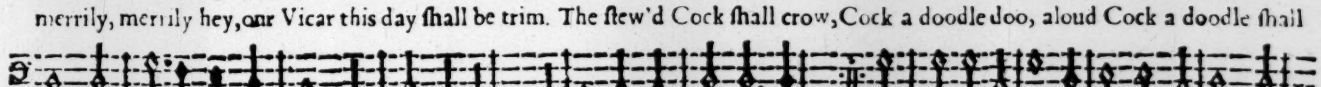
Et the Bells now Ring, and let the Boys Sing, the young Laſſes trip and play: Let the Cup go about until it be



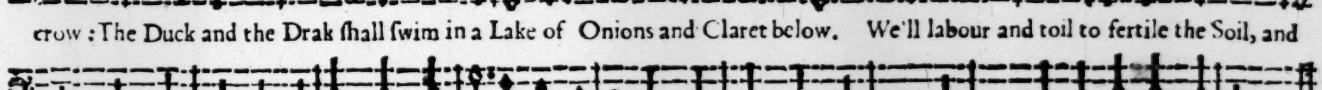
out, our learned Vicar we'll ſtay. Let the Pig turn round, Hey merrily, hey, and then the fat Gooſe ſhall ſwim: For mer-ri-ly



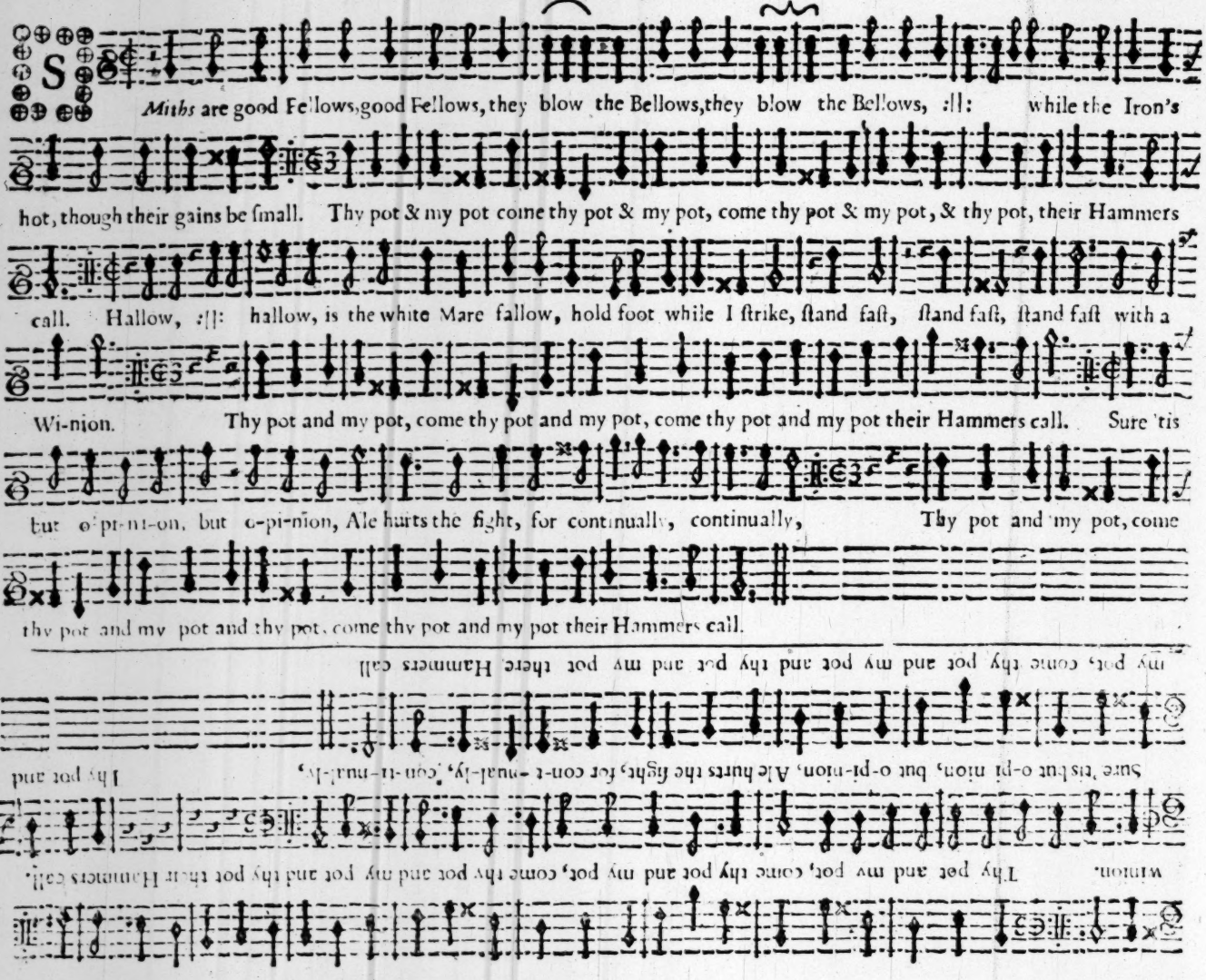
merrily, merrily hey, our Vicar this day ſhall be trim. The ſtew'd Cock ſhall crow, Cock a doodle doo, aloud Cock a doodle ſhall

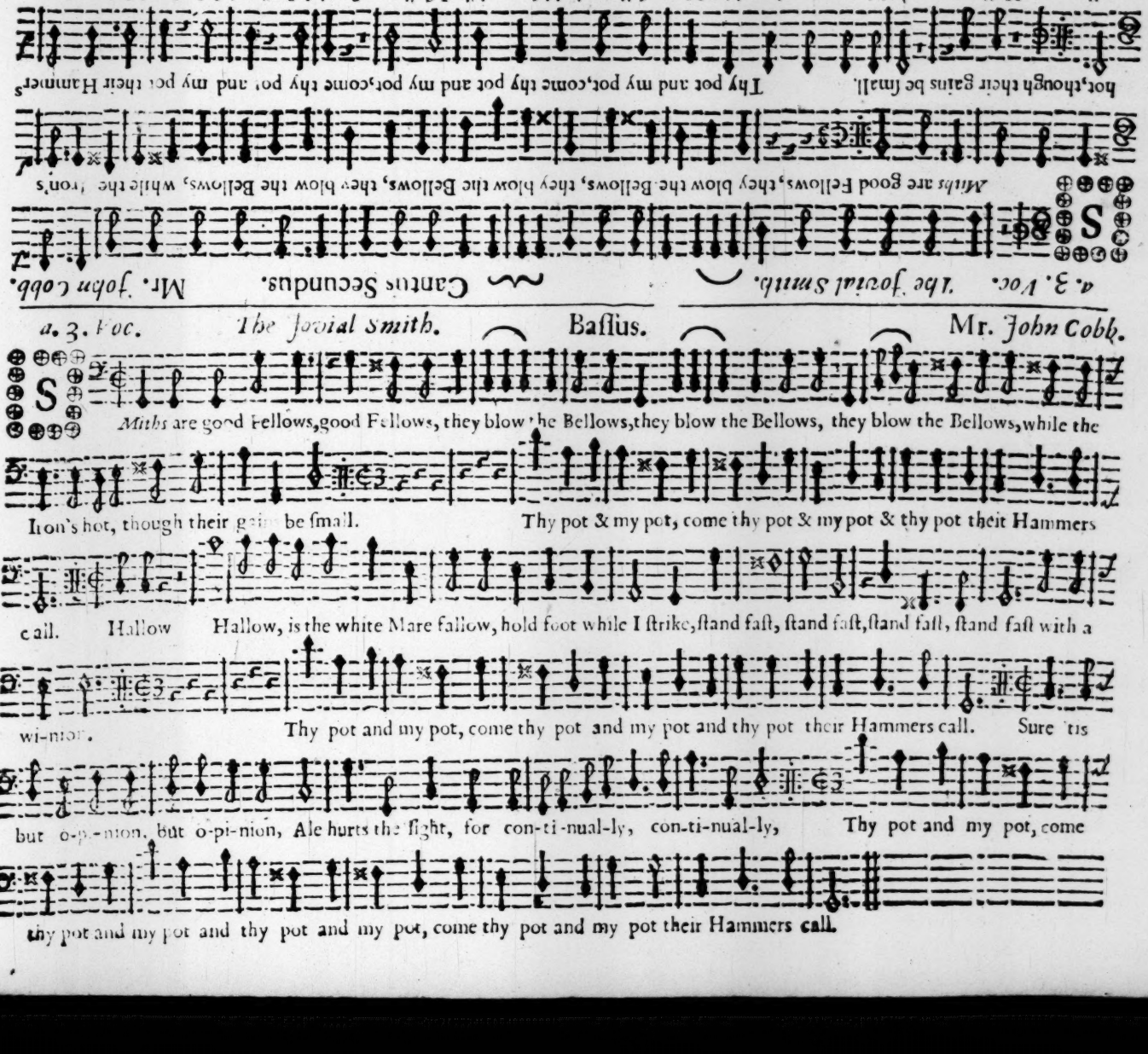


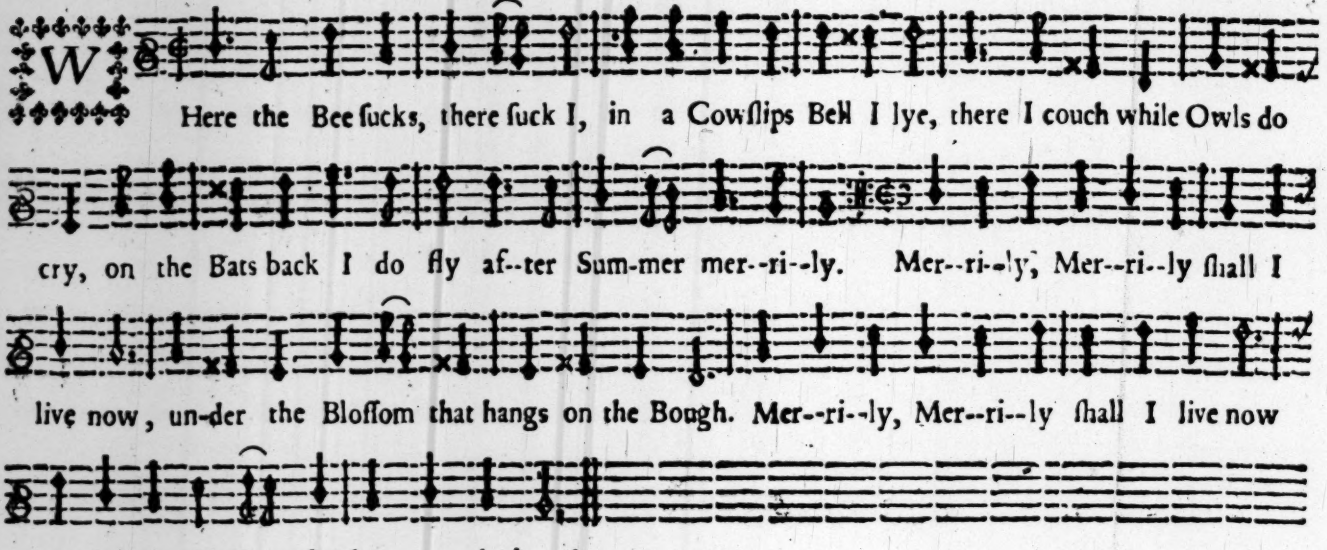
crow: The Duck and the Drak ſhall ſwim in a Lake of Onions and Claret below. We'll labour and toil to fertile the Soil, and

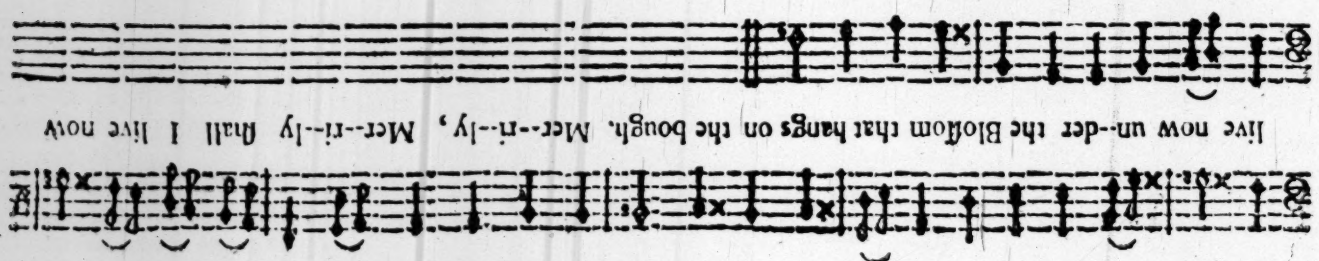


Tithes ſhall come thicker and thicker: We'll fall to the Plow and get Children enough, and thou ſhalt be Learned, O Vicar.

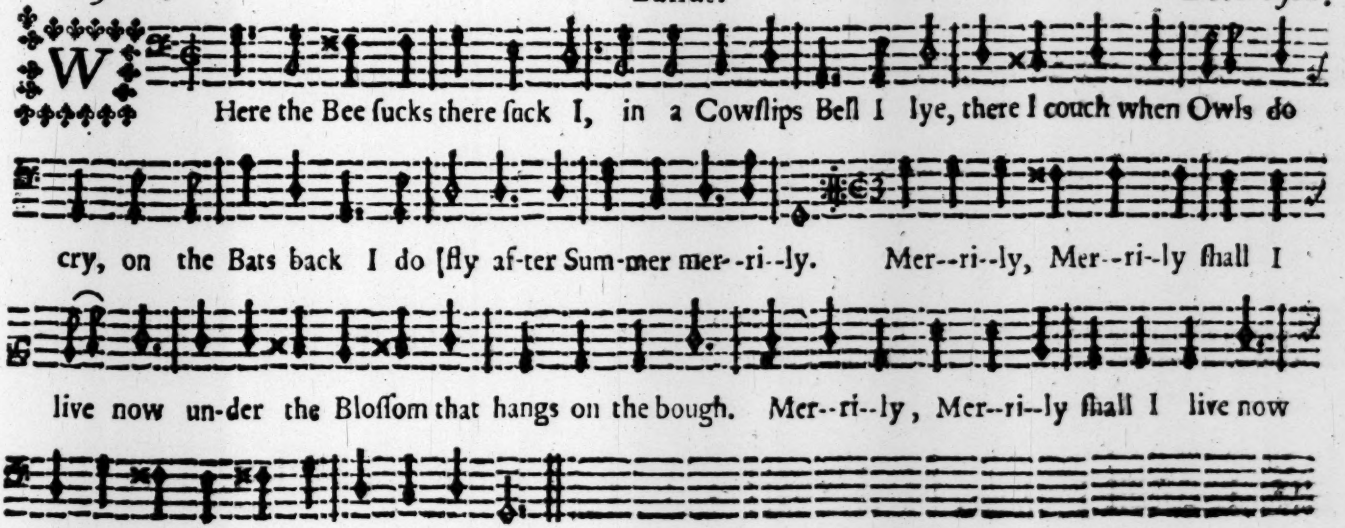

Smiths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, :||: while the Iron's
hot, though their gains be small. Thy pot & my pot come thy pot & my pot, come thy pot & my pot, & thy pot, their Hammers
call. Hallow, :||: hallow, is the white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a
Wi-nion. Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call. Sure 'tis
but o-pi-ni-on, but o-pi-nion, Ale hurts the sight, for continually, continually, Thy pot and my pot, come
thy pot and my pot and thy pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call.


a. 3. Voc. The Jovial Smith. Bassus. Mr. John Cobb.
Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, while the
Iron's hot, though their gain be small. Thy pot & my pot, come thy pot & my pot & thy pot their Hammers
call. Hallow Hallow, is the white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a
wi-nion. Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot and thy pot their Hammers call. Sure 'tis
but o-pi-nion, but o-pi-nion, Ale hurts the sight, for con-ti-nual-ly, con-ti-nual-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come
thy pot and my pot and thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call.

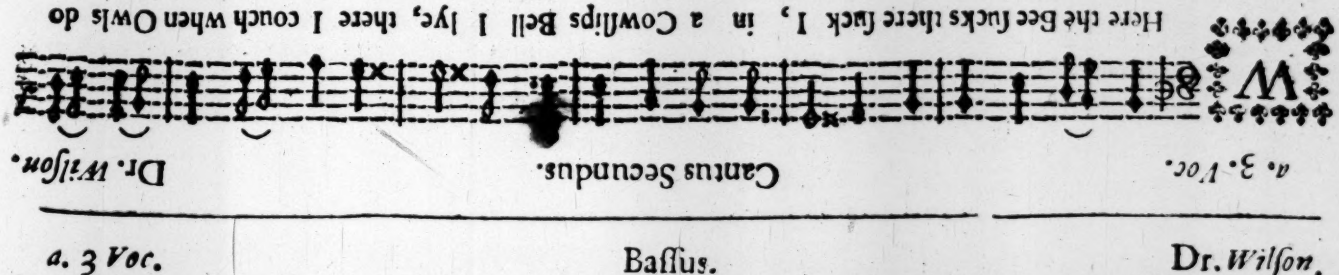

Here the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I, in a Cowſlips Bell I lye, there I couch while Owls do
cry, on the Bats back I do fly af--ter Sum-mer mer--ri--ly. Mer--ri--ly, Mer--ri--ly ſhall I
live now, un-der the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bough. Mer--ri--ly, Mer--ri--ly ſhall I live now
un--der the Bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

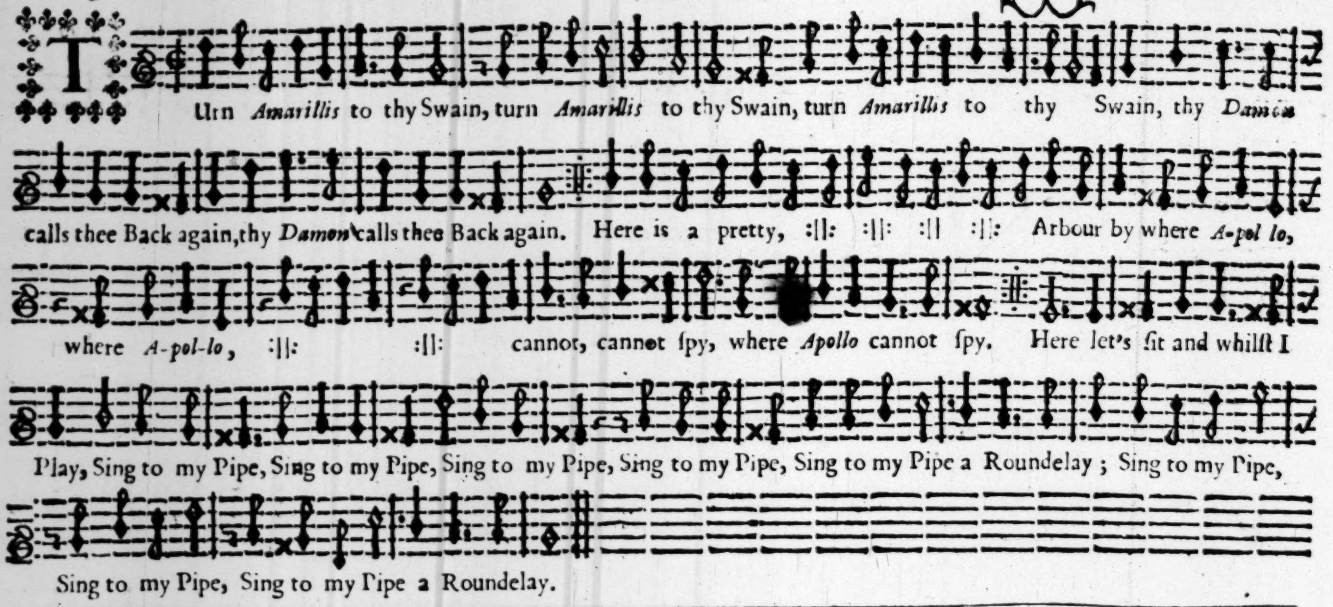

un--der the Bloſſom that hangs on the bough.
live now un--der the Bloſſom that hangs on the bough. Mer--ri--ly, Mer--ri--ly ſhall I live now

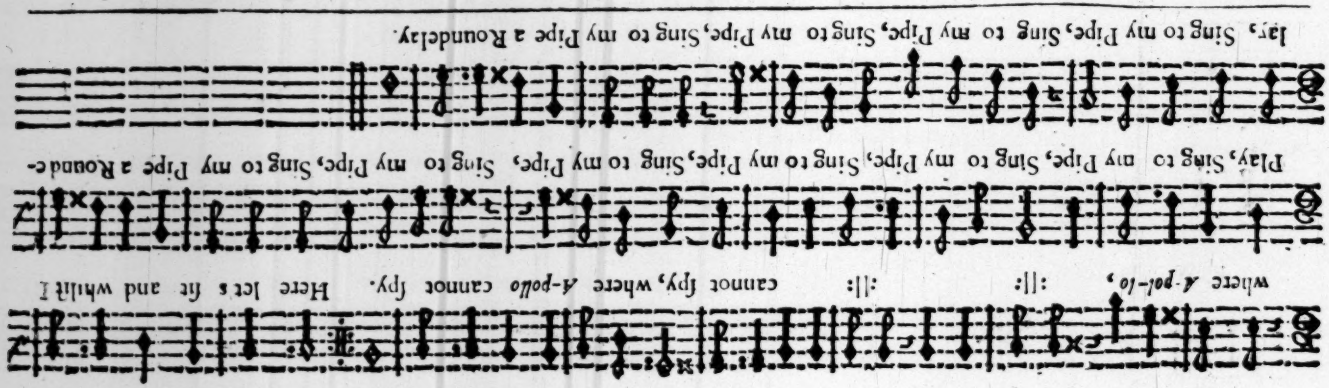
a. 3 Voc. Bassus. Dr. *Wilson.*



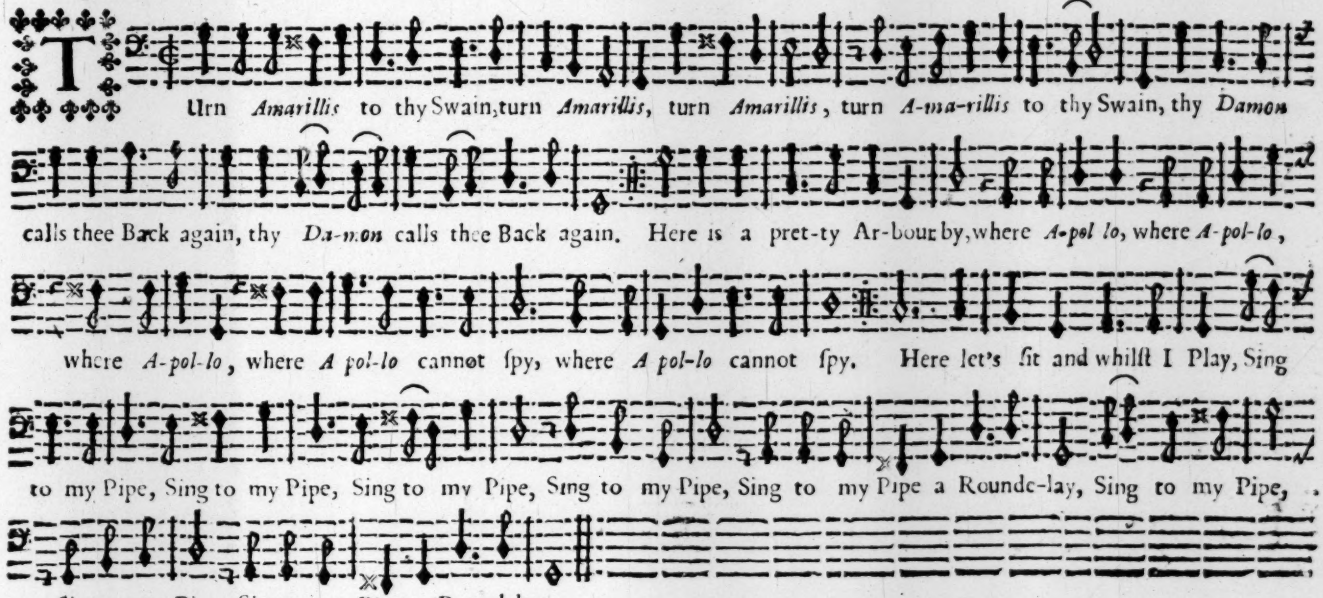
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Dr. *Wilson.*




Turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, thy *Damon*
calls thee Back again, thy *Damon* calls thee Back again. Here is a pretty, :||: :||: :|| :||: Arbour by where *A-pol lo*,
where *A-pol-lo*, :||: :||: cannot, cannot spy, where *Apollo* cannot spy. Here let's sit and whilst I
Play, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay; Sing to my Pipe,
Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

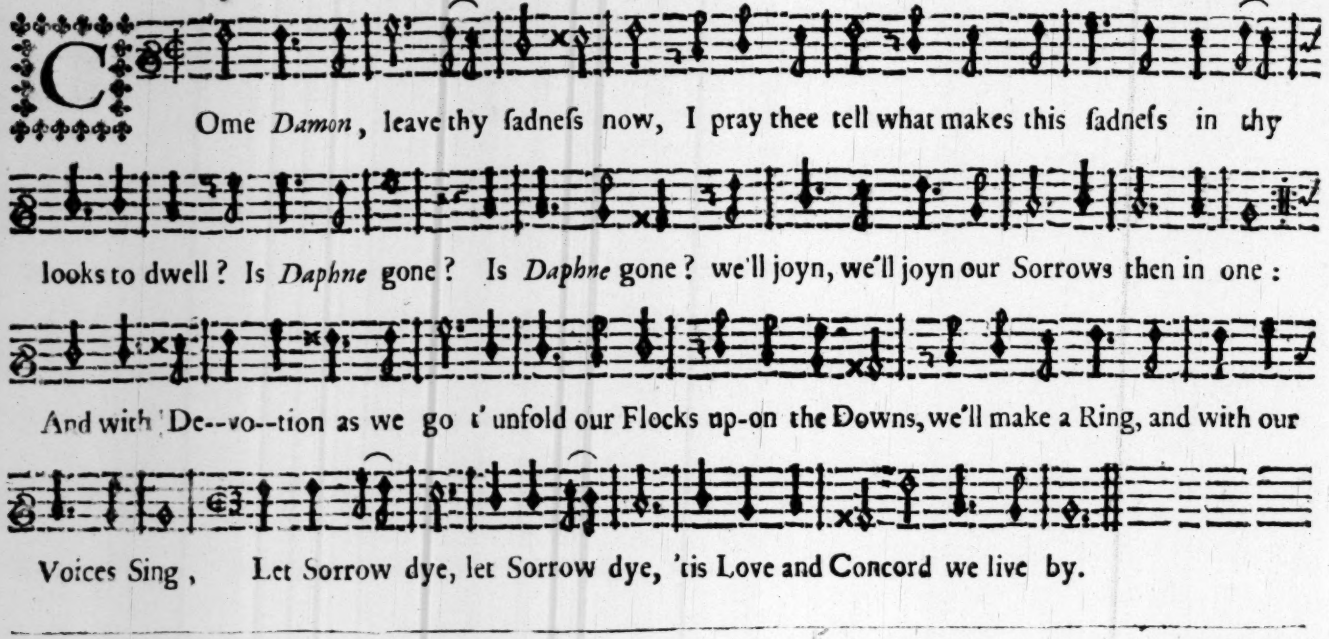

lay, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.
Play, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe a Round e-
where *A-pol-lo*, :||: :||: cannot spy, where *Apollo* cannot spy. Here let's sit and whilst I

a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Mr. *Thomas Brewer.*



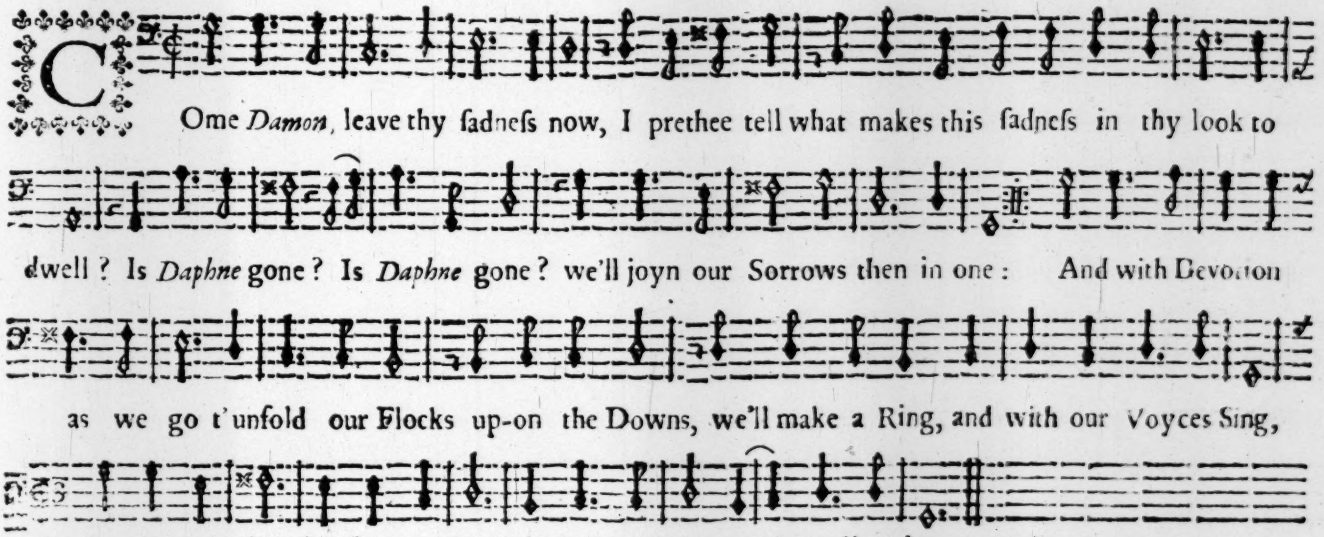
a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Thomas Brewer*

Turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Ama-rillis* to thy Swain, thy *Damon*
calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again. Here is a pretty, :||: :||: :||: :||: Arbour by, where *A pol-lo*,



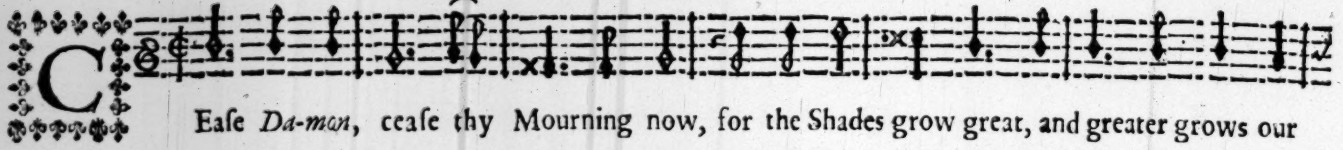
Voices Sing. Let Sor-row dye, let Sor--row dye, 'tis Love and Concord we live by.
And with De-vo-tion as we go t' unfold our Flocks upon the Downs, we'll make a Ring, and with our

a. 3. *Voc.* (*First Part.*) Bassus. *John Playford.*

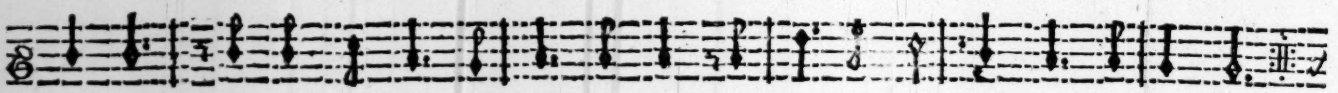


a. 3. *Voc.* (*First Part.*) Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

Come Damon, leave thy sad-ness now, I prethee tell what makes this sadness in thy
looks to dwell ? Is Daphne gone ? Daphne gone ? Is Daphne gone ? we'll joyn our Sorrows then in one :



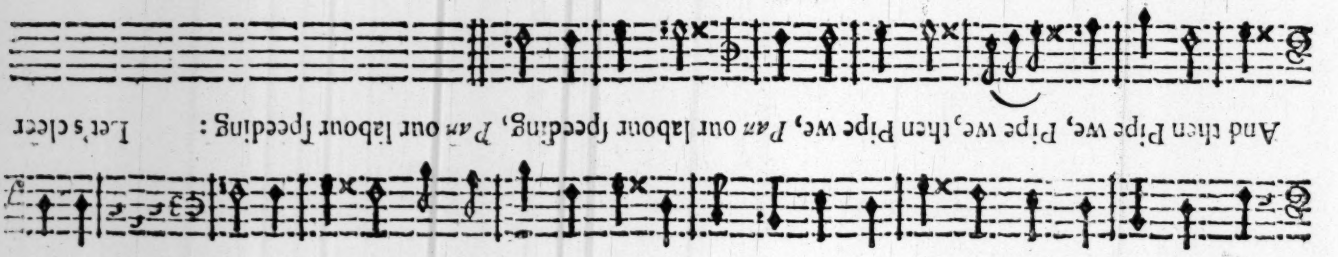
Eaſe *Da-mon*, ceaſe thy Mourning now, for the Shades grow great, and greater grows our



Sor--row: Then let's go ſteep our Eyes in Sleep, and meet to Weep, to Weep to Mor-row.

And then Pipe we, Pipe we, Pipe we, *Pan* our labour ſpeeding, *Pan* our labour ſpeeding: Let's cleer the

Ayr, and caſt off Care, and give our Flocks their Feeding.

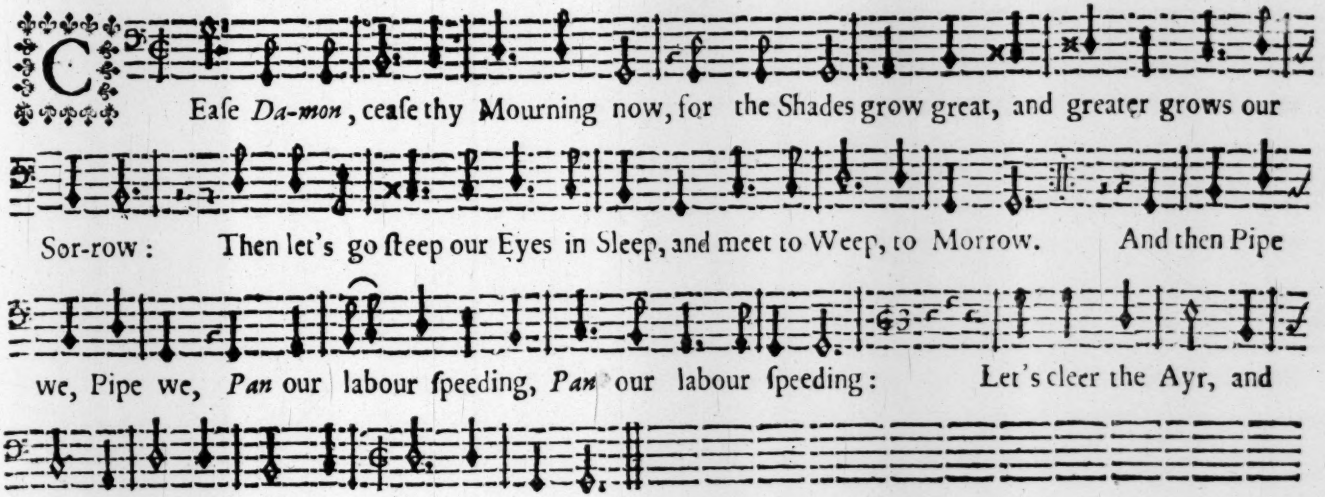


a. 3. Voc. (*Second Part.*) Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

C Eaſe *Damon*, ceaſe thy Mourning now, for the Shades grow great, and greater grows our

Sor-row: Then let's go ſteep our Eyes in Sleep, and meet to Weep, to Weep to Morrow.

a. 3. Voc. (*Seeond Part.*) Baſſus. *John Playford.*

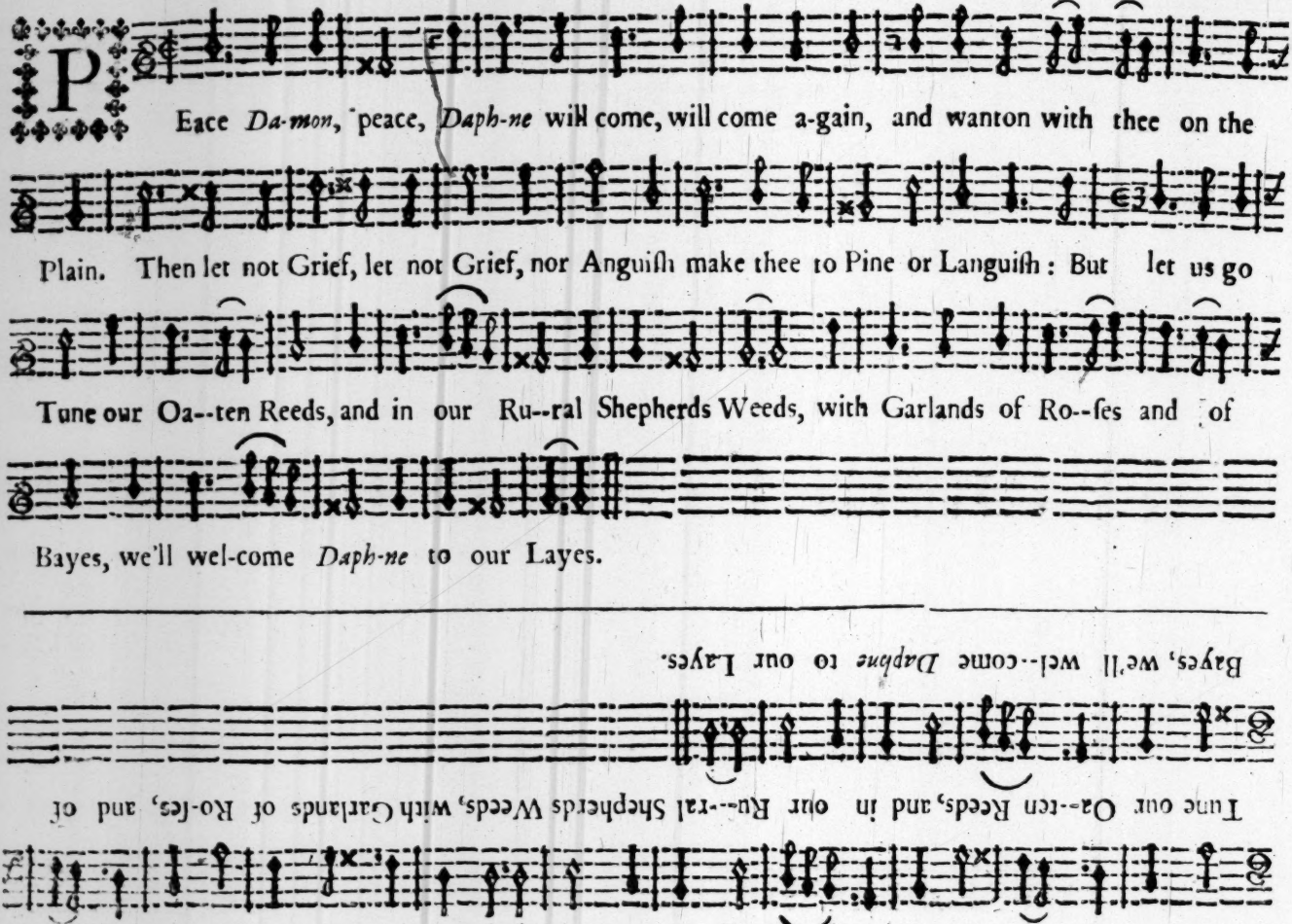


C Eaſe *Da-mon*, ceaſe thy Mourning now, for the Shades grow great, and greater grows our

Sor-row: Then let's go ſteep our Eyes in Sleep, and meet to Weep, to Morrow. And then Pipe

we, Pipe we, *Pan* our labour ſpeeding, *Pan* our labour ſpeeding: Let's cleer the Ayr, and

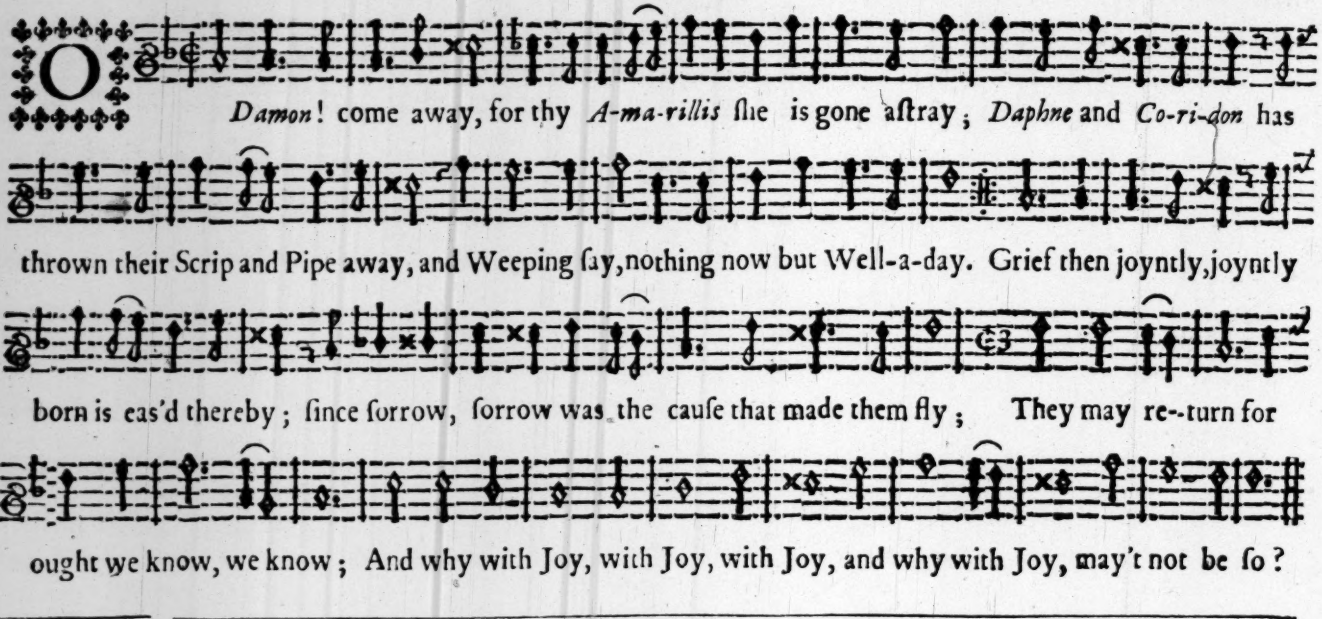
caſt off Care, and give our Flocks their Feeding.

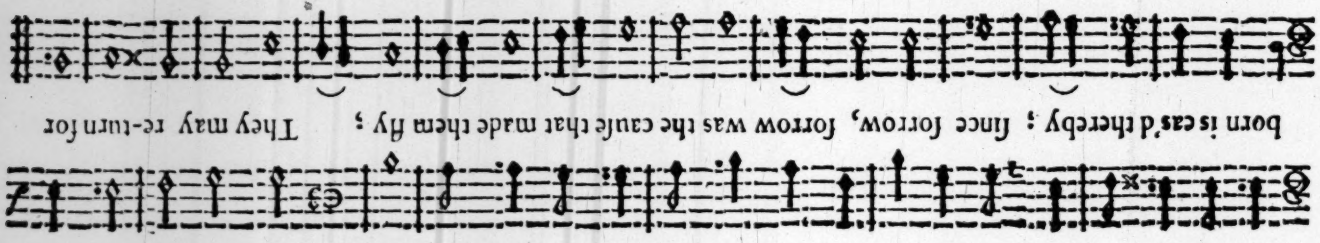

Peace *Da-mon*, peace, *Daph-ne* will come, will come a-gain, and wanton with thee on the
Plain. Then let not Grief, let not Grief, nor Anguish make thee to Pine or Languish: But let us go
Tune our Oa--ten Reeds, and in our Ru--ral Shepherds Weeds, with Garlands of Ro--ses and of
Bayes, we'll wel-come *Daph-ne* to our Layes.

a. 3. Voc. (*Third Part.*) Bassus. *John Playford.*

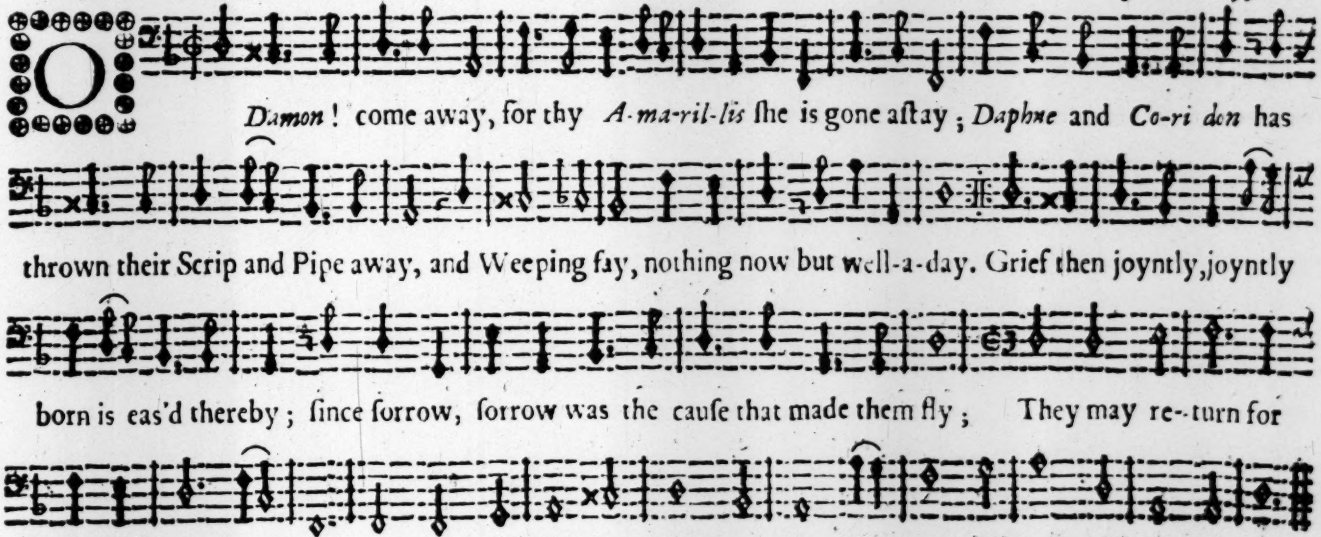
a. 3. Voc. (*Third Part.*) Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

Peace Da--mon, peace, Daph--ne will come, will come a--gain, and wanton with thee on this
Plain. Then let not Grief, let not Grief, nor Anguish make thee to Pine or Languish: But let us go

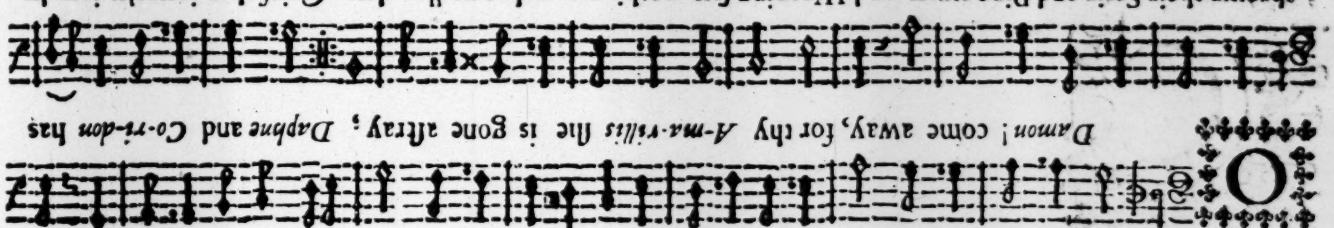

O *Damon*! come away, for thy *A-ma-rillis* ſhe is gone aſtray; *Daphne* and *Co-ri-don* has
thrown their Scrip and Pipe away, and Weeping ſay, nothing now but Well-a-day. Grief then joyntly, joyntly
born is eas'd thereby; ſince ſorrow, ſorrow was the cauſe that made them fly; They may re--turn for
ought we know, we know; And why with Joy, with Joy, with Joy, and why with Joy, may't not be ſo?

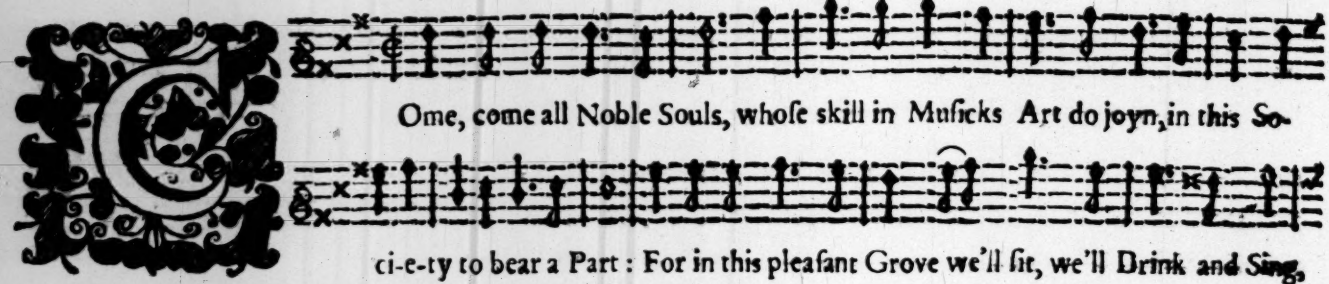

ought we know, we know; And why with Joy, with Joy, with Joy, and why with Joy, may't not be ſo?
born is eas'd thereby; ſince ſorrow, ſorrow was the cauſe that made them fly; They may re-turn for

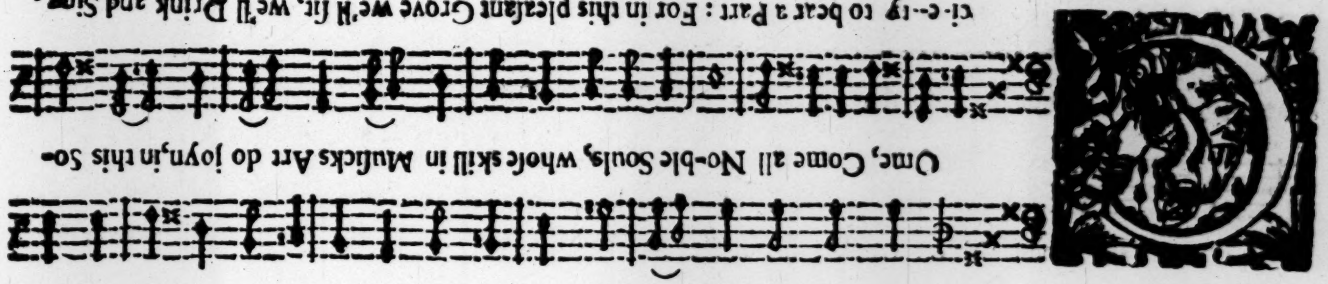
a. 3. Voc. (*Fourth Part.*) Bassus. *John Playford.*



a. 3. Voc. (*Fourth Part.*) Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*




Come, come all Noble Souls, whose skill in Musicks Art do joyn, in this So-
ci-e-ty to bear a Part: For in this pleasant Grove we'll sit, we'll Drink and Sing,
and i--mi--tate those cheerful Birds now in the Spring. The Muses Nine shall know, and all most
plainly see, our Offering at their Shrine is Love and Har--mo--ny.



ci--e--ty to bear a Part : For in this pleasant Grove we'll sit, we'll Drink and Sing,

Come, Come all No-ble Souls, whose skill in Musicks Art do joyn, in this So-

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Dr. *Rogers*

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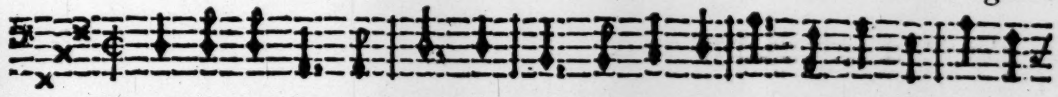
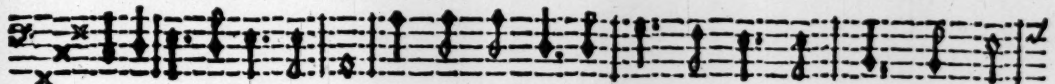
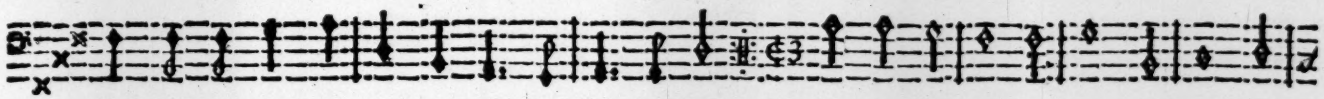
a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Dr. *Rogers.*



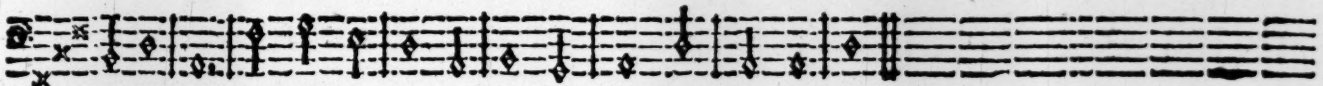
Come, come all No-ble Souls, whose skill in Musicks Art do joyn, in this So-



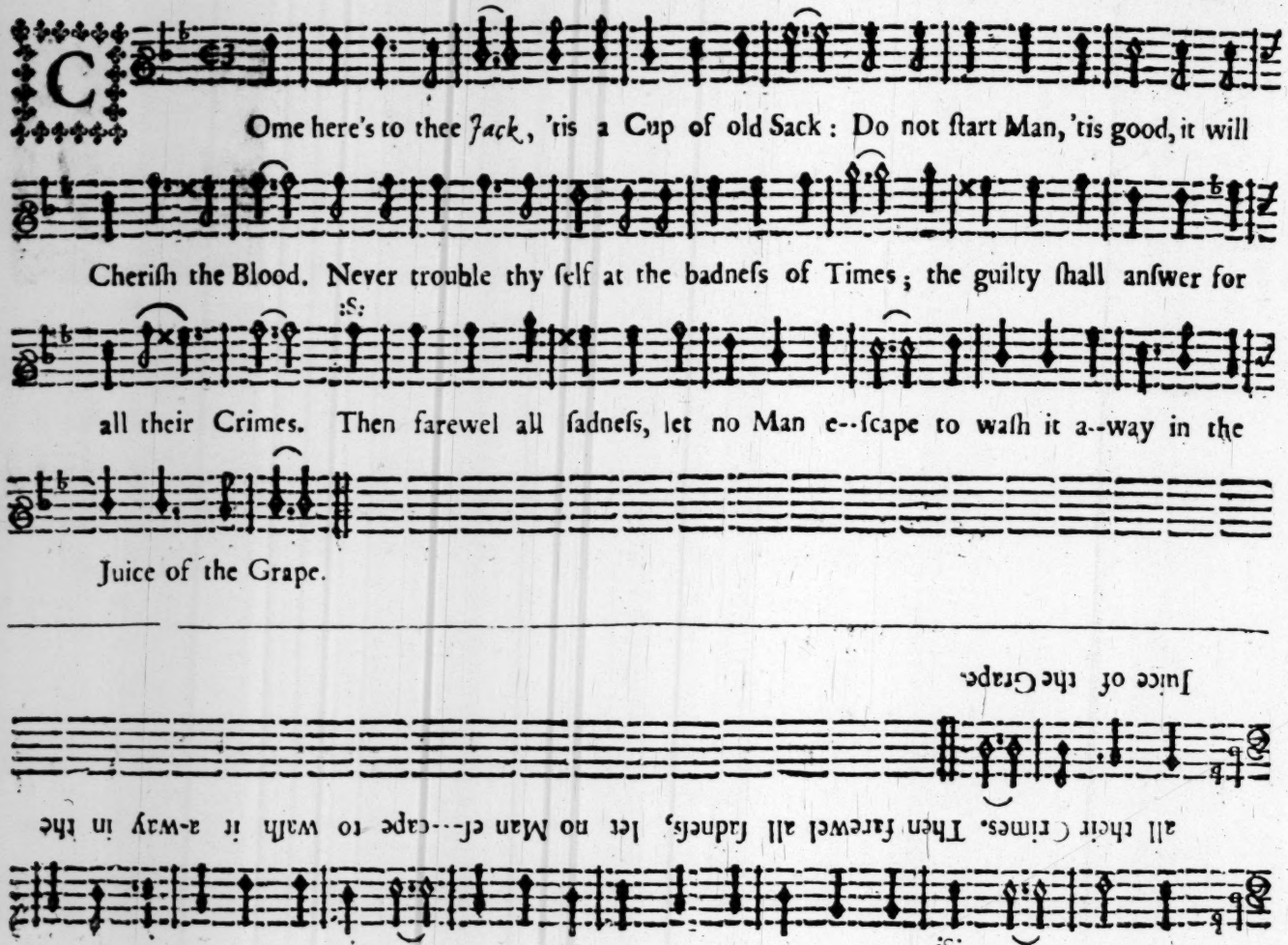
ci--e--ty to bear a Part : For in this pleasant Grove we'll sit, we'll Drink and Sing,



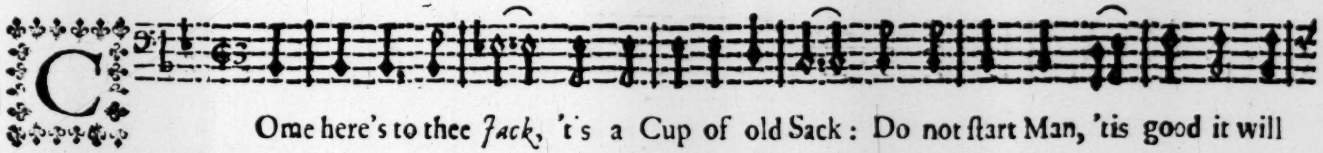
and i--mi--tate those cheerful Birds now in the Spring. The Muses Nine shall know, and all most



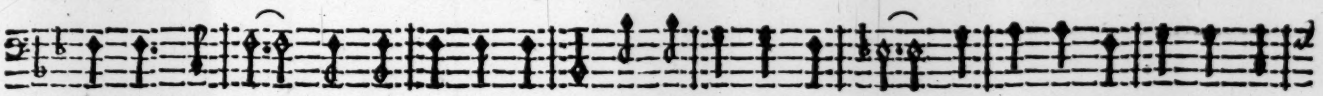
plainly see, our Offerings at their Shrine is Love and Har-mo--ny.


Come here's to thee *Jack*, 'tis a Cup of old Sack: Do not ſtart Man, 'tis good, it will
Cheriſh the Blood. Never trouble thy ſelf at the badneſs of Times; the guilty ſhall anſwer for
all their Crimes. Then farewel all ſadneſs, let no Man e--ſcape to waſh it a--way in the
Juice of the Grape.

a. 3. Voc. *A Glee.* Baſſus. *John Playford*

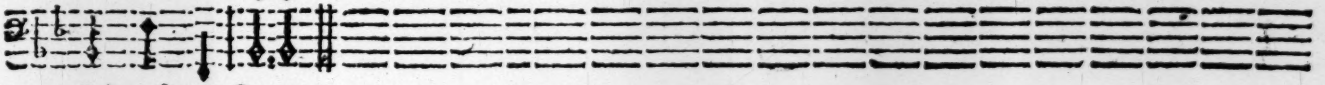


Come here's to thee *Jack*, 't's a Cup of old Sack: Do not ſtart Man, 'tis good it will



Cheriſh the Blood. Never trouble thy ſelf at the badneſs of Times; the guilty ſhall anſwer for

all their Crimes. Then farewel all ſadneſs, let no man e--ſcape to waſh it a-way in the

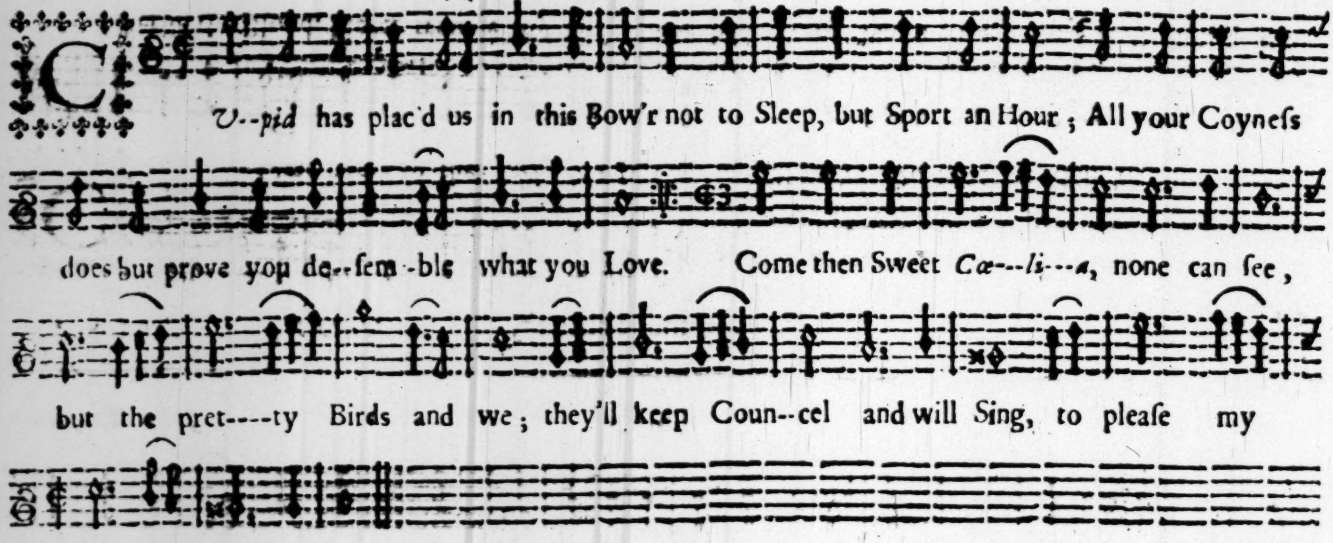


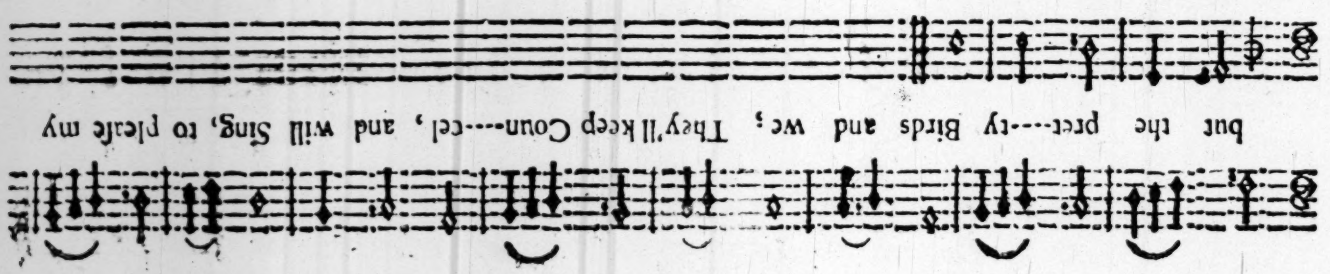
Juice of the Grape.

a. 3. Voc. *A Glee.* Cantus Secundus. *John Playford.*

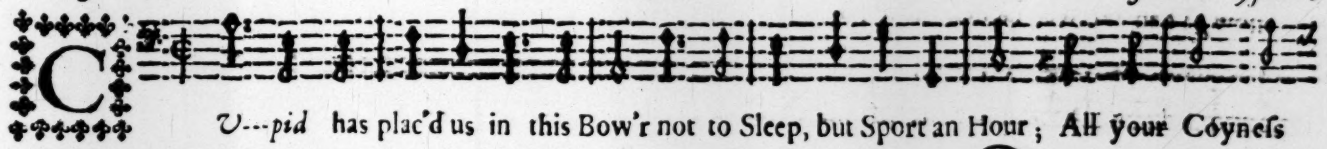
Come here's to thee *Jack*, 'tis a Cup of old Sack: Do not ſtart Man, 'tis good, it will

Cheriſh the Blood. Never trouble thy ſelf at the badneſs of Times; the guilty ſhall anſwer for


Cupid has plac'd us in this Bow'r not to Sleep, but Sport an Hour; All your Coyneſs
does but prove you de--ſem--ble what you Love. Come then Sweet Cæ---li---a, none can ſee,
but the pret----ty Birds and we; they'll keep Coun--cel and will Sing, to pleaſe my
Love and grace the Spring.


Love and grace the Spring.
but the pret----ty Birds and we; They'll keep Coun----cel, and will Sing, to pleaſe my

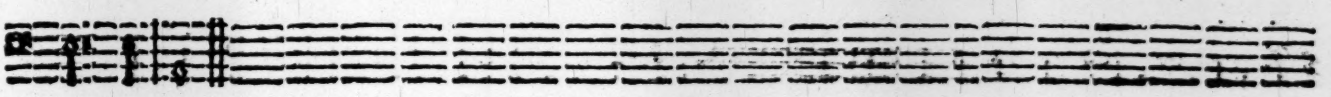
a. 3. Voc. Bassus. *John Playford.*



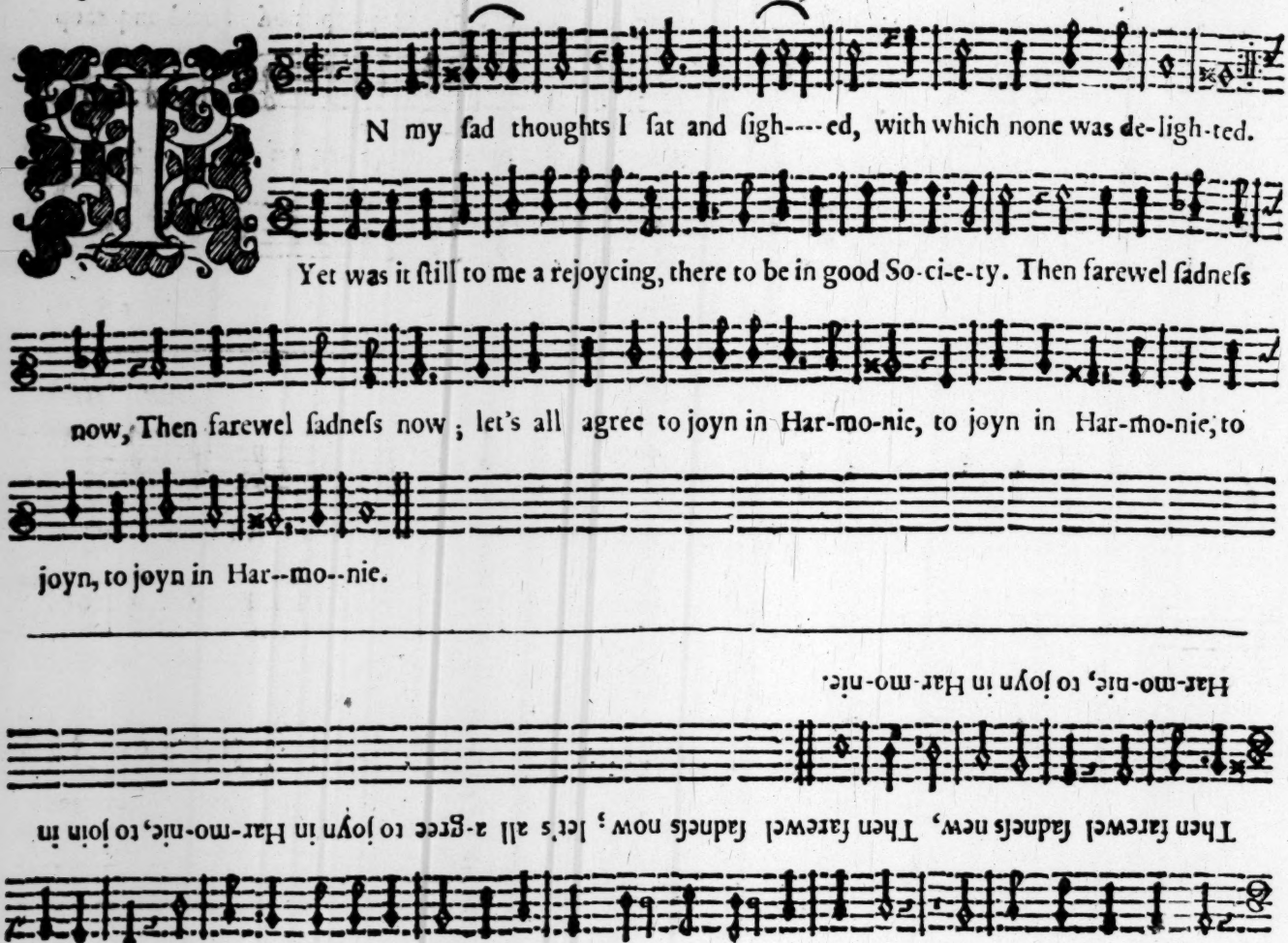
C---pid has plac'd us in this Bow'r not to Sleep, but Sport an Hour; All your Coyness

does but prove you de--sem--ble what you Love. Come then Sweet *Cæ---li---a* none can see,

but the pret--ty Birds and we; they'll keep Councel, and will Sing, to please my Love and



grace the Spring.


IN my ſad thoughts I ſat and ſigh----ed, with which none was de-ligh-ted.
Yet was it ſtill to me a rejoycing, there to be in good So-ci-e-ty. Then farewel ſadneſs
now, Then farewel ſadneſs now; let's all agree to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to
joyn, to joyn in Har--mo--nie.
Then farewel ſadneſs new, Then farewel ſadneſs now; let's all a-gree to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to join in
Har-mo-nie, to joyn in Har-mo-nie.

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. *Leno. Hodemonte.*

IN my ſad thoughts I ſat and ſigh-ed, with which none was de-

lighted. Yet was it ſtill to me a re-joy-cing, there to be in good So-ci-e-ty.

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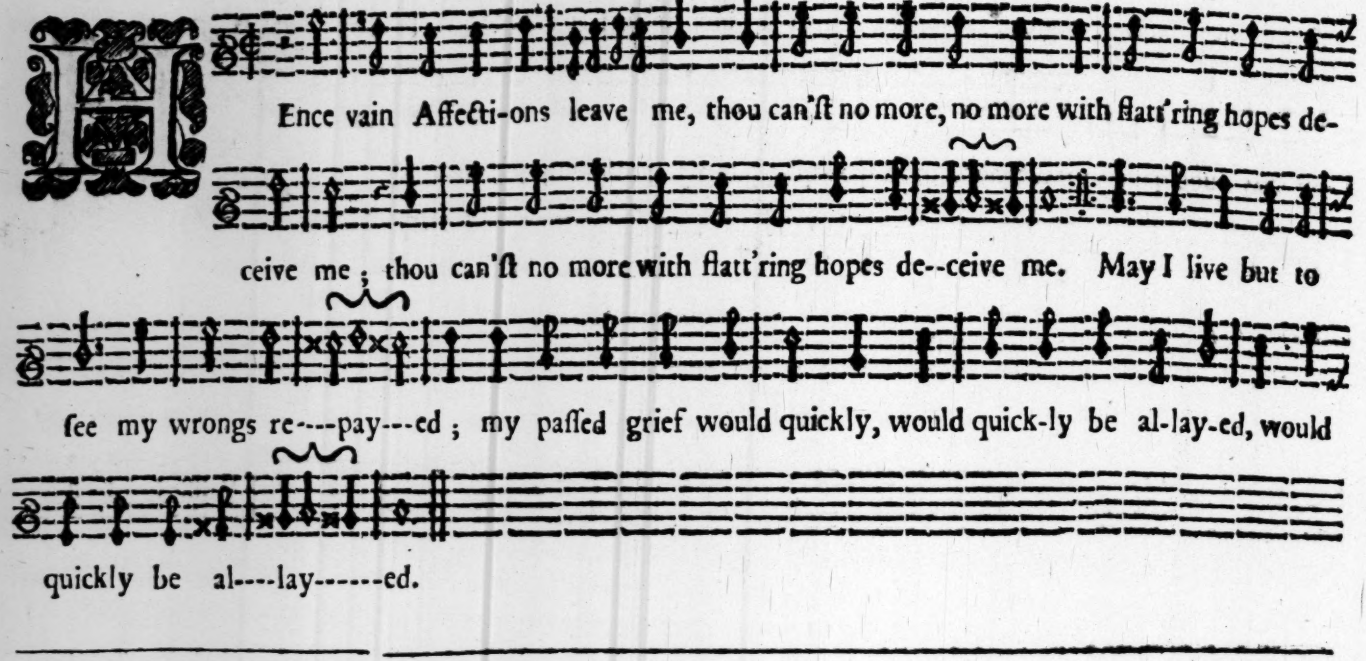
a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. *Leno. Hodemonte.*

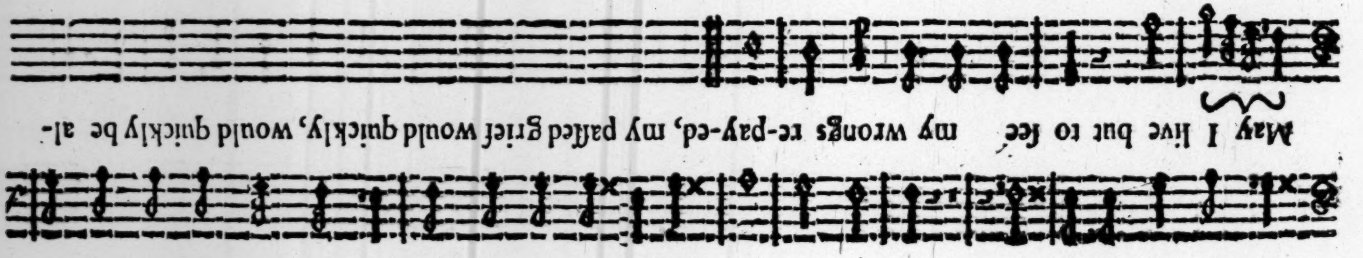
IN my ſad thoughts I ſat and ſighed, with which none was delighted. Yet was it

ſtill to me a rejoycing, there to be in good So-ci--e--ty. Then farewel ſadneſs

now, Then farewel ſadneſs now; let's all agree to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to

joyn in Har--mo--nie.


HEnce vain Affecti-ons leave me, thou can'ſt no more, no more with flatt'ring hopes de-
ceive me; thou can'ſt no more with flatt'ring hopes de--ceive me. May I live but to
ſee my wrongs re----pay---ed; my paſſed grief would quickly, would quick-ly be al-lay-ed, would
quickly be al----lay------ed.


May I live but to ſee my wrongs re-pay-ed, my paſſed Grief would quickly, would quickly be al-
lay----ed, would quickly be al-lay-ed.

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Deering.*

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. *Deering.*

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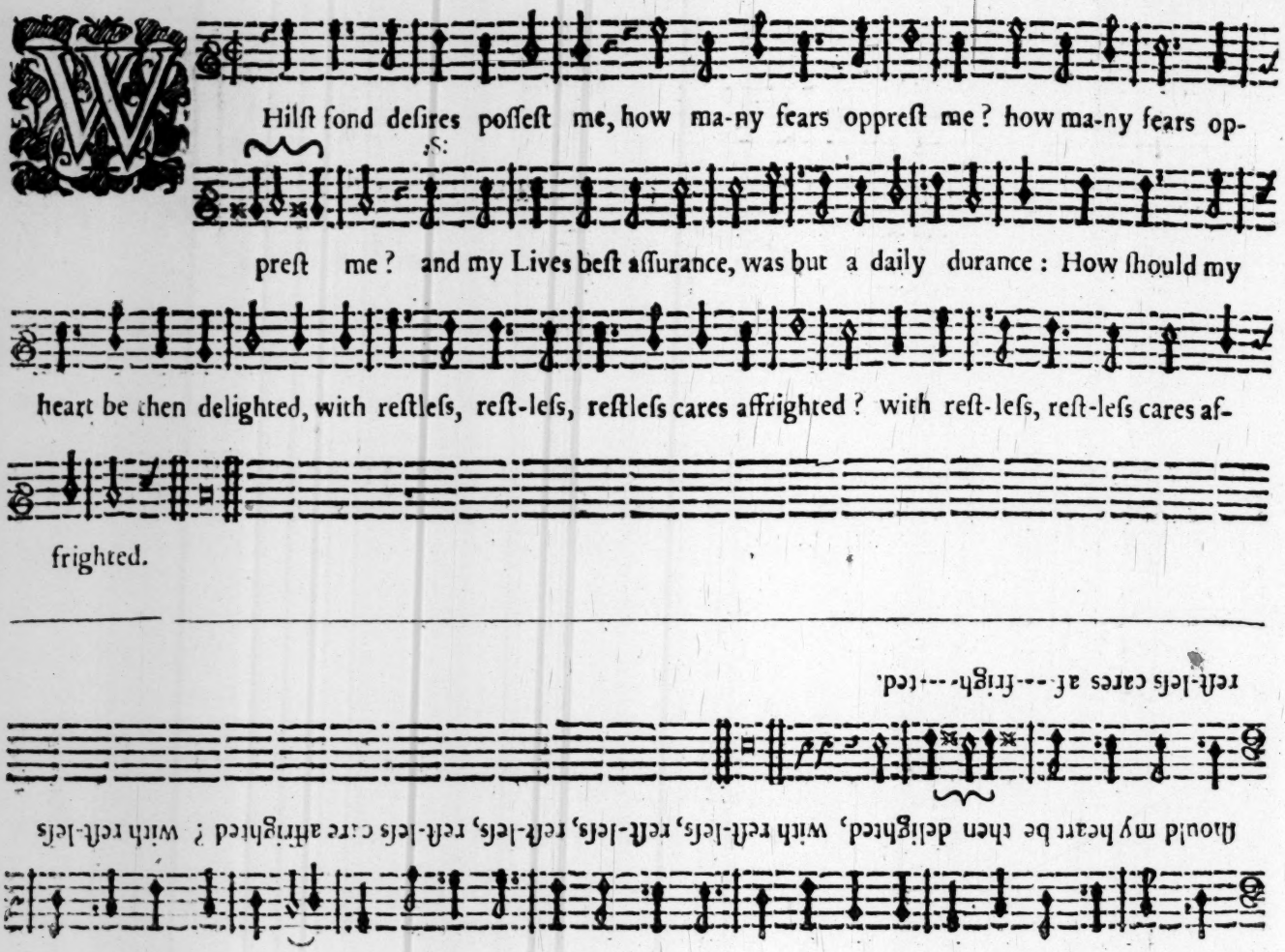
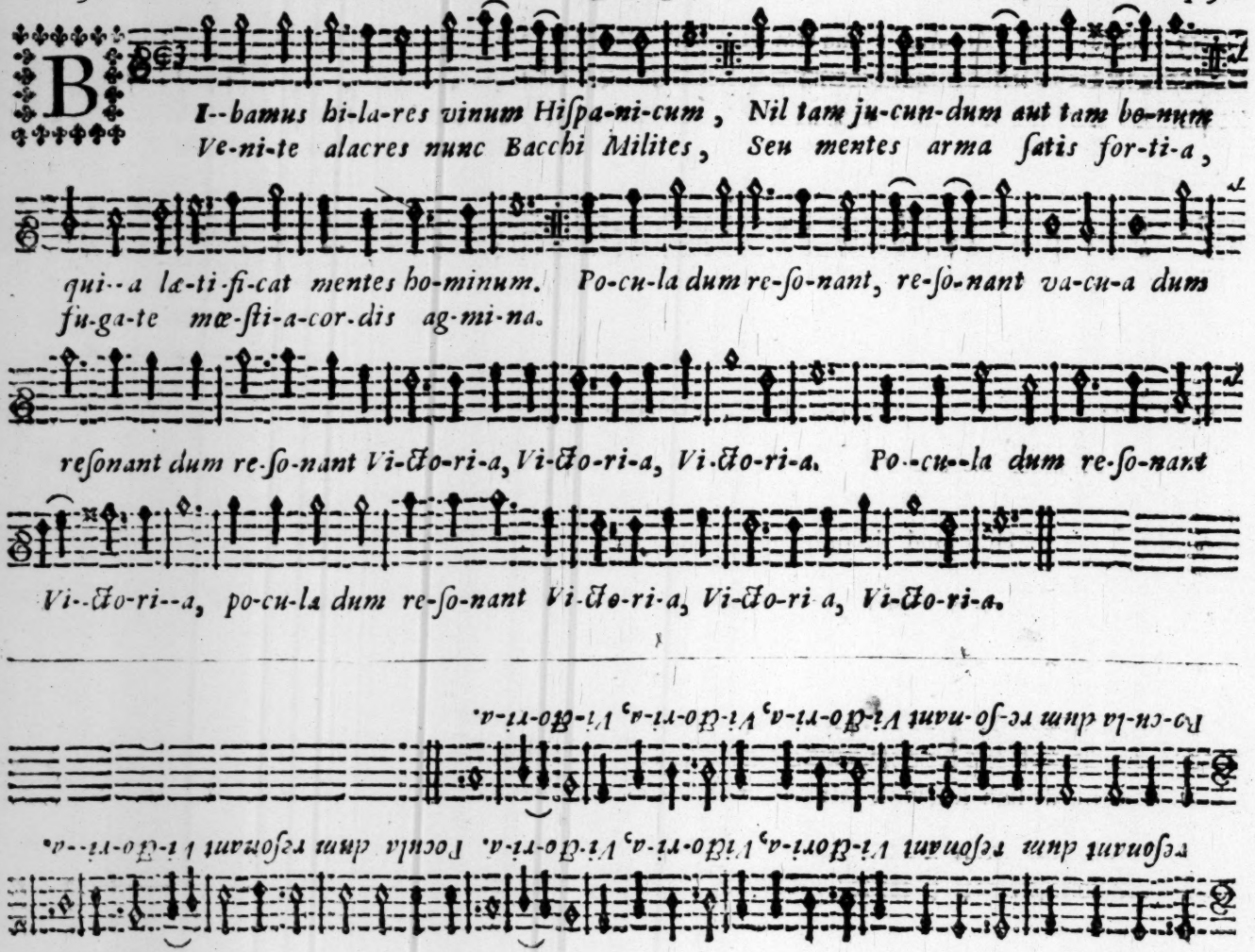
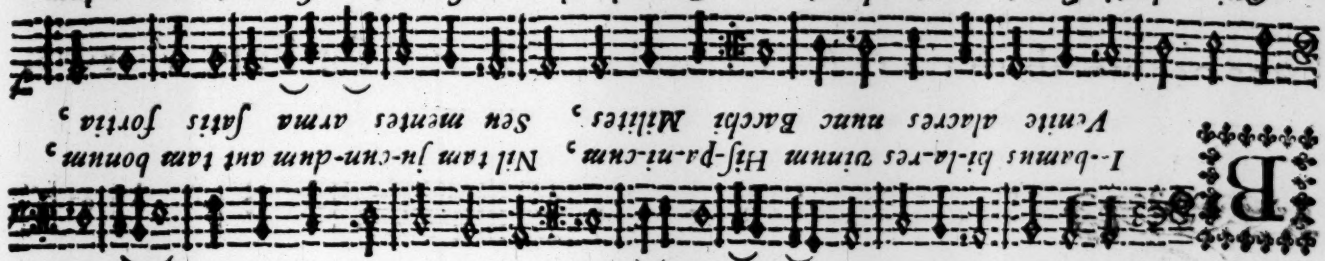

While fond deſires poſſeſt me, how ma-ny fears oppreſt me? how ma-ny fears op-
preſt me? and my Lives beſt aſſurance, was but a daily durance: How ſhould my
heart be then delighted, with reſtleſs, reſt-leſs, reſtleſs cares affrighted? with reſt-leſs, reſt-leſs cares af-
frighted.

a. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Deering*

a. 3. Voc. Baſſus. Mr. *Deering.*

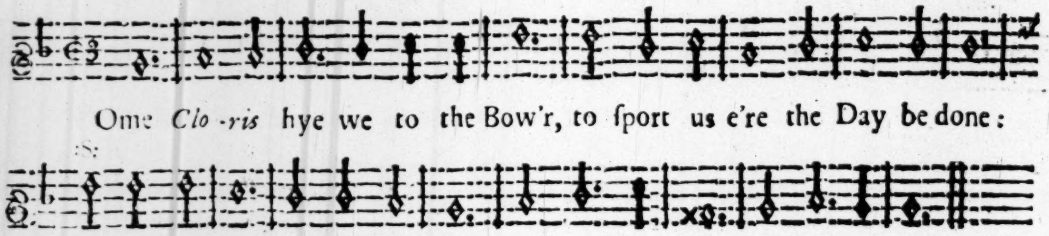

I--bamus hi-la-res vinum Hiſpa-ni-cum, Nil tam ju-cun-dum aut tam bo-num
Ve-ni-te alacres nunc Bacchi Milites, Seu mentes arma ſatis for-ti-a,
qui--a la-ti-fi-cat mentes ho-minum. Po-cu-la dum re-ſo-nant, re-ſo-nant va-cu-a dum
fu-ga-te mœ-ſti-a-cor-dis ag-mi-na.
reſonant dum re-ſo-nant Vi-ctо-ri-a, Vi-ctо-ri-a, Vi-ctо-ri-a. Po--cu--la dum re-ſo-nant
Vi--ctо-ri--a, po-cu-la dum re-ſo-nant Vi-ctо-ri-a, Vi-ctо-ri a, Vi-ctо-ri-a.

Here endeth the *SONGS* of Three Voyces.



Here beginneth the *SONGS* and *AYRES* for Four Voyces.

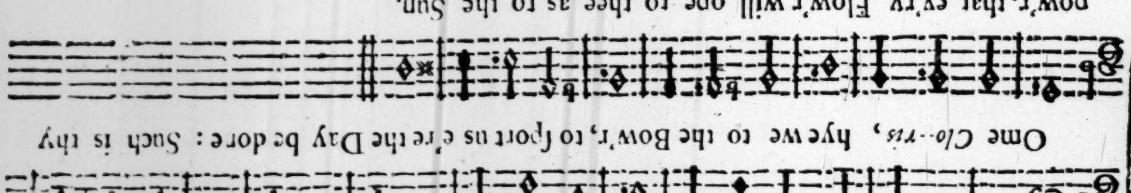
a. 4. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*

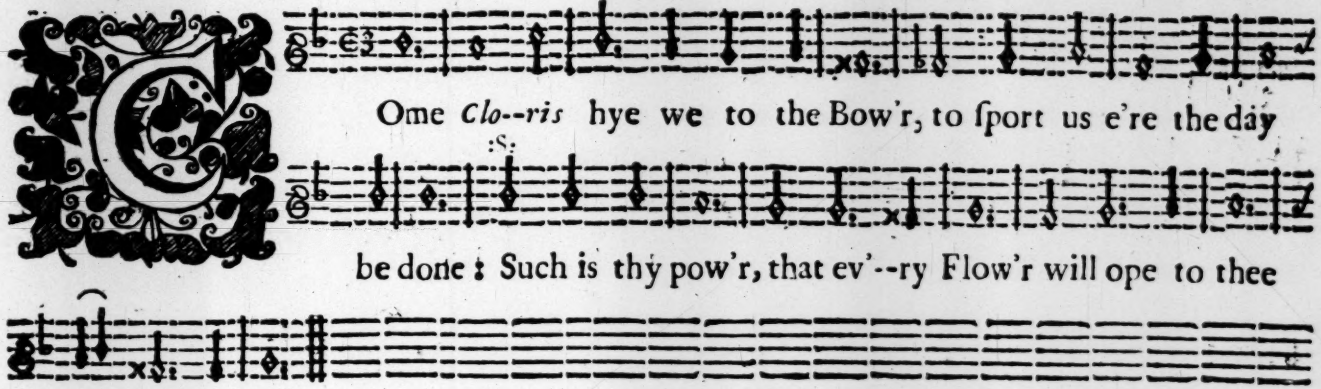


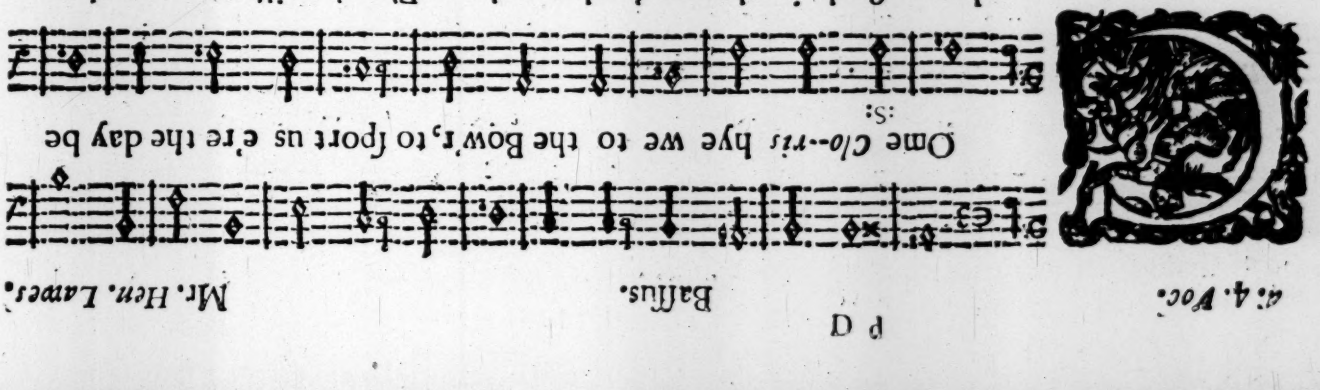
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my ſighs blaſts, or mine eyes rain;
Thou can'ſt revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make ſweet again.

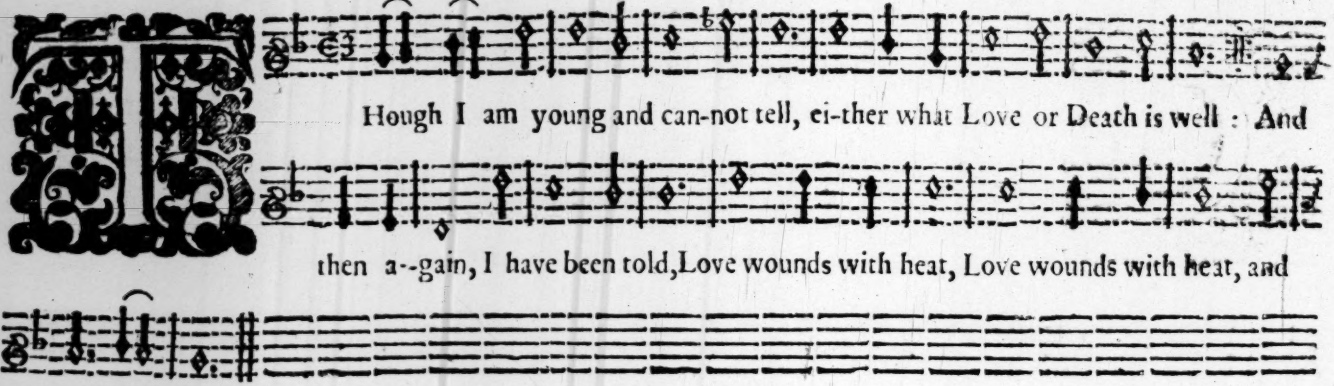
The wanton Suckling, and the Vine
Will ſtrive for th' honour, who firſt may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

a. 4. Voc. Cantus Secundus. Mr. *Hen. Lawes.*

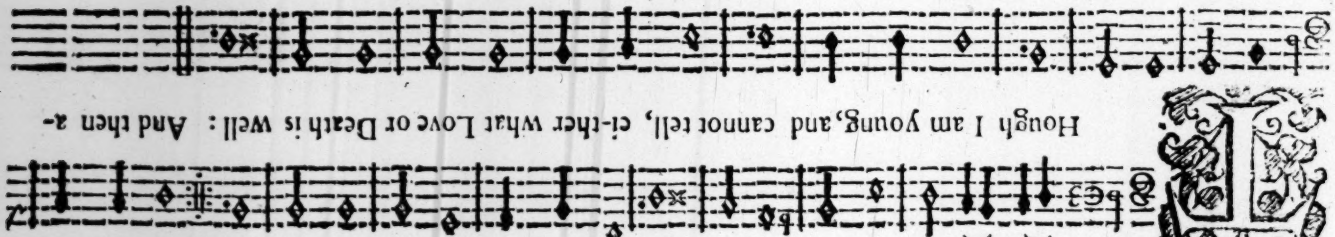


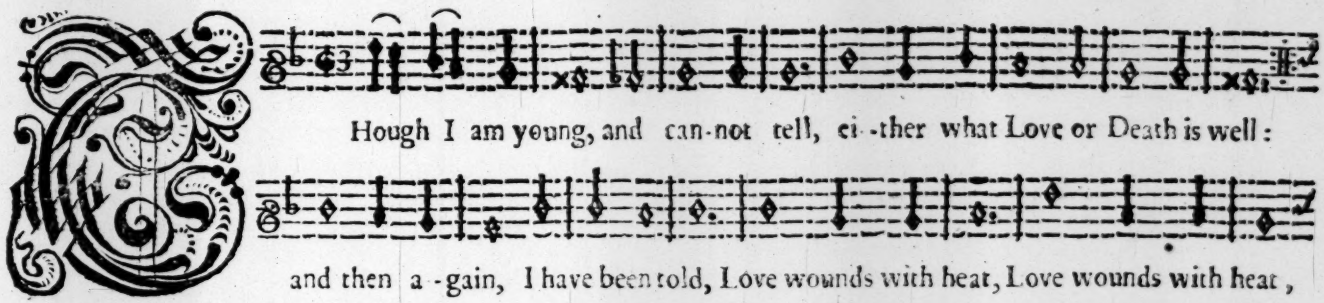

Come *Clo--ris* hye we to the Bow'r, to ſport us e're the day
be done: Such is thy pow'r, that ev'--ry Flow'r will ope to thee
as to the Sun.

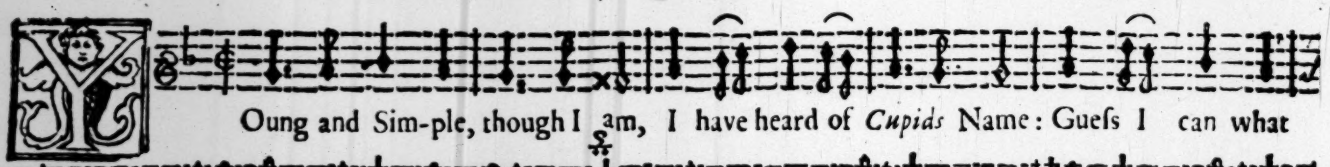

Come *Clo--ris* hye we to the Bow'r, to ſport us e're the day be
done: Such is thy pow'r, that ev'--ry Flow'r will ope to thee
as to the Sun.

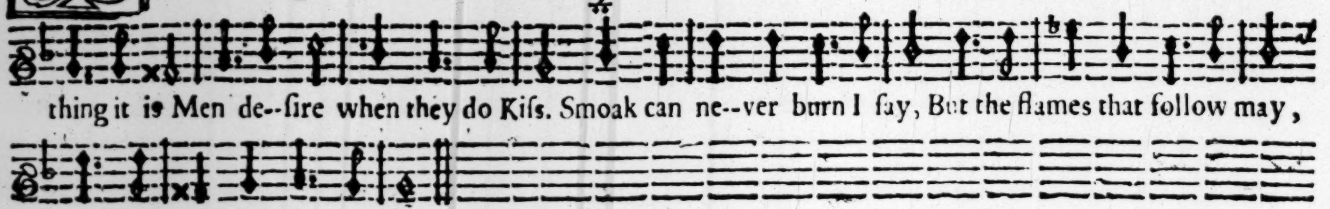


Yet I have heard they both bear Darts,
And both do aim at humane heart :
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.




Hough I am young, and can-not tell, ei--ther what Love or Death is well:
and then a--gain, I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat,
and Death with cold.

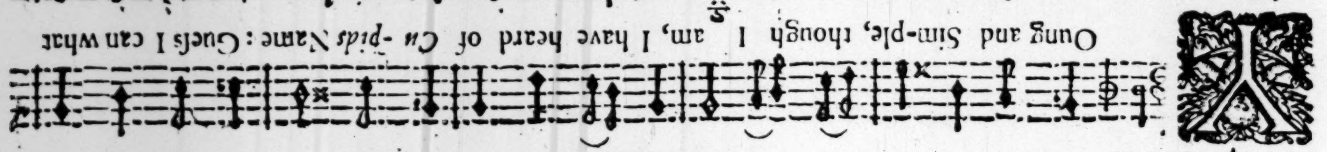


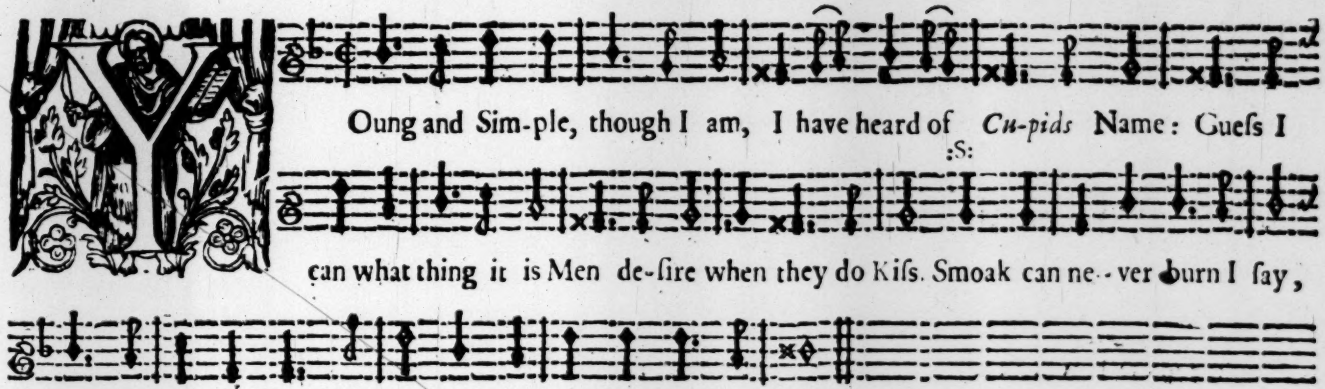


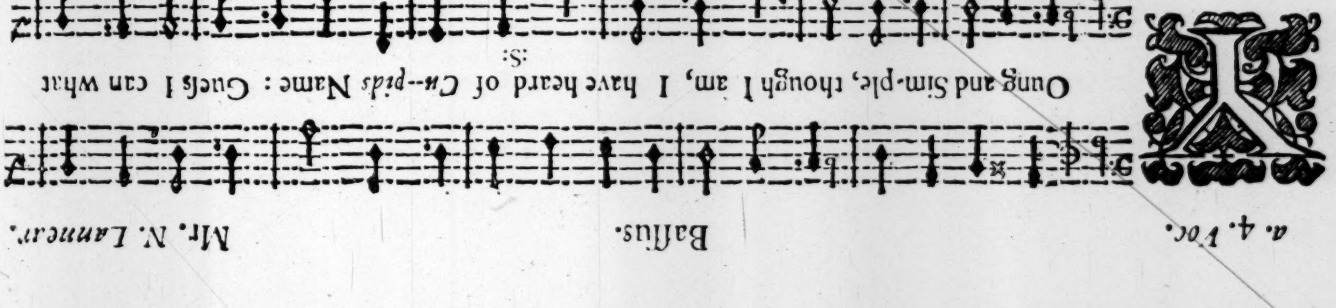
Faith 'tis but a fooliſh mind,
Yet me thinks a heat I find,
Like Thirſt longing, that doth bide
Ever on my weaker ſide:
Where they ſay my heart doth move,
Venus grant it be not Love.

If it be, alas, what then?
Were not Women made for Men?
As good 'twere a thing were paſt,
That muſt needs be done at laſt:
Roſes that are over blown
Grow leſs ſweet, then fall alone.

Yet not Churle, nor Silken Gull
Shall my Maiden Bloſſom pull:
Who ſhall not, I ſoon can tell,
Who ſhall, would I could as well.
This I know, who e're he be,
Love he muſt, or flatter me.




Oung and Sim-ple, though I am, I have heard of *Cu-pids* Name: Gueſs I
:S:
can what thing it is Men de-ſire when they do Kiſs. Smoak can ne--ver burn I ſay,
But the flames that fol-low may, but the flames that fol-low may.


Oung and Sim-ple, though I am, I have heard of *Cu--pids* Name: Gueſs I can what
:S:
thing it is, Men de--ſire when they do Kiſs. Smoak can ne--ver burn I ſay, but the
flames that fol--low may, but the flames that fol--low may.

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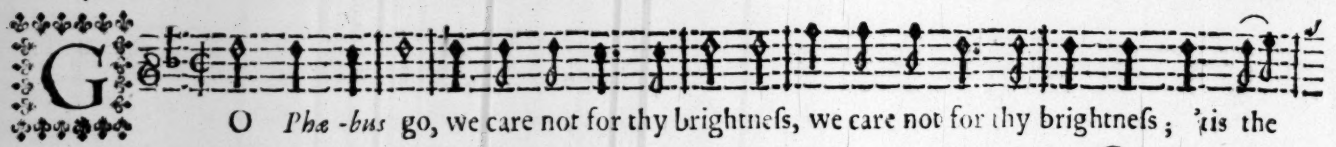
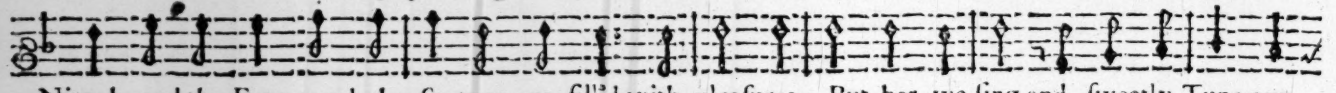
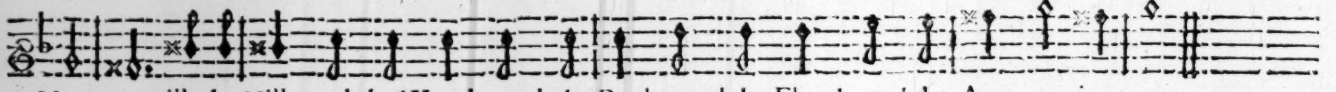


O *Phæ-bus* go, we care not for thy brightneſs, we care not for thy brightneſs; 'tis the

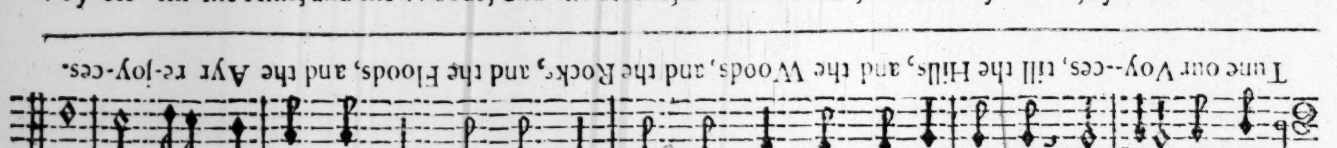
Moon ſends us home full of Joy and lightneſs. By her we Dance, and lightly trip our meaſures, till the



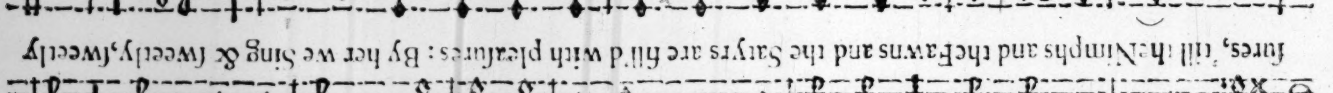
Nimphs and the Fawns and the Sa-tyrs are fill'd with pleaſures: But her we ſing and ſweetly Tune our



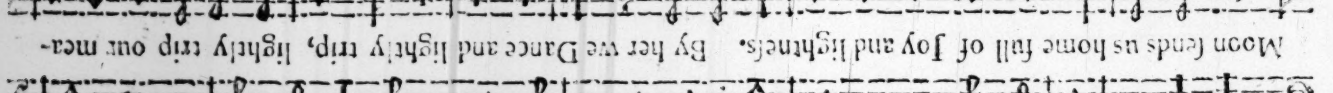
Voy-ces till the Hills, and the Woods, and the Rocks, and the Floods, and the Ayr re-joy-ces.



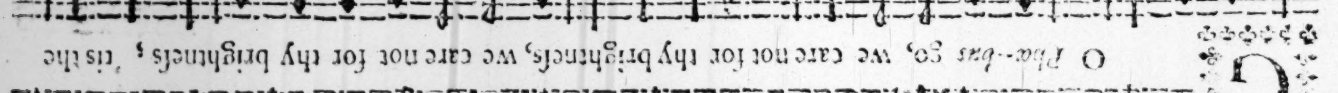
O *Phæ-bus* go, we care not for thy brightneſs, we care not for thy brightneſs; 'tis the



Moon ſends us home full of Joy and lightneſs. By her we Dance and lightly trip, lightly trip our mea-



ſures, till the Nimphs and the Fawns and the Satyrs are fill'd with pleaſures: By her we Sing & ſweetly, ſweetly



Tune our Voy--ces, till the Hills, and the Woods, and the Rocks, and the Floods, and the Ayr re-joy-ces.

O *Phœ--bus* go, we care not for thy brightneſs, we care not for thy brightneſs; 'tis the

Moon ſends us home full of Joy and lightneſs. By her we Dance and lightly trip our meaſures; 'till the

Nimphs and the Fawns and the Sa-tyrs are fill'd with pleaſures: By her we Sing and ſweetly, ſweetly

Tune our Voy-ces, till the Hills and the Woods and the Rocks and the Floods and the Ayr re-joy-ces.

a. 4. Voc. Bassus. Mr. R. Fleckno.

O *Phœ--bus* go, we care not for thy brightneſs, we care not for thy brightneſs; 'tis the

Moon ſends us home full of Joy and lightneſs. By her we Dance and lightly trip our meaſures, till the

Nimphs and the Fawns and the Sa-tyrs are fill'd with pleaſures: By her we Sing and ſweetly Tune our Voy-

ces, till the Hills and the Woods and the Rocks and the Floods and the Ayr re--joyces.

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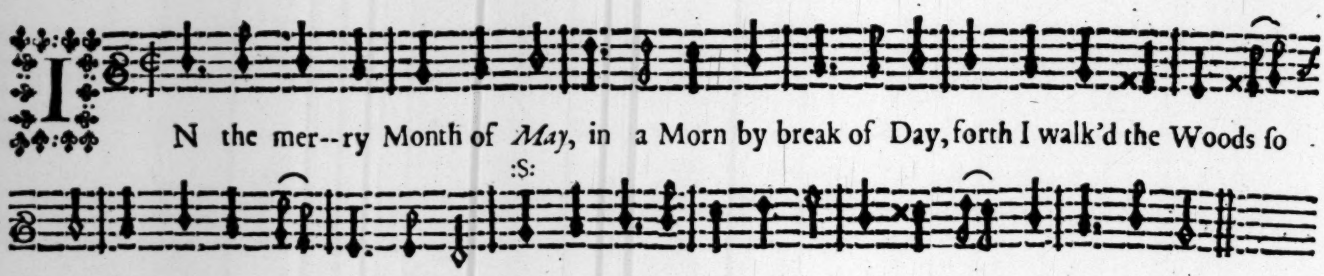
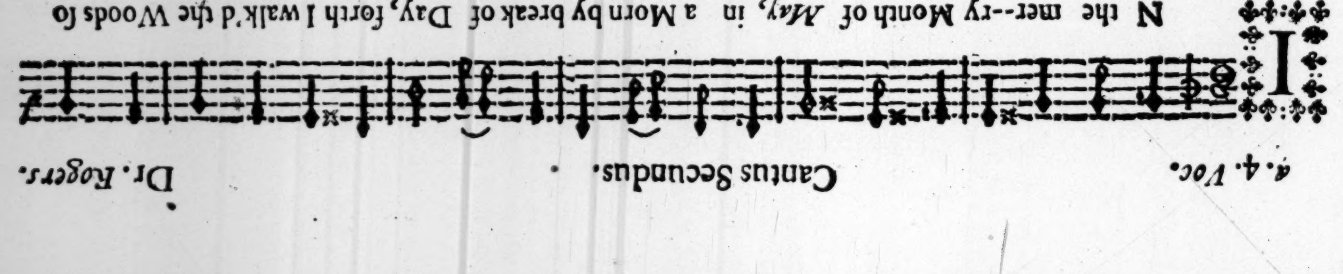
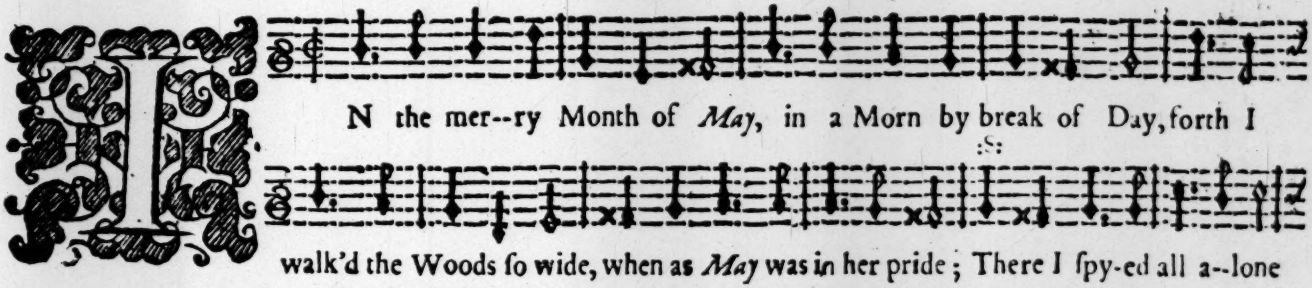


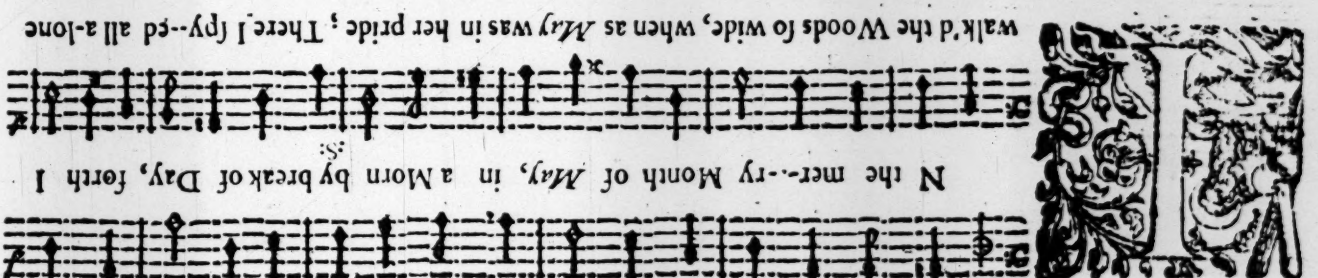
Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but ſhe could not;
He ſaid his love was to woo,
She ſaid none was falſe to you:
He ſaid he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid, love ſhould take no wrong.

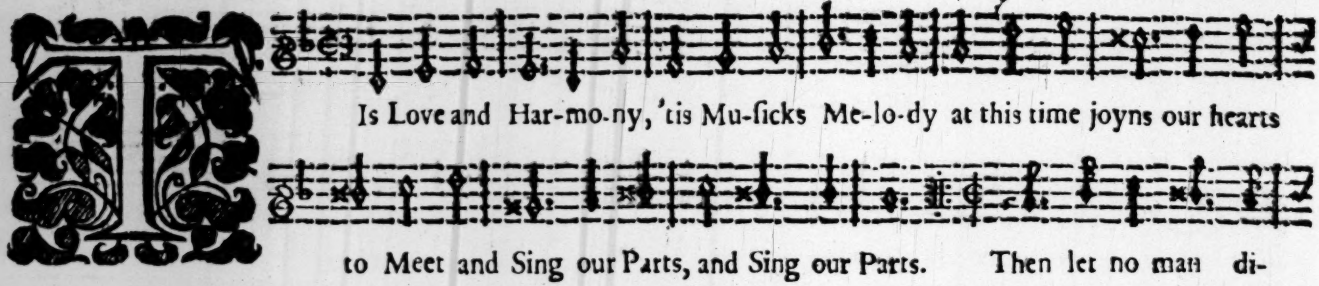
Coridon would have kiſt her then,
She ſaid, Maids muſt kiſs no Men,
Till they kiſs for good and all;
Then ſhe bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witneſs truth,
Ne're was lov'd ſo fair a youth.

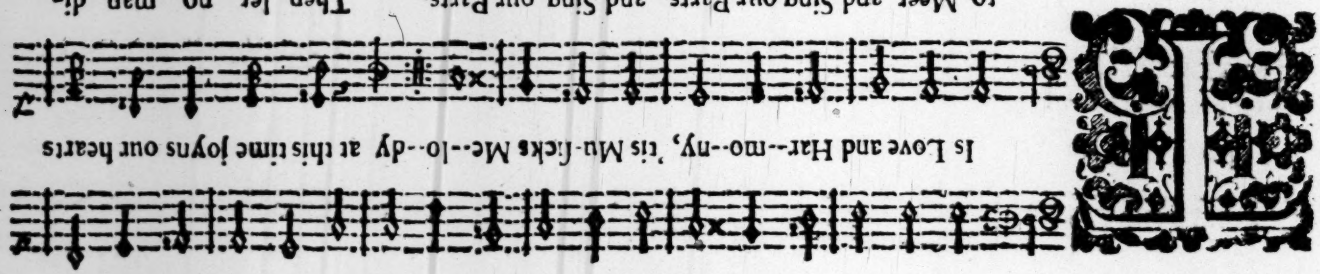
Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as ſilly Shepherds uſe
When they would not love abuſe:
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweet concluded.

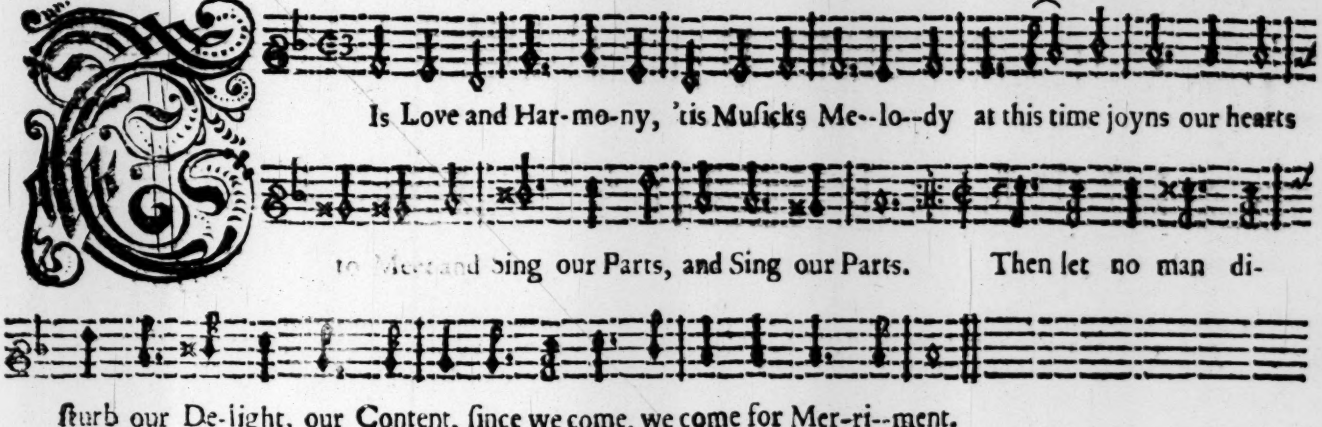



IN the mer--ry Month of *May*, in a Morn by break of Day, forth I
walk'd the Woods ſo wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I ſpy-ed all a--lone
Phi---li---da and *Co--ri--don.*


IN the mer--ry Month of *May*, in a Morn by break of Day, forth I
walk'd the Woods ſo wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I ſpy--ed all a-lone
Phi--li--da and *Co--ri--don.*


Is Love and Har-mo-ny, 'tis Mu-ſicks Me-lo-dy at this time joyns our hearts
to Meet and Sing our Parts, and Sing our Parts. Then let no man di-
ſturb our De-light, our Con-tent, ſince we come, we come for Mer--ri--ment.


Is Love and Har--mo--ny, 'tis Mu-ſicks Me--lo--dy at this time joyns our hearts
to Meet and Sing our Parts, and Sing our Parts. Then let no man di-
ſturb our De-light, our Content, ſince we come, we come for Mer--ri--ment.



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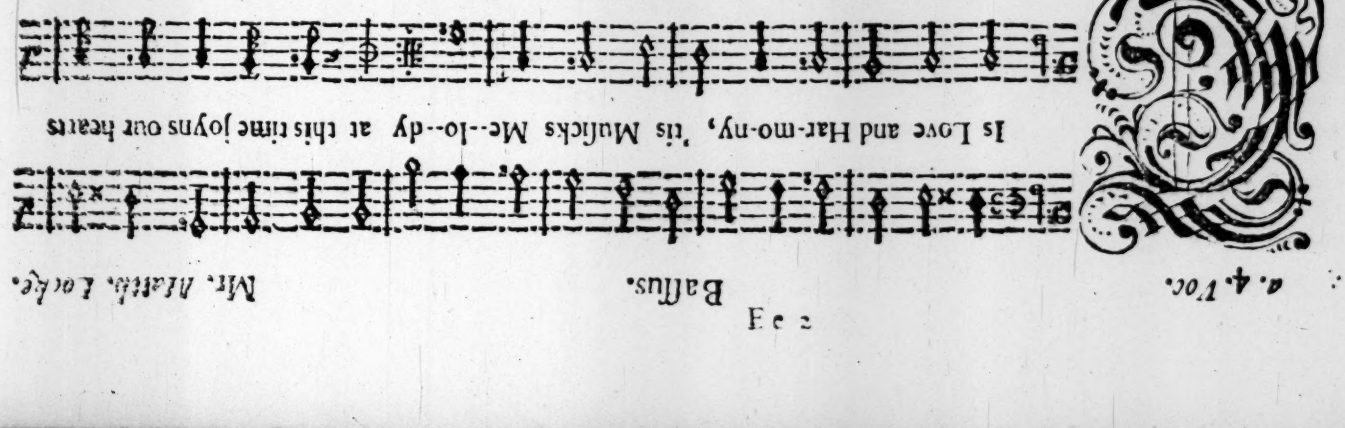
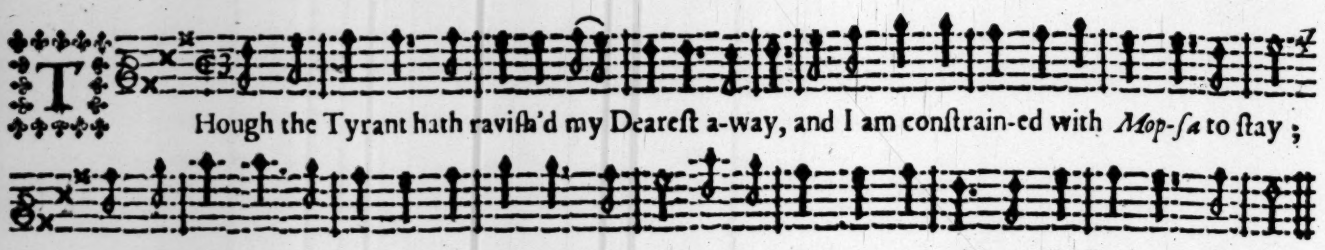
a. 4. Voc. Bassus. Mr. *Matth. Locke.*

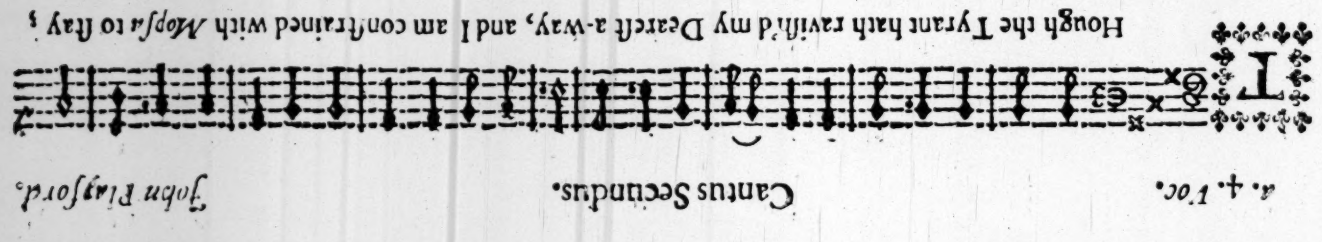


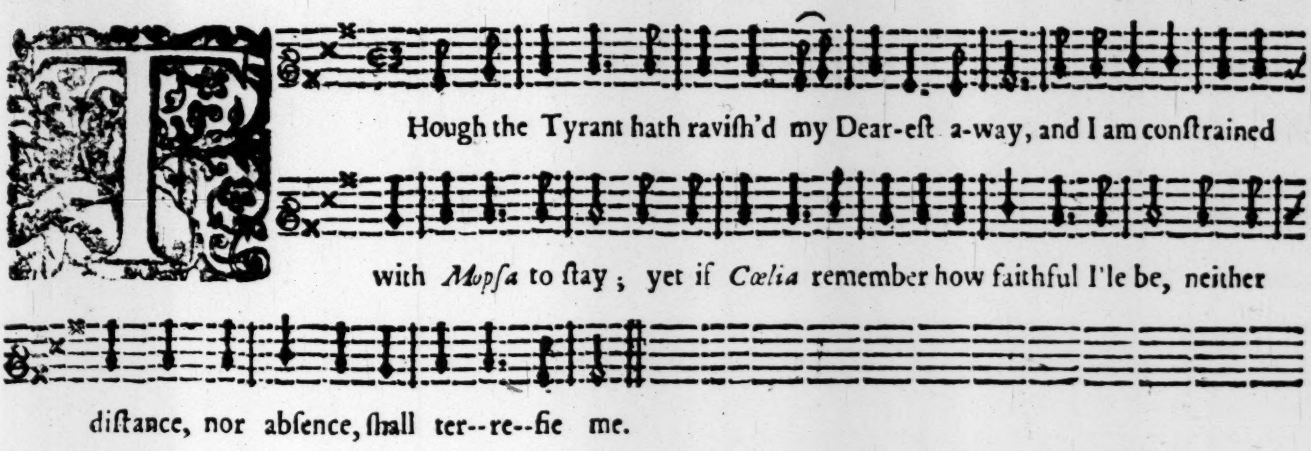


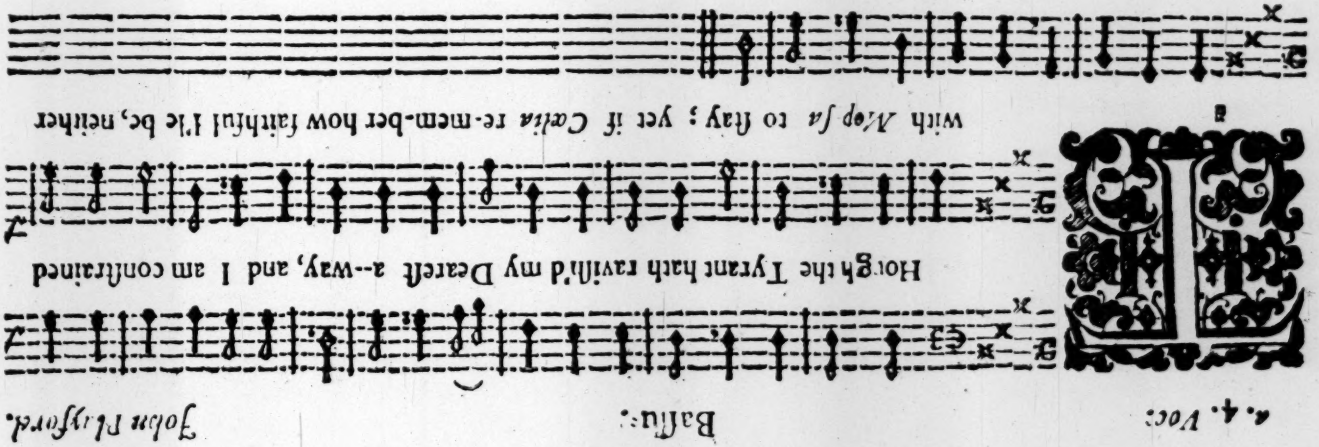
2. But in Vollies of Sighs I le ſend to my Dear,
And make mine own heart correſpond to my fear:
'Till the Soul of my Life ſhall be pleaſed to ſee
How delightful her ſafeſt return is to me.

3. 'Till then I'le retreat to the Forreſt and Mourn,
Alteon ſhall Eccho my Hounds and my Horn:
Ne Reynold ſhall ſcape though he run by the Way.
Where my Deareſt muſt paſs and I am to ſtay.

4. My Heart hath enquired at every Stone
What Convoy the Heavens hath bequeath to my Moan:
And for ought I can learn, Holy Angels agreed
Both to rival my hopes, and to haſten her ſpeed.




Hough the Tyrant hath ravish'd my Dear-est a-way, and I am constrained
with *Mopsa* to stay; yet if *Cœlia* remember how faithful I'le be, neither
distance, nor absence, shall ter--re--fie me.


Hough the Tyrant hath ravish'd my Dearest a--way, and I am constrained
with *Mop sa* to stay; yet if *Cœlia* re-mem-ber how faithful I'le be, neither
distance, nor absence shall ter--ri--fie me.

W
Hen Fair Clo-ris kept her harm-leſs Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet
ſhe had cauſe enough, enough to Weep, her ſil-l-y heart did go aſtray, as ſhe had thought to eaſe her
grief and pain, but all re-lief to her was vain.

W
Hen Fair Clo-ris kept her harm-leſs Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet
ſhe had cauſe e-nough, e-nough to Weep, her Il--ly Heart did go a ſtray: As ſhe had thought to
eaſe her grief and pain, but all re--lief to her was vain.

When Fair *Cloris* kept her harmleſs Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet

ſhe had cauſe e-nough, e-nough to Weep, her ſil--ly heart did go a--ſtray: As ſhe had thought to

eaſe her grief and pain, but all re--lief to her was vain.

---

a. 4. Voc: Baſſus. John Playford.

When Fair *Cloris* kept her harmleſs Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet

ſhe had cauſe e-nough, e-nough to Weep, her ſil--ly heart did go a--ſtray: As ſhe had thought to

eaſe her grief and pain, but all re--lief to her was vain.

Ome let us ſit, let Dring,and Sing,and pay our Or-ges to the Spring,chant we ſo

loud that all the Sphears, ſtruck mute, ſtruck mute, may Voyces change for Ears:

Let us be geni l, and our Layes, as wanton as the *A-pril* daies Now while 'tis freſh, while 'tis chearful

Weather, O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.

Ome let us ſit, let's Drink and Sing,and pay our Or-ges to the Spring, chant we ſo

loud that all the Spears, ſtruck mute, ſtruck mute, may Voyces change for Ears:

Let us be genial, and our Layes as wanton as the A-pril dayes. Now while 'tis freſh, while 'tis chearful

Weather: O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.

Ome let us ſit, let's Drink and Sing, and pay our Or-ges to the Spring chant we ſo

loud that all the Sphears, ſtruck mute, ſtruck mute, may Voyces change for Ears:

Let us be genial, and our Layes, as wanton as the *April* daies Now while 'tis freſh, while 'tis chearful

Weather, O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.

Weather: O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.

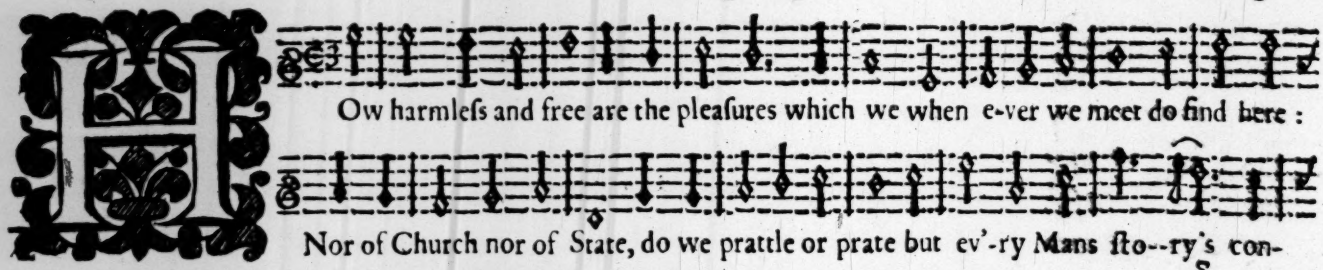
Let us be genial, and our Layes as wanton as the *April* dayes. Now while 'tis freſh while 'tis chearful

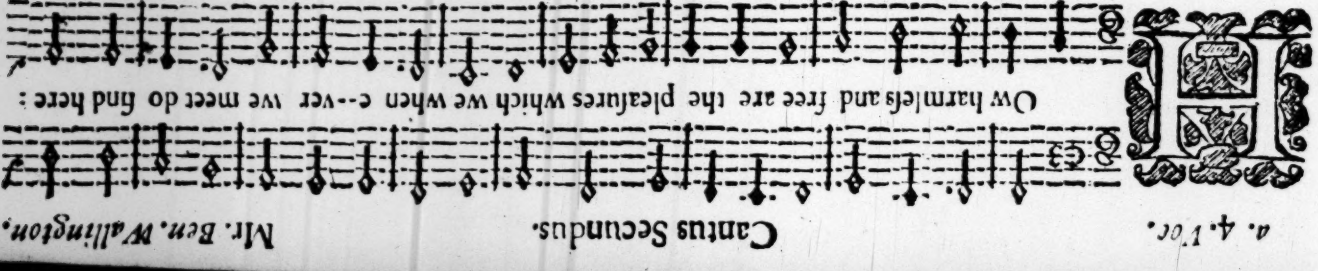
loud that all the Sphears, ſtruck mute, ſtruck mute, may Voyces change for Ears:

Ome let us ſit, let's Drink and Sing, and pay our Or-ges to the Spring, chant we ſo

Baſſus.

a. 4. *Voc.* *John Playford.*


How harmless and free are the pleasures which we when e-ver we meet do find here :
Nor of Church nor of State, do we prattle or prate but ev'-ry Mans sto--ry's con-
fin'd here ; To something that may our sorrow al-lay, and make our souls Mer-ry and Jol-ly : While we
Laugh and we Sing, Cre--a--ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me--lan-chol--ly.


How harmless and free are the pleasures which we when e--ver we meet do find here :
Nor of Church nor of State, do we prat-tle or prate, but ev'ry Mans Sto--ry's confind here ;
To something that may our for-row al-lay, and make our fouls Mer-ry and Jol-ly : While we Laugh and
we Sing, Cre--a--ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me---lan--chol--ly.

How harmleſs and free are the pleaſures which we when e-ver we meet do find here :
Nor of Church nor of State, do we prat-tle or prate, but ev'-ry Mans ſto--ry's con-
fin'd here ; To ſomething that may our ſor-row al-lay, and make our ſouls Mer-ry and Jol-ly : While we
Laugh and we Sing, Cre--a--ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me---lan--chol--ly.

How harmleſs and free are the pleaſures that we when e--ver we meet do find here : Nor of
Church nor of State, do we prat-tle or prate, but ev'--ry Mans ſto--ry's confin'd here ; To
ſomething that may our for-row al--lay, and make our ſouls Merry and Jol--ly : While we Laugh and we
Sing, Crea -a--ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me---lan-chol--ly.

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A-ro-lus, Catharina, Rex & Regina be-a-ti; Carolus, Catharina, Rex & Re

gi-na be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-ati, beati, vivant

Rex & Regina, vivant Rex & Regina be-a-ti, A - - - men.

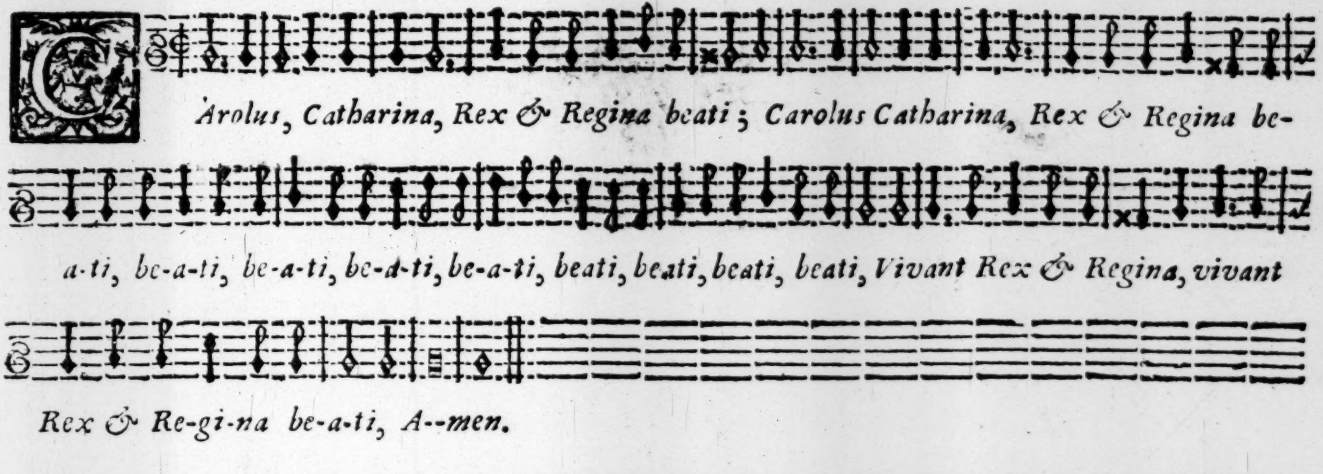
---

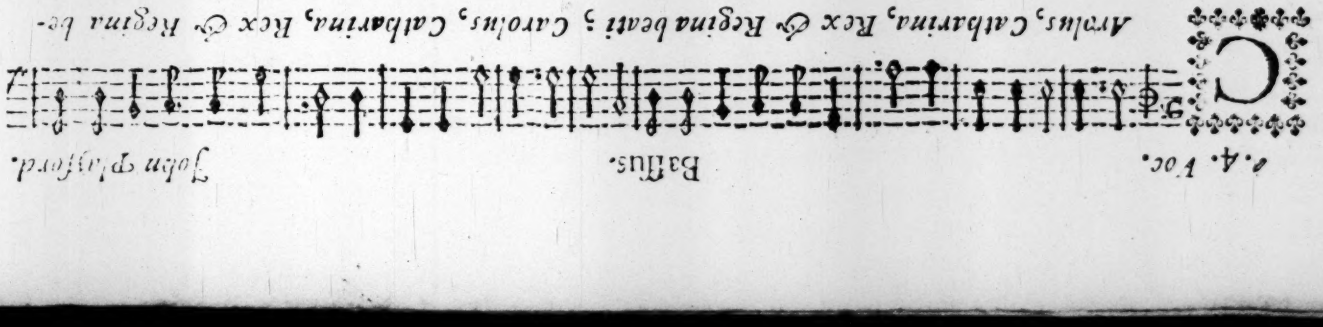
a. 4. Voc. Cantus Secundus. John Playford.

A-ro-lus, Catharina, Rex & Regina be-a-ti, Carolus, Catharina, Rex & Regina be-

a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, beati, beati, vivant Rex & Regina, vivant

Rex & Re-gi-na be-a-ti, A - - - men.


Carolus, Catharina, Rex & Regina beati; Carolus Catharina, Rex & Regina be-
a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, beati, beati, beati, beati, Vivant Rex & Regina, vivant
Rex & Re-gi-na be-a-ti, A--men.


a. 4. Voc. Bassus. John Playford.
Arolus, Catharina, Rex & Regina beati; Carolus, Catharina, Rex & Regina be-
ati, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, beati, beati, Vivant Rex & Regina, vivant
Rex & Re-gi-na be-a-ti, A--men.

AN *IRISH* TUNE.

a. 4. *Voc.* Cantus Primus.

a. 4. *Voc.* Cantus Secundus.

a. 4. *Voc.* Medius.

a. 4. *Voc.* Bassus.

THE WAITS.

a. 4. Voc. Cantus Primus. Mr. *Jer. Savile.*

a. 4. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

a. 4. Voc. Medius.

a. 4. Voc. Bassus.

Here Endeth the *SONGS* for Four Voyces.

FINIS.

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